

SCOPE OF SOVIET ACTIVITY IN THE UNITED STATES

HEARING

BEFORE THE

SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE
ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY
ACT AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS
OF THE

COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY
UNITED STATES SENATE

EIGHTY-FOURTH CONGRESS
SECOND SESSION

ON

SCOPE OF SOVIET ACTIVITY IN THE
UNITED STATES

APRIL 25, 1956

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SCOPE OF SOVIET ACTIVITY IN THE UNITED STATES

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1956

UNITED STATES SENATE,

SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE ADMINISTRATION

OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY ACT AND OTHER INTERNAL

SECURITY LAWS, OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY,

Washington, D. C.

The subcommittee met, pursuant to recess, at 10:30 a. m., in room 324, Senate Office Building, Senator William E. Jenner, presiding.

Also present: Robert Morris, chief counsel; Benjamin Mandel, research director; and William A. Rusher, administrative counsel.

Senator JENNER. The subcommittee will come to order.

Let the record show that the interpreter has been sworn. And the witness will stand and be sworn.

Hold up your right hand.

You swear the testimony you will give in this hearing will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Senator JENNER. Proceed, Mr. Morris.

Mr. MORRIS. Senator, before we begin, I would like the record to show that this hearing is being held in connection with the current series of hearings being conducted by the Internal Security Subcommittee which is seeking to determine the status and nature and scope of Soviet activity in the United States.

This is a continuation of the hearing held last Friday, at which time testimony was taken from a Russian seaman who told the Internal Subcommittee about Soviet activity bearing on his particular case, in connection with this particular series of hearings.

TESTIMONY OF WASSILII KOWALEW, AS INTERPRETED BY NATALIE VON MEYER

Mr. MORRIS. What is your name, now?

Mr. KOWALEW. Vassilii.

Mr. MORRIS. V-a-s-s-i-l-i-i?

Mr. KOWALEW. Two "s'es"?

Mr. MORRIS. V-a-s-s-i-l-i-i?

The INTERPRETER. And one more "i."

Mr. KOWALEW. One more "i."

Mr. MORRIS. Two "i's" at the end?

Mr. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Your last name is?

The INTERPRETER. The witness will write it.

Mr. MORRIS. You write it, please. That is K-o-v-a-l-i-e-v?

Mr. KOWALEW. Yes.

The INTERPRETER. The witness spells it different in a way. This is K-o-w-a-l-e-w.

Mr. MORRIS. I see; I thought it was a "V."

The INTERPRETER. This was the official spelling that he had in the directory, the one that I gave before. This is the way the witness spells it.

Mr. MORRIS. That is K-o-w?

The INTERPRETER. K-o-w-a-l-e-w.

Mr. MORRIS. All right.

The INTERPRETER. And the witness' first name also is Vassili—with a "W" in it—"W."

Mr. MORRIS. Vassili is also spelled with a "W"—that is the Russian rendition of it; is that right?

The INTERPRETER. No, this is the way his name is spelled everywhere even.

Mr. MORRIS. With a "W"?

The INTERPRETER. In this country.

Senator JENNER. Then it is W-a-s-s-i-l-i-i?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. K-o-w-a-l-e-w.

Where do you reside?

The INTERPRETER. 156 Madison Street, Paterson, N. J.

Senator JENNER. The social-security card shows the correct spelling. (Witness showed social-security card to Senator Jenner.)

Mr. MORRIS. How long have you been living there?

The INTERPRETER. It was 3 years in May.

Mr. MORRIS. Three years in May?

The INTERPRETER. The witness says he arrived in this country on February 12, 1952.

Mr. MORRIS. February 12, 1952?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Where was he born?

The INTERPRETER. He was born in Stanisny, which is a Cossack settlement.

Mr. MORRIS. I think it is not necessary, just in the Soviet Union; is that right?

The INTERPRETER. It was Russia at that time when the witness was born.

Mr. MORRIS. Now in the Soviet Union?

The INTERPRETER. The place is in the Soviet Union but it has a different name now.

Mr. MORRIS. And you came to the United States in 1952?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Who lives with you, your wife?

The INTERPRETER. Wife and three children.

Mr. MORRIS. You reside at that address with your wife?

The INTERPRETER. And his three children.

Mr. MORRIS. And three children.

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. How old are your children?

The INTERPRETER. Ten-year-old girl and 8-year-old boy and another boy 4½.

Mr. MORRIS. Did he add anything?

The INTERPRETER. The boy will be 5 in September.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you have until recently two Russian seamen as roomers?

The INTERPRETER. This is true.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us where they lived in your house, what the physical setup is, with respect to their particular rooms?

The INTERPRETER. The sailors lived in a small house in the rear of Mr. Kowalew's backyard.

Mr. MORRIS. I see. Was it a separate house?

The INTERPRETER. It is a separate house—it was a separate house; Mr. Kowalew's house was in the front part of the yard.

Mr. MORRIS. When did these boys first come to live with you?

The INTERPRETER. They came to live at Mr. Kowalew's around the 7th of February.

Mr. MORRIS. 7th of February?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. In 1956?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Did they have jobs?

The INTERPRETER. They worked in a factory which was about three blocks away from Mr. Kowalew's house. He does not know the name of the factory.

When he asked the former sailors where they were working and how they were working, they answered they were working on presses or pressing machines.

Mr. MORRIS. Pressing machines?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Do you know how much money they earned?

The INTERPRETER. They received around \$44 or \$46 net a week.

Mr. MORRIS. That is take-home pay?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Net?

The INTERPRETER. Take home.

Mr. MORRIS. Each made approximately the same thing?

The INTERPRETER. They had the same jobs and received the same amount of pay.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you have much personal contact with them—I am sorry.

The INTERPRETER. There were slight differences occasionally when one of them would come later to work—then he would receive less money.

Mr. MORRIS. I see.

Did you have any personal contact with the boys?

The INTERPRETER. Mr. Kowalew felt as they were his own—they were Russians—they were close to him—and he felt toward them as if they were his sons; he treated them as if they were his sons.

Mr. MORRIS. Did they go into your house?

The INTERPRETER. They visited. The witness says they watched television at his home and played with his children quite often.

Mr. MORRIS. Then you would go into their home?

The INTERPRETER. The witness was going to their house often to tidy it up. And every Saturday he would go there and clean the carpets.

Mr. MORRIS. Were the boys happy in their living in the United States?

The INTERPRETER. The boys used to say that they never lived so well as they did in the United States.

Mr. MORRIS. They never lived so well.

The INTERPRETER. Never lived so well. The witness asked them how they liked it here, and they said they liked it very much; very, very much.

Mr. MORRIS. And were they happy?

The INTERPRETER. They got everything they had, they wanted. They had good clothing, good suits, good food. They used to spend about \$30 a week for food. And they were in good health and good physical condition, he said.

Mr. MORRIS. Did they ever have a conversation with you about returning to the Soviet Union?

The INTERPRETER. At the beginning, the witness occasionally wondered whether the sailors would not have been sent by the Soviet Government. So he decided to talk to them and ask them how it would be if he, his wife and his three children would go to the Soviet Union.

Mr. MORRIS. Let me be sure I understand that.

At the outset, at some point—

The INTERPRETER. When—when the sailors came—

Mr. MORRIS. When they first came, he had the possible fear that they may have been sent over here by the Soviet Union?

The INTERPRETER. Correct.

Mr. MORRIS. So by way of testing them he asked how would it be—

The INTERPRETER. If he were—

Mr. MORRIS. If he and his wife and the three children were to go back to the Soviet Union?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Whom did he ask that of—both boys or which one?

The INTERPRETER. He asked both of them. They immediately told him, "Don't go. And if you go, they will find a place for you over there immediately with the white bear."

Mr. MORRIS. The white bears?

The INTERPRETER. That is an expression.

Mr. MORRIS. White bears?

The INTERPRETER. White bears, polar bears.

Mr. MORRIS. Which of the two boys said that?

The INTERPRETER. Both of them said it. They said, "Just sit tight and don't move and don't go anywhere. Otherwise you will wind up with the polar bears."

Mr. MORRIS. Wind up with the polar bears?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. What were the boys' names—do you know their names—Viktor, V-i-k-t-o-r?

The INTERPRETER. Ryabenko.

Mr. MORRIS. R-y-a-b-e-n-k-o. And what was the other boy's name?

The INTERPRETER. The other Nikolai Vaganov.

Mr. MORRIS. N-i-k-a—

The INTERPRETER. —o-l-a-i.

Mr. MORRIS. V-a-g-a-n-o-v?

The INTERPRETER. That is correct; "v" at the end.

Mr. MORRIS. "V" at the end?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. How old was each of these boys; do you know?

The INTERPRETER. They said that they were born in 1934.

Mr. MORRIS. Born in 1934—so they would be 22 this year.

The INTERPRETER. Viktor was slightly older than Nikolai. And Viktor always cooked for both of them.

Mr. MORRIS. Viktor was the cook?

The INTERPRETER. Viktor was the cook. And when the witness asked him why it was so, he said that when he was on the ship, the ship's cook got sick, so he had to cook. And then the witness found out that Viktor was the older one and said if he was the older one he should do the cooking.

Mr. MORRIS. When did Communists first come around to visit the boys?

The INTERPRETER. On Thursday, which was the April—which was the 5th of April. The two boys came back from work around 5 o'clock. The witness went to their house very soon thereafter to heat the house.

When he came there he saw two other men who were with the boys. When he entered the house he heard the two strangers talk very loudly and say to Ryabenko and Vaganov, "We have called you so often, and now we come and you don't have anything to offer us, for drinking."

Mr. MORRIS. See if I understand this now. This was on the evening of April 5; is that right?

The INTERPRETER. Around 5 o'clock.

Mr. MORRIS. Around 5 o'clock in the afternoon of April the 5th?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Two men were with the boys?

The INTERPRETER. When the witness came to the house where the 2 boys lived, around 5:15 or 5:20, he saw the 2 strange men there, who had still their coats on, and had apparently just come.

Mr. MORRIS. Would describe these two men?

The INTERPRETER. Both were heavy set, not too tall, well shaved, they had good coats and good suits on. The witness does not remember whether they had white shirts or dark shirts on. He saw them for a few minutes.

Mr. MORRIS. Does he know whether they were official Soviet representatives or not?

The INTERPRETER. The witness cannot say for sure, but since these were the people who came on Thursday evening—and on Friday morning Ryabenko and Vaganov vanished, the witness presumes that these were agents of the Soviet Government.

Mr. MORRIS. They spoke Russian; did they not?

The INTERPRETER. Yes; they did.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, since the last hearing we have been seeking to determine the identity of the man that Von Hoogstraten described as the organizer of the departure of the boys at the airport. And we have determined that he is Konstantin. K-o-n-s-t-a-n-t-i-n. Ekinov, E-k-i-m-o-v; and Konstantin Ekinov is listed at the United Nations delegation as the first secretary of the U. S. S. R. delegation to the United Nations. He is listed in the April 1956 directory as the second secretary of the U. S. S. R. delegation to the United Nations.

I might point out, Mr. Chairman, that, as such, Mr. Ekimov has no consular duties. And, apparently, it would seem that the activity described by Mr. Von Hoogstraten in the last hearing was outside the scope of his authority.

At this point, Mr. Chairman, we have not been able to identify the two men who called on Mr. Kowalew. I wonder if you would tell us whatever you can about them at this time.

The INTERPRETER. The witness tells of the first conversation that took place between himself and the 2 agents, or the 2 men who visited.

Mr. MORRIS. He called them agents?

The INTERPRETER. He called them previously agents. The witness calls them Soviet agents.

Mr. MORRIS. All right; let us see what that was.

The INTERPRETER. The witness knows that when he entered the house where the boys lived, both of them seemed very downcast and had the sad—

Mr. MORRIS. The boys were downcast and had sad expressions, and this is shortly after the two men arrived?

The INTERPRETER. Yes. This was apparently shortly after they arrived about 5:20 when the witness came to the house.

Mr. MORRIS. The boys were sad and downcast?

The INTERPRETER. They were.

Mr. MORRIS. I see.

The INTERPRETER. Usually when the boys met with the witness they were very, very friendly and very gay and spoke to him. But this time they acted completely unnatural, that is to say, they were quiet, one of them looked very pale, and the mood of them was very downcast and sad.

And then the next morning they disappeared. So from this the witness deduced that they had been taken away.

Mr. MORRIS. That is right. He deduces that but we want him to tell us about particular facts.

All right, let us hear that.

The INTERPRETER. On Friday morning around 9 o'clock—

Mr. MORRIS. Before, the talk about what happened in the morning?

The INTERPRETER. Yes; he just talked about what happened in the morning.

Starting with 9 o'clock, around 9 o'clock, 9:15, the witness and his wife were ready to go shopping by car. At this point the witness' wife looked out and saw that the windows of the house where the boys had lived were open, and she drew her husband's attention to the fact and said that "the windows are open and that the paper shades that was covering it was blowing outside of the window."

The witness told his wife to go to the car and he himself went to the house of the boys.

Mr. MORRIS. So he went to the boys' house the morning after he saw the two men come to see the boys?

The INTERPRETER. Right.

Mr. MORRIS. What did he find there when he went there?

The INTERPRETER. This is what he said right now: When he entered the room, downstairs, he saw some empty vodka bottles.

Mr. MORRIS. How many vodka bottles?

The INTERPRETER. Three.

Mr. MORRIS. Were they fifths or quart bottles?

The INTERPRETER. Not big ones, flat ones.

Mr. MORRIS. Pint bottles?

The INTERPRETER. Pint bottles.

Mr. MORRIS. Ask if he means pint bottles?

The INTERPRETER. The witness does not know what pint means.
They cost about \$2.65.

Mr. MORRIS. And there were three of them?

The INTERPRETER. Three of them.

Mr. MORRIS. Obviously, he is referring to pint-size bottles.

The INTERPRETER. There were about 7 or 8 bottles of beer.

Mr. MORRIS. Seven or eight bottles of beer?

The INTERPRETER. And some of them were not empty. They were large bottles.

Mr. MORRIS. What else did you find? Why don't you go slowly—just a minute—rather than talk for a long period, ask him to speak briefly and have you interpret as he goes along.

All right, that is enough, you tell us.

The INTERPRETER. When the witness came to Viktor's room, Viktor Ryabenko, he saw that the bed and the dressing table were shifted out of place, and were standing in a slantwise position in the room, as though somebody had dragged them from their usual position.

Mr. MORRIS. What else did he see there—that is enough.

The INTERPRETER. There was a carpet in the room, and when the witness came to the room, the carpet was completely crumpled, and the witness presumes that there might have been a fight going on in the room during which the furniture had been shifted around and the carpet crumpled.

Mr. MORRIS. But he did see that the carpet was crumpled?

The INTERPRETER. Yes; the carpet was crumpled. And then there was an ashtray which had been overturned and was lying on the floor.

Mr. MORRIS. The ashtray was overturned and lying on the floor?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. What was the condition of the bed clothing?

The INTERPRETER. Everything was crumpled and topsy-turvy on the bed, the sheets and the blankets, whereas usually the boys left everything tidy.

Mr. MORRIS. Was there anything on the floor?

The INTERPRETER. Old shoes and old socks and a box.

Mr. MORRIS. A box.

Did each boy have a separate bedroom?

The INTERPRETER. Yes; they had separate bedrooms.

Mr. MORRIS. Then they had a separate living—they had their own living room jointly?

The INTERPRETER. They had a living room and a kitchen in common and the two—

Mr. MORRIS. The condition you are describing is Ryabenko's bedroom alone?

The INTERPRETER. The bed was also crumpled and some shoes and boxes lying around.

Mr. MORRIS. In the other bedroom?

The INTERPRETER. In the other bedroom.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you find this shirt?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

(Light blue shirt with red spots.)

Mr. MORRIS. That is enough; go slowly.

The INTERPRETER. The witness found this shirt on Saturday—when new roomers came to look at the little house, this shirt was found.

Mr. MORRIS. What was the condition—was the shirt in this condition when you found it?

The INTERPRETER. This spot around the pocket was bloody.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you show the shirt to the chairman, please? Which side of the shirt is that?

The INTERPRETER. This is the right side.

(Witness demonstrated.)

Mr. MORRIS. All right, let us hear that.

The INTERPRETER. The spot was covered with blood. And here on top the blood was dry but around the pocket the witness shows there was some blood which seemed to be still fresh and not dry.

Mr. MORRIS. For the record, may I describe the shirt because it will not appear in the record.

There is over the right pocket—this is a sport shirt, and over the right pocket, and going down behind into the pocket, there is a hole which is about the circumference—which is a radius of about 2 inches, Senator, would you say?

Senator JENNER. Yes, sir.

The diameter, not circumference.

Mr. MORRIS. The entire length of it seems to be about 3 inches, would you say that?

Senator JENNER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Do you say there was blood all around that hole?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Senator JENNER. Ask the witness if he knows whose shirt it was.

The INTERPRETER. This belongs to Viktor Ryabenko.

Senator JENNER. He had seen him wear it and knows it is his shirt?

The INTERPRETER. The witness had seen Ryabenko wearing this shirt 2 days before he found the shirt.

Senator JENNER. At the time he saw him wearing it there was no hole or no blood on it?

The INTERPRETER. There was nothing on the shirt and the witness says that he paid attention to this shirt because he, the witness, told Ryabenko when he was wearing this shirt that it was a little bit too early to wear this shirt of this kind with short sleeves.

So he distinctly remembers the shirt.

Senator JENNER. There was no hole and no blood at that time?

The INTERPRETER. There was no hole and no blood at that time.

Mr. MORRIS. What happened to the blood?

The INTERPRETER. The witness brought the shirt to his wife, after finding it, and asked her to wash it. The witness wanted to use it for wiping his car—washing his car.

Mr. MORRIS. And his wife washed the shirt?

The INTERPRETER. The wife washed the shirt and then later, when the newspapermen, journalist, came, the witness told them that he had told his wife to wash it without knowing what the shirt meant and what the condition was. The witness mentioned before that there was an undershirt, too, which was also stained with blood.

Mr. MORRIS. When you saw the boys earlier that evening, did Viktor have this shirt on him?

The INTERPRETER. The witness thinks that on Wednesday and Thursday, Ryabenko was wearing this shirt.

Mr. MORRIS. That is, in other words, when he saw Viktor with the two agents he was wearing that shirt?

The INTERPRETER. Yes. Yes; Ryabenko was wearing this shirt on the evening of Thursday. And when he went to get some vodka, the witness looked at him and told him, "Well, you must have warm blood that you are going out in the cold with such a shirt."

Mr. MORRIS. So for that reason he knows that he was wearing the shirt that night? Will you tell us?

The INTERPRETER. The witness knows for sure that this is the shirt Ryabenko was wearing that evening, but now the witness was mentioning a notice, a note that was left for him.

Mr. MORRIS. This is—in other words, he is beginning to say that he found some other things in the room, is that it?

The INTERPRETER. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us what else he found in the room?

The INTERPRETER. The witness again talks about that note.

Mr. MORRIS. All right. Did he find the note, is that it?

The INTERPRETER. He found a note, but he does not know who wrote it, Ryabenko or Vaganov or maybe the two men who were with them.

Mr. MORRIS. Was it 1 or 2 notes?

What did he say?

The INTERPRETER. This as a note written in Russian where it said, "Thank you, Uncle Vodka"—this was the way the boys called the witness—and "Thank you for everything you did for us, and do follow our example. We are going home, and ask you to follow our example."

Mr. MORRIS. And does he know whose handwriting that was?

All right, tell us what he said.

The INTERPRETER. The witness, together with the police, tried for a few hours to find other papers with the handwriting of the two boys, and they tried to compare, but they didn't come to any conclusion, and the witness does not know who it was, whether it was Ryabenko or Vaganov or anybody else.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us what was the vodka purchasing episode that you referred to there?

The INTERPRETER. On Thursday evening when the witness went to heat the house—

Mr. MORRIS. Went to heat the house?

The INTERPRETER. Yes. And when he first met these two agents, he left the house very soon, and at the same time, Ryabenko also left.

Mr. MORRIS. Ryabenko also left the house?

The INTERPRETER. Yes; they met in the yard.

Mr. MORRIS. That is, the witness and Ryabenko met in the yard?

The INTERPRETER. Yes. And the witness asked Ryabenko, "Where are you going to get this vodka?" And at that moment one of the strange men who was with the boys caught up with Viktor Ryabenko, slapped him on the shoulder and said, "I have the money; don't worry; let's go."

Mr. MORRIS. One of the two strangers?

The INTERPRETER. One of the two strangers.

Mr. MORRIS. Tapped him on the shoulder and said, "I have the money; let's go."

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Why were you asking him, "Where are you going for the vodka?"

The INTERPRETER. The witness usually asked the boys where they were going when he met them, but the witness thinks that that particular time Ryabenko must have been frightened by something because he did not answer.

Mr. MORRIS. He didn't answer at all?

The INTERPRETER. Ryabenko didn't answer a single word.

Mr. MORRIS. Didn't answer a single word?

The INTERPRETER. No.

Mr. MORRIS. How did you know he was going to buy vodka?

The INTERPRETER. Because, at the time, the witness—

Mr. MORRIS. What was the answer?

The INTERPRETER. Before at the house they were talking about vodka. And then later, when the stranger told Ryabenko that he had money and "let's go," from that the witness deduces that they were going to buy vodka.

Mr. MORRIS. What more did you do at that time?

All right.

The INTERPRETER. The witness did not go to that house where the two boys lived any more that evening. He saw light burning there, and he saw them move around, through the windows.

Mr. MORRIS. How late was the light burning?

The INTERPRETER. Well, the witness says that at 12 o'clock at midnight, he went to fetch his wife who was working late. When they came back around a quarter after 12, they saw that the light was still burning.

Mr. MORRIS. How late was the light burning?

The INTERPRETER. Approximately 3 o'clock in the morning.

Mr. MORRIS. The light was still burning?

The INTERPRETER. It was burning in the living room.

Mr. MORRIS. Were the lights in the bedroom?

The INTERPRETER. There was light—the light was burning in the bedroom, too, but there were no shades on the bedroom windows, and the witness could see that they were not there all of the time. They came up a few times, the witness said, but they were most of the time in the living room.

And the witness and his wife were wondering why they were staying up so late, because the next morning they had to go to work early.

Mr. MORRIS. The boys had to go to work early, and he was wondering why they stayed up so late?

The INTERPRETER. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. What else?

The INTERPRETER. They had to be at work around 8 o'clock, so the witness was very much astonished that they didn't go to bed.

Mr. MORRIS. Was astonished they did not go to bed early because they had to go to work at 8 o'clock?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you look at these two papers and tell us what they are?

The INTERPRETER. The witness was taking out one of these—

Mr. MORRIS. All right.

The INTERPRETER. When the witness was taking 1 of the beds out of the house, he found these 2 notes under the bed.

Mr. MORRIS. I see. What do those notes say?

The INTERPRETER. Do you want me to ask the witness?

Mr. MORRIS. Yes, I want him to read what is on the notes. Some is in English and some is in Russian.

The INTERPRETER. The witness thinks that is either the address of the consulate or of the U. N. mission in English and Russian.

Mr. MORRIS. Ask him if he will read what it says on there.

The INTERPRETER. The witness needs glasses. The witness can read it only in Russian. If you want the English—

Mr. MORRIS. Give us the Russian half of that. Would he read what is on the note in Russian? If he cannot, we will ask the interpreter to do it. We would rather have you do it.

Senator JENNER. Use mine. [Referring to eyeglasses.]

The INTERPRETER. That is Russian.

Mr. MORRIS. What did he say?

The INTERPRETER. The witness read the address of the delegation of the Soviet Socialist Republic to the U. N., which is 680 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Mr. MORRIS. That is the residence of Mr. Sobolev, the chief delegate to the U. N., Mr. Chairman, and it appears on that first paper, in Russian and in English, is that it?

The INTERPRETER. It appears in Russian and in English, but in Russian the telephone is omitted.

Mr. MORRIS. In Russian the telephone is omitted and in the English there is—

The INTERPRETER. Or it had been erased—no, it is omitted.

Mr. MORRIS. What is the other paper? Is the other in English?

The INTERPRETER. This is in English only.

Mr. MORRIS. All right.

Mr. KOWALEW. 1125 16th Street NW., Washington, D. C.

The INTERPRETER. The Soviet Embassy. This is the address of the Soviet Embassy there.

Mr. MORRIS. In Washington?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. And you say you found both of those papers when you were moving one of the beds?

The INTERPRETER. The witness thought that these statements might have been put into that room expressly so that whoever—who would come to the room next would know the addresses and would know where to apply if he wanted to return.

So the witness took the papers and gave them—

Mr. MORRIS. He turned these over to our staff.

The INTERPRETER. To somebody who came from room 130 in this building.

Senator JENNER. In this building?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. That is the staff of this committee.

Senator JENNER. Did either one of these young men who were rooming there own a typewriter?

The INTERPRETER. No.

Senator JENNER. Did either one of them type?

The INTERPRETER. He does not know, and they never told the witness that they could type.

Mr. MORRIS. Is there anything else, Mr. Kowalew, which you saw when you went back to the boys' rooms or to their living room that indicated to you that there had been a struggle or any kind of force had been applied the night before?

All right; that is enough. I would like to get all of these details.

Will you tell him to speak shortly and then we will break more often?

The INTERPRETER. The witness repeats that he saw the bed and the dressing table with the mirror moved out of position and the crumpled carpet.

Mr. MORRIS. Anything else?

The INTERPRETER. Then the shirt and that was all.

Mr. MORRIS. Was there any—did he find any other clothing?

The INTERPRETER. Only old socks.

Mr. MORRIS. Didn't he tell us about an undershirt in executive session?

The INTERPRETER. The witness mentioned that here, too.

Mr. MORRIS. Yes.

The INTERPRETER. And there was the undershirt which was all stained with blood.

Mr. MORRIS. The undershirt also had blood on it?

The INTERPRETER. There was blood on the undershirt, approximately the same place as this.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you see the two strangers arrive?

The INTERPRETER. The witness did not see them.

Mr. MORRIS. Did they come by car?

The INTERPRETER. The witness does not know. He did not see how they came and how they left.

Mr. MORRIS. I have no more questions of this particular witness, Senator.

Senator JENNER. Thank the witness, for the committee, for his co-operation. And you may stand aside at this time.

Mr. MORRIS. Thank you very much.

(Witness excused.)

Mr. MORRIS. What does he say?

The INTERPRETER. The witness asked the committee to pay attention to the Soviet Embassy and to this whole case. And he says that if this is an Embassy, they should stick to their embassy and not do anything more.

Senator JENNER. Will you hold your right hand?

You swear the testimony you give in this hearing will be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

The INTERPRETER. The witness said, "Yes."

TESTIMONY OF NINA KOWALEW, AS INTERPRETED BY
NATALIE VON MEYER

Mr. MORRIS. Please be seated.

Will you give your name and address to the reporter?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

The INTERPRETER. I was born in Russia.

Mr. MORRIS. What is your name and address?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Nina Kowalew.

Mr. MORRIS. Yes; where do you live?

Mrs. KOWALEW. 156 Madison Street, Paterson, N. J.

Mr. MORRIS. Are you employed?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. What hours do you work?

Mrs. KOWALEW. I work from 3:30 to midnight, 12 o'clock.

Mr. MORRIS. 3:30 to midnight?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. You heard your husband testify that the boys had been living with you since the 7th of February; is that right?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. And you heard him describe that they lived in a separate apartment in the back of your house?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. That is accurate testimony; is it not?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Your husband also testified that on the evening of April 5, two men came and visited the boys?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. You did not see that, did you?

Mrs. KOWALEW. What is mean I did not see?

Mr. MORRIS. You were at work at that time; is that right?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. You returned at 12 o'clock?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you return at midnight?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. What did you see when you returned at midnight?

Mrs. KOWALEW. When I come from work on Friday, no, Thursday, the boys had lights in the home. When I come in before, never before very light in the rooms.

Mr. MORRIS. But there were lights in the rooms at that time; that is at 12:15?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. What else did you see?

Mrs. KOWALEW. When I come from work, you know I am bed, no sleep for some time.

Mr. MORRIS. You don't go right to bed?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes. I read my book.

Mr. MORRIS. You read a book?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes. I see the clock and taking my kids to the bedroom and seeing the clock 3 o'clock, there was lights, in the rooms, the boys. I say, what is happen, you know.

The INTERPRETER. The witness took her little child to her room and then looked at the clock and saw that this was around 3 o'clock and the light was still on.

Mr. MORRIS. The light was still on at 3 o'clock?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you see the light go out or the light was still on at 3 o'clock?

Mrs. KOWALEW. She stay.

Mr. MORRIS. You just saw that it was still on at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. You have no idea when the light went off?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes. I worry because they are going 7:30 to work. I say, "What is no sleeping," you know.

Mr. MORRIS. But you did not see the light go off?

The INTERPRETER. No.

Mr. MORRIS. Your testimony is that, at 3 o'clock, the light was still on?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you hear any noises from the rear house?

The INTERPRETER. There were no strange noises, but the witness heard that they were not asleep. There were noises in the house.

Mr. MORRIS. Noises of people moving around?

The INTERPRETER. They sleep near the window and the window was open, and the shades were up on the bedroom windows, and so the witness knows that they were not in bed, and must have been in the living room downstairs.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you go into the room the next morning?

The INTERPRETER. The witness did not go herself, but she told her husband that the window was open and wondered why it was so.

Mr. MORRIS. When did you go into the rooms?

The INTERPRETER. When the witness returned from work the next day her husband told her that the boys were no longer there. And the witness thought they might have been taken away.

Mr. MORRIS. They might have been taken away?

The INTERPRETER. The husband told her that he didn't tell her before, because the witness is not well, and the husband was afraid that something would happen if he would tell her what it was occurred.

Mr. MORRIS. Tell her what had happened?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. What did he tell her had happened?

The INTERPRETER. Then he said that the boys had disappeared; that they had gone away.

Mr. MORRIS. When did you first see the rooms?

The INTERPRETER. After coming home on Friday, around 12 o'clock at night.

Mr. MORRIS. Did she go into the rooms?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. What did she say?

Mrs. KOWALEW. He see—

The INTERPRETER. Broken records.

Mr. MORRIS. Broken records were on the floor?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. What else?

The INTERPRETER. Photographs.

Mr. MORRIS. Photographs?

The INTERPRETER. Photographs which were torn, and the record player was also on the floor.

Mr. MORRIS. Broken records, torn photographs?

The INTERPRETER. Record player on the floor.

Mr. MORRIS. Record player was on the floor?

The INTERPRETER. And the bed was—had been moved aside.

Mr. MORRIS. And the bed had been moved aside?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Describe how the bed had been moved aside?

The INTERPRETER. The bed usually stands near the window. The bed usually stood straight near the window near the wall, but when the witness saw it, it was standing in a slanting position.

Mr. MORRIS. It was just in a slanting position?

The INTERPRETER. It was moved away. And the carpet was crumpled.

Mr. MORRIS. The carpet was crumpled?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Is there anything else that she observed about the bed?

The INTERPRETER. Everything was crumpled on the bed, the sheets and the blankets, cushions. This was in Viktor's room. But in Nikolai Vaganov's room everything was in order.

Mr. MORRIS. Did she see an automobile when she came in?

The INTERPRETER. The witness did not see the automobile, but the daughter saw an automobile and told the witness that "Uncle," as she called the boys, had gone away with two other men.

Mr. MORRIS. When did she see the boys going with the men?

The INTERPRETER. The children saw it when they were going to school, around 8 o'clock.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, at this point may I recall the last witness? He entered the room earlier than Mrs. Kowalew and she described a condition that he has not described. I do not know whether the condition that was just described by the witness about the broken records, and torn photographs, and the record player on the floor existed when he went into the room which was at an earlier time.

May we recall him for that?

Senator JENNER. Just ask him there.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you come back, please, Wassilii Kowalew?

Will you stand over there, please?

When you first went into the room—just a minute—did he see any broken records?

(Answers by Mr. Vassilii Kowalew.)

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Tell us about the broken records; tell us about the broken records.

The INTERPRETER. These were seven records, Russian songs, which Ryabenko succeeded in bringing from Taiwan, Formosa.

Mr. MORRIS. The seven records which he had brought from Taiwan were broken?

The INTERPRETER. Were broken.

Mr. MORRIS. Is there anything else about the records that we should know?

The INTERPRETER. And the record player was also broken and standing on the floor.

Mr. MORRIS. The record player was also broken and was on the floor?

The INTERPRETER. It was broken.

Mr. MORRIS. What about the photographs?

The INTERPRETER. The photographs, some of them were also torn. They were lying on the floor. And when the police arrived, the witness thinks that six of the pictures were taken by the police.

Mr. MORRIS. Of whom were they photographs?

The INTERPRETER. There was a photograph of Viktor Ryabenko and photograph of Von Loukashkov, one of the sailors, and then there was a group photograph which the witness thinks were some of the other sailors who still stayed on Formosa.

Mr. MORRIS. And they were all on the floor and in a torn condition?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Rather than recall you again, Mr. Kowalew, I ask you again can you recall now any other evidence of disarray in the room that might be of interest to this committee? There were three things that you had overlooked. I was wondering if there was anything more that you know and have overlooked?

The INTERPRETER. The witness again repeats the statement about the bed and the dressing table.

Mr. MORRIS. What did he say about the bed—he repeats again—what did he say?

The INTERPRETER. He says that the bed which had been moved away and the dressing table, were the only things and the carpet that was crumpled, were the only things that seemed unusual to him. He does not remember anything else.

Mr. MORRIS. Thank you.

(Following answers by Mrs. Nina Kowalew :)

Mr. MORRIS. Now, did the boys have any pay coming to them at their company?

The INTERPRETER. They had to receive salary for 2 weeks.

Mr. MORRIS. When were they to be paid?

The INTERPRETER. They usually get their pay on Friday.

Mr. MORRIS. This took place on Thursday night?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. And do you know that they had not been paid for 2 weeks?

The INTERPRETER. The witness thinks that the factory would not have given them their pay before. And, on Friday, the boss of the two boys sent a man from the factory to see what had happened to them.

Mr. MORRIS. What did he say?

The INTERPRETER. The man who came from the factory saw the little notes left, read it, took it, and ran from the house, because he was afraid that somebody might be upstairs, and would take him, too, and kidnap him, too.

Mr. MORRIS. Kidnap him, too?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, we of the staff have looked into this matter of salary, and we have ascertained that the Heldorf Manufacturing Co., where the boys worked, is holding some salary which they

earned and which has not been paid them. Whether it is the full 2 weeks as mentioned by this witness, we will be able to determine at a later time.

Do you know whether the boys had money in the bank?

The INTERPRETER. The witness does not know.

Mr. MORRIS. We have also determined, Mr. Chairman, that they have money in a bank in Paterson, N. J. How much money is in the bank we cannot say at this time.

Was there anything else that you observed about these boys that you think that this committee should know about at this time?

The INTERPRETER. The witness says that they were interested in living here in this country and wanted to study.

Mr. MORRIS. They wanted to study?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. How does she know that?

The INTERPRETER. They told the witness.

Mr. MORRIS. That they wanted to study?

The INTERPRETER. Wanted to study.

Senator JENNER. Did the boys make a practice of having wild parties, vodka parties, in their rooms?

Mrs. KOWALEW. No; never.

Mr. MORRIS. They never did?

Mrs. KOWALEW. No; they never did.

Mr. MORRIS. The answer is "never"?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Never.

The INTERPRETER. Sometimes, when the local church had a gathering or a party, they would go there, but there were no wild parties.

Mr. MORRIS. And had you engaged in any conversation about going home?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Your husband testified to a conversation that he wanted to test them and told them the story that you and he were proposing to go back to the Soviet Union?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

The INTERPRETER. The witness says she took part in the conversation and put the same question to the boys herself.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us what the answer was?

The INTERPRETER. Viktor Ryabenko told the witness that she shouldn't go to Soviet Union.

Senator JENNER. Did the witness say when she entered this room and saw it in this condition that she would assume that there had been a fight, or some kind of an affray there?

The INTERPRETER. The witness thinks that they had been kidnaped; that they had been taken away.

Senator JENNER. And the witness did launder this shirt?

The INTERPRETER. Yes; the witness did; and the shirt was all covered with blood.

Senator JENNER. Was covered with blood?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. What about the undershirt?

The INTERPRETER. The same.

Mr. MORRIS. And what did you do with the undershirt?

The INTERPRETER. The witness also washed the undershirt without knowing what she was doing.

The witness also said that Ryabenko and Vaganov had written to their friends, that they felt very good in this country.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you receive—did she receive a letter?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Pardon?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yesterday.

Mr. MORRIS. A letter came?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us what was in that letter, tell us what the letter was?

The INTERPRETER. The witness—should I?

Mr. MORRIS. Please do.

The INTERPRETER. The letter—

Mr. MORRIS. Tell us what the letter is, first.

The INTERPRETER. It is a letter to the witness from friends of Ryabenko and Vaganov who are still in Formosa.

Mr. MORRIS. More of the sailors still in Formosa?

The INTERPRETER. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. This is a letter to the witness here?

The INTERPRETER. To the witness.

Mr. MORRIS. Not to the boys?

The INTERPRETER. It is from Mr. Vishnivsky.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you spell that?

The INTERPRETER. It is V-i-s-h-n-i-v-s-k-y. An the first initial is "V."

Mr. MORRIS. I see. It is written from Formosa?

The INTERPRETER. The address is—

Mr. MORRIS. I don't think you have to put the address in. I do not know whether for security purposes that should be in the record.

Senator JENNER. I don't think it should be. It is from Formosa?

The INTERPRETER. It is.

Mr. MORRIS. What does the letter say?

The INTERPRETER. Should I translate it?

Senator JENNER. You translate it. You read the letter.

Let the interpreter read the letter. It is written in Russian?

The INTERPRETER. It is written in Russian. And should I do it word by word?

Mr. MORRIS. Please do, if you can; in a louder voice if you can. People are having trouble hearing you.

The INTERPRETER (reading) :

Greetings, dear Nina.

I am sorry that I do not know the name of your father—

which is necessary to address a woman in Russian—

and I apologize for this simple address. I am very happy and thankful for your kind letter in which you inform me of the unpleasant news.

Mr. MORRIS. The "unpleasant news" being the witness had told them what had happened to these boys?

The INTERPRETER. Ryabenko told the witness before, that in case something should happen to them, the witness should inform their friends in Formosa.

Mr. MORRIS. I see now.

So Ryabenko had said, if something should happen to him—

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. That friends in Formosa should be notified and you notified them?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. You wrote them?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. I didn't hear that.

The INTERPRETER. The witness wrote the friends of Ryabenko and Vaganov that the boys had apparently been kidnaped.

Senator JENNER. Then proceed.

Mr. MORRIS. This is the answer then?

The INTERPRETER (continues reading):

Of course, we have learned about it from the press before we received your letter. But after having received a letter from the place where the kids—the fellows—

had lived, meant lots to us. We have been shocked by this news. For all of us, this is a great mystery, because we have not known the details of this occurrence. All this is concealed—is not clear to us.

Mr. MORRIS. "All of this is not clear to us"?

The INTERPRETER. Yes. [Continues reading:]

And I think that it will be difficult to find out the truth. I think that you are a good and honorable person.

Mr. MORRIS. Louder, please.

The INTERPRETER (continues reading):

And that you will describe to us in detail what has happened. We are very much upset. We are very sorry that so much is unclear. We would like to ask you to describe to us their life in America. You are writing to us about your affection toward these two—and now in quotes—"the eagles."

Mr. MORRIS. E-a-g-l-e-s?

The INTERPRETER. Yes; this is an expression that may be used in Russian referring to friends.

Yes, I do understand you and I sympathize with you. This is one of the best and most remarkable traits of the Russian person, of the Russian man. Everything best that exists in a human organism is concentrated to some extent in the Russian soul. Everywhere always Russian love, Russian affection is deathless.

Mr. MORRIS. Deathless, eternal.

The INTERPRETER (continues reading):

I understand your sorrow and perhaps your disappointment in the other two, and I am not going to defend them. In short, I am sorry for the two kids. They are going to perish, to waste away, to be lost.

Mr. MORRIS. What is the word "perish"?

The INTERPRETER. Disappear, vanish.

Mr. MORRIS. How much longer is that?

The INTERPRETER. This is about only half of it.

Senator JENNER. Go ahead and pick out the rest of it. We will put it all in the record.

Mr. MORRIS. Read the other portion.

The INTERPRETER. Shall I read it?

Mr. MORRIS. Just the part that is underlined.

Senator JENNER. The part that is underlined.

Mr. MORRIS. The chairman has an appointment at 12:15 and we have one more witness.

The INTERPRETER (reading):

We would like to come to this country but without any sensational treatment of it, and without any noise, so as few people as possible would know about this, because we think this would be best for our security and safety.

This is the part that is underlined.

Mr. MORRIS. May that letter, officially translated by the Library of Congress, go into the record at this point?

Senator JENNER. It may go into the record and become a part of the record.

(The translation was marked "Exhibit No. 235" and reads as follows:)

EXHIBIT No. 235

DEAR NINA: I do not know your father's name yet, therefore please forgive my addressing you in this simple way.

I am very grateful for your kind letter in which you notify us about the unpleasant news. Of course, we learned about it from the papers before we got your letter, but a letter from the place where the boys used to live meant so much to us. We are shocked by the news. Everything, everything without exception, is a great mystery to us as we do not know the details of the story. Everything is as if covered with a blanket and it is difficult to find out the truth. I hope that you, such a kind and noble person, will write us about all the details of everything that has happened. We feel it very badly, of course, as so much of it is not clear to us. We have a simple request to make of you: to describe their lives in America.

You write about your attachment to the two "eagles." Well, I understand you and sympathize with you. It is just the most characteristic features of a Russian. Why, all that's most beautiful in the human organism concentrates, somehow, in the Russian soul. Everywhere and always; Russian love, Russian loyalty—is immortal. I understand your concern and, probably, your disappointment in those two, and I am not trying to defend them. In short, it is a great pity that the boys got lost for nothing. Of course, we shall wish them happiness, which, however, is hardly to come upon their young heads. Write us, please, whether they took their things and belongings before leaving home. How did it happen? When? With whom? How many of them, etc.?

Dear Nina: In spite of what happened, I hope that our correspondence will continue. I am a Russian, and the details about my recent biography must be known to you from the boys. I have known them very well and I used to sail with them for more than one year. At present I and three other friends of mine intend to go to the U. S. A. for permanent residence. I hope for a meeting with you there, and then we shall talk and talk like old friends. And I'll try to improve the spoiled impression you got of Russian refugees. Why, everywhere you find good and bad ones. Simply, we won't mention them again. But still I will be waiting for your description (of the case).

And now—concerning our trip to the U. S. A. A church organization is taking care of our visas and it is possible that we will come to the New World in the near future. We would like that our arrival be without much ado and sensation, as the less they know about it, the better for our safety. Here in China I am working a little, just to fill up the day. You cannot imagine the boredom of our lives here. That's all. Now I'll be waiting for your letter with great impatience.

Many greetings to you and your children from my boys and myself.

With a hearty handshake and great respect,

Your

VLADIMIR V.

P. S.—Nina, if you know the addresses of the other boys in America, please let me know. And be sure to write me your father's name as it is not fitting that I call you just Nina. But I am Volodia to you.

April 18, 1956.

Mr. MORRIS. May I offer for the record, too, the two papers that Mr. Kowalew testified he found under the bed, together with this

shirt which the witness said he found in the room, and this second witness testified that she washed after it had been blood stained?

Senator JENNER. That will be incorporated in the record by reference.

(The article was marked "Exhibit 236" and will be found in the files of the committee.)

The slips of paper were marked "Exhibit 237" and are reproduced on page 920.)

Mr. MORRIS. Anything else that you think we should know about this case, to your knowledge?

The INTERPRETER. The witness said that maybe it would have been better if the two boys had not been brought here; that is all.

Mr. MORRIS. Because of what happened?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Oh, I am sorry. The witness said, "They" but she meant the Soviet agents. The Soviet agents should not have been let into this country.

Mr. MORRIS. The Soviet agents should not have been let into this country?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Senator JENNER. Ask the witness where she was born.

The INTERPRETER. In Russia.

Mr. MORRIS. When did you come to the United States?

Mrs. KOWALEW. I come February 12, 1952.

Mr. MORRIS. With your husband?

Mrs. KOWALEW. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. I have no more questions, Senator.

Senator JENNER. No further questions.

Thank the witness for appearing here and for her cooperation with this committee. Tell her we think this is a very important investigation, and that we, too, were puzzled how such a thing could happen in America.

The INTERPRETER. The witness said she is very grateful for letting her be here.

(Witness excused.)

Senator JENNER. Do you have another witness?

Mr. MORRIS. Yes, Colonel Rudolph.

Senator JENNER. Do you swear the testimony given in this hearing will be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

TESTIMONY OF VLADIMIR RUDOLPH-SHABINSKY, AS INTERPRETED BY NATALIE VON MEYER

Mr. MORRIS. Give your full name and address to the reporter.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Vladimir Rudolph-Shabinsky, V-l-a-d-i-m-i-r R-u-d-o-l-p-h S-h-a-b-i-n-s-k-y.

My address, 23 West 83d Street, New York.

Mr. MORRIS. And what is your occupation?

Mr. RUDOLPH. I am journalist and writer now.

Mr. MORRIS. How long have you been a resident of the United States?

EXHIBIT No. 237

1125, 16 Street, North West
Washington D.C.

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Mission of the
Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
to the United Nations

100 Park Avenue,
New York 21, N.Y.
Tel. 6-4400

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Mr. RUDOLPH. From 1951.

Mr. MORRIS. 1951?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. And are you an American citizen?

Mr. RUDOLPH. About 2 months—I waiting to get American.

Mr. MORRIS. You expect to be one in 2 months?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. When did you say you came to the United States, in 1951?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Where did you come from?

Mr. RUDOLPH. From Germany.

Mr. MORRIS. Originally?

Mr. RUDOLPH. From Soviet Russia. I escaped from East Germany in 1947.

Mr. MORRIS. You escaped from East Germany in 1947?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Are you a military man?

Mr. RUDOLPH. I was lieutenant-colonel. And the last year, in 1947, I was in Soviet Military Administration.

Mr. MORRIS. What did you do in the Soviet Military Administration?

The INTERPRETER. The witness was representative of the Ministry of Reparations.

Mr. MORRIS. And you were born in the Soviet Union, were you?

Mr. RUDOLPH. I am born in Rumania, but I was in Soviet Union all my life.

Mr. MORRIS. All of your life?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. What has been your interest in the 5 Russian seamen who came to the United States—or the 6—what has been your interest?

Mr. RUDOLPH. All this, you know, I am sorry, my English is not good.

The INTERPRETER. The witness met these seamen shortly after their arrival in this country. They visited him at his place.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes; first time in October.

The INTERPRETER. That is, October 1955?

Mr. RUDOLPH. 1955. And come every week to me, 1, 2, 3, 4, and talk about fortune in United States, and talk about trouble. When first time the two boys, Viktor Ryabenko and Mikhail Shishin, they had first letters from Odessa from Soviet agent, the boys come to me, and said, "Look, what is the matter?"

Mr. MORRIS. Wait a minute. We do not understand that, Colonel Rudolph. Did one of the boys receive a letter from the Soviet Union?

Mr. RUDOLPH. I think this is in November.

Mr. MORRIS. November?

Mr. RUDOLPH. 1955.

Mr. MORRIS. Which one of the boys was that?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Viktor Ryabenko and Mikhail Shishin.

Mr. MORRIS. That is Shishin, S-h-i-s-h-k-i-n—and Ryabenko, the gentleman we have been talking about this morning?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Without the "k."

Mr. MORRIS. S-h-i-s-h-i-n?

Mr. RUDOLPH. S-h-i-s-h-i-n.

Mr. MORRIS. You say they received letters from the Soviet Union?

Mr. RUDOLPH. This letter was not post stamp at all.

Mr. MORRIS. They were not postmarked?

Mr. RUDOLPH. No.

The INTERPRETER. The letters were addressed to the two sailors and were given to them by unknown persons at the dance.

Mr. MORRIS. At a dance?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Just a minute, did you see the letters?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes; I saw the letters. And every letter said same address, in same type machine, from—

Mr. MORRIS. 680?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Delegation U. N., Park Avenue.

Mr. MORRIS. 680 Park Avenue?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes; and the telephone. Every letter had this address and this letters was pictures from family, from friends, and the letters. The boys said to me, "My mother, mine brother, never write propaganda letters."

The INTERPRETER. The mother and the brothers would not know the expressions, the words used in the letters the sailors received.

Senator JENNER. What was the purport of the letters?

Mr. MORRIS. What did the letters tell?

Mr. RUDOLPH. The letters tell—

The INTERPRETER. The letters said, "Dear Son, come back to us. The country and our Government and the party will take you back. We lead a very good life. Come back."

From the letters it appeared that the relatives thought the sailors were still in Formosa and in prison, because in Pravda, in December, wrote that the sailors were in prison on Taiwan, Pravda did.

Mr. RUDOLPH. And the seamen were here at the same time.

Mr. MORRIS. All right. What did you advise the boys when you saw these letters?

The INTERPRETER. The witness told the sailors; and they said the same thing, that these letters had been apparently dictated to their relatives, but at the same time, they were afraid that the relatives would suffer because of their defection.

Then the letters, through some channels, the letters were given to the FBI. And, apparently, the agent who had handed the letters to the sailors had been found.

Mr. RUDOLPH. These boys before the letters, come to me and said, "In subway station, come one strange man, and talk about, 'Why you here in America?' Speak against America."

Mr. MORRIS. You say one of the boys was approached in the subway?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Two boys, one time. Was in night, I think one at night, in subway, and come strange man, and said, "You speak Russian?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you are the seamen?"

"Yes."

"Why you come to this crazy country, this so such a bad life you were in Soviet Union."

And boys had fear. And second time come once black man, Lexington Avenue, I think, and—

The INTERPRETER. And threatened them.

But they were not afraid.

Mr. MORRIS. Let us hear about that.

The INTERPRETER. The sailors were accosted by a colored man, who spoke Russian, at Lexington Avenue, and he threatened them, but the sailors were not afraid, and said, "We Russians have also fists."

Then the colored man, "Oh, yes, I know the Russian fists very strong."

And then he didn't bother them again.

Mr. MORRIS. Does he know that the FBI knows the identity of that man?

Mr. RUDOLPH. I think, but I don't know.

Mr. MORRIS. But you do know that they know the identity of the man, of the agent who gave the letters in the dance hall?

Mr. RUDOLPH. I think.

The INTERPRETER. The witness thinks so, but he does not know for sure.

Mr. RUDOLPH. You know, these boys have fear, come to me, and I say everytime—

The INTERPRETER. The witness tried to comfort the sailors, telling them that this was not the Soviet Union but America, and that the political murder was impossible and that anybody, if they did bother them, whoever did, someone would be punished.

Mr. RUDOLPH. And we spoke—speaking more about fortune in America from the boys. The boys want or will want to start in technical course. And second said, "I want to go to the university." And—

Mr. MORRIS. One wanted to go to the university and one was talking about a future job?

Mr. RUDOLPH. And yes, and very, very much interested about American car and planning to buy cars and asked me "which car is better? What is Buick? What is Packard?"

And you know the boys sure had homesick.

The INTERPRETER. And they were worried about their families and relatives.

Mr. RUDOLPH. I talk about family situation. But I knew and I know—know from the boys—want not back to Soviet.

Mr. MORRIS. No one of the boys wanted to go back to the Soviet Union?

Mr. RUDOLPH. No. Why? First they said, "Here we have—we are young, we are having the fortune. And we are free."

But, second, "when we coming back to Soviet Russia"—

The INTERPRETER. If we go back to Soviet Russia, they say, "We would perish and be lost there and this would be the end of us."

Mr. RUDOLPH. One Mikhail Shishin, one time said to me, "When I come back to Soviet Russia, all right, when I going to prison house or concentration camp, I have not fortune. I was only small worker in Siberia and Ural."

The INTERPRETER. The sailors told the witness, if they were to go back to the Soviet Union, even if they were not put into prison immediately, that the future would be as manual workers somewhere in

Siberia or the Ural and then after some time, after they had been used for propaganda purposes, they would be eventually arrested and put away.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Because I believe from voluntary comeback to Soviet Russia that happens.

Mr. MORRIS. After you discovered that the boys had left the United States, what did you do?

Mr. RUDOLPH. You know—

The INTERPRETER. The witness was shocked at first.

Mr. RUDOLPH. I believe not.

The INTERPRETER. The witness visited everybody who had seen the boys before their departure.

Mr. MORRIS. You went around visiting everybody who had seen them before their departure?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. What did you learn?

Mr. RUDOLPH. I learned nobody—

The INTERPRETER. Nobody who knew the boys believed that they had gone back voluntarily. For example—

Mr. RUDOLPH. I was in Paterson, saw Miss Nina—Miss Nina is girl friend from Loukashkov, what said, Miss Nina, "Mr. Loukashkov was in Paterson, March 31 or April 1, in dinner—

The INTERPRETER. And brought half of his belongings to Paterson because he had just finished his courses at Columbia and came to Paterson to live there.

Shortly before that, he was baptized in the church and became a Christian.

Mr. RUDOLPH. And—

The INTERPRETER. He told that girl he would visit her on Saturday, which is to say the 7th.

On Thursday, Nina, this girl, received a letter from New York from Loukashkov which had been mailed around 4 p. m., April 4.

Mr. RUDOLPH. I read this letter, love letter, "Darling, you are"—"sick what you."

The INTERPRETER. "How is your health. I have seen a beautiful picture, Romeo and Juliet, and if you will be well by Saturday, we will go to see the picture. I am kissing you," and other greetings.

Mr. RUDOLPH. And the love letter and the mother from, you know, Nina—

The INTERPRETER. Both Nina and her mother did not believe that he could have left. And they both went and were surprised.

Mr. RUDOLPH. I was in New York—

The INTERPRETER. The witness also visited 2 sisters, 2 girls in New York, their name is Syrovatko.

Mr. RUDOLPH. And the family and mother, father, two sisters said, "We believing not."

The INTERPRETER. The family did not believe that they could have gone back.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Mr. Shishin, and Shirin, was in Saturday, the last Saturday.

The INTERPRETER. On Saturday, the 30th or the 31st of March, Mr. Shishin and Shirin had visited the family and had dinner with them.

Mr. RUDOLPH. And Shishin said, "We finished the course English language, Nina."

The INTERPRETER. Shishin said that both had found a good job paying \$1.60 an hour. They both wanted to work. And then in fall Shishin wanted to attend Columbia University.

Mr. RUDOLPH. And the girl friends said, "Speaking about the fortune in U. S. A., so, evening hour long, and"—

The INTERPRETER. The girls saw that both sailors were completely sincere when they talked about their future in the United States.

And Shishin and Shirin promised to visit the girls also next Saturday.

Shishin and Shirin have often visited the two girls. And the 2 girls visited the 2 boys at International House, also, quite often. And everytime they met, they talked about the future in the United States, what they are going to do.

Mr. RUDOLPH. And I spoke with Mr. Soloviev, you know the story. I spoke with Mr. or Mrs. Kowalew, too. And everybody said, "No, we believe not the boys volunteer going back to Soviet Russia."

I believe not, too.

The INTERPRETER. The witness does not believe.

Mr. RUDOLPH. You know, but I was—

The INTERPRETER. The witness visited also a house in which there are approximately 20 Soviet families living—former Soviet families.

And, although most of the people knew the witness very well, after what had happened, everybody was panicky and afraid that he had come to kidnap them.

Mr. RUDOLPH. I was with correspondent with Newsweek and we coming together—

The INTERPRETER. The people thought that the witness and the correspondent of Newsweek were two Bolsheviks who had come to kidnap them.

Mr. RUDOLPH. I said, "Look, this is America," but the people had fear.

Now, the immigrant, Russian immigrant in New York, the people had fear. Why? They said, "Tomorrow comes and takes me out, too. And the American citizen or not American citizen."

Senator JENNER. You told these boys that this was America, that this thing couldn't happen?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Aye.

Senator JENNER. Now you realize it can happen even in America: don't you?

Mr. RUDOLPH. That is right. And boys believed me. They believed me. You know. Why? He going to—

Mr. MORRIS. Colonel Rudolph, in connection with this testimony you are giving now, will you testify for us further in executive session or at a staff conference later today?

The INTERPRETER. Yes, sir.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes, sir.

Senator JENNER. Have you had any experience before with Russians interfering or getting secrets of military importance when you were located in Germany?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes, sir.

Senator JENNER. Will you tell us about that, Colonel?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Now?

Senator JENNER. Yes.

Mr. RUDOLPH. I was first, I think—

The INTERPRETER. The witness was one of the first who entered that part of Germany which had previously been evacuated by the American troops.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Before I know, I saw in Berlin—

The INTERPRETER. Before that the witness had seen how Soviet troops had evacuated parts of Berlin which were then surrendered to the American troops.

Mr. MORRIS. Evacuated parts of Berlin that had been assigned to the United States?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Before this—

Mr. MORRIS. Colonel who?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Shorhoff.

The INTERPRETER. The assistant to the commandant of the Berlin—Shorhoff, the assistant of the Soviet commander of Berlin ordered to take everything out of those places, and of the territory, which was to be evacuated, before leaving it—and everything that just could not be taken away should have been destroyed.

And gasoline was poured out accordingly, alcohol, too, the furniture was broken and destroyed, the orders that nothing should remain even a night pot—I am sorry, I don't know how to say that?

Mr. MORRIS. Tell me, more important, were there any individuals taken away from the authority of the United States or any kidnapping performed by the Soviet people?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes, sir.

Just a moment. After this experience I come to Turinan in this part where the American troops are—I come to Nordhausen, I saw the factory—

The INTERPRETER. A factory which was built into the mountains.

Mr. RUDOLPH. In an excavation.

The INTERPRETER. It was a factory of the German missiles.

Mr. MORRIS. This is where the German missiles—

The INTERPRETER. And the factory was completely intact, and there were stockpiles of the missiles.

Mr. MORRIS. This was in the United States territory?

The INTERPRETER. That is, the American troops had left everything behind as it was in complete order.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Later the—

The INTERPRETER. Said in one part we having friends with American—

Colonel Kolchin, representative of the MGB, of the Berlin Commandtura, said that, "We have friends among the Americans who help us take material and information. And we have one of the three main constructors or builders of the German missiles. Have one and have two."

Mr. MORRIS. See if I understand that: This man, you say—did you name him?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Kolchin.

Mr. MORRIS. Spell it.

Mr. RUDOLPH. K-o-l-c-h-i-n.

Mr. MORRIS. What happen to him?

Mr. RUDOLPH. This man was Soviet official.

The INTERPRETER. This was a representative of the MGB, Berlin Commandtura.

Mr. RUDOLPH. One time I was in Adlershof, the airport near Berlin—I fly from Berlin to Moscow. And near our plane, the second plane. In this second plane, was German family, woman, children, and these—

The INTERPRETER. And in this plane was one of the builders of these missiles, who had been caught somewhere. He was protected by MGB officials and officers.

And he was taken to the Soviet Union.

Mr. RUDOLPH. About the missiles, about the, you know, the Soviet jet Mig—I know—I knew—

Mr. MORRIS. The jet Mig?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes. The old German air builder, Heinkel.

The INTERPRETER. This firm had the main construction of these jet airplanes, engineer Guenther.

Mr. RUDOLPH. He was in Hamburg.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Guenther was in Hamburg?

Mr. RUDOLPH. The first time, Hamburg, and in American zone. And this time, when I work in Soviet administration, military administration—

The INTERPRETER. General Colonel Serov—the General Colonel Serov of the MGB ordered that Guenther be found and brought to the Soviet Zone.

Mr. MORRIS. Even though he was in the American Zone?

The INTERPRETER. Even though he was in the American Zone, and the witness thinks that they have succeeded, because the sister of Guenther lives in the Soviet Zone.

He was brought into the Soviet Zone and now he is one of the authors of the Soviet jet plane Mig.

Mr. RUDOLPH. I think this Mig—

The INTERPRETER. The witness thinks that the letters M. I. G. are for Michajon, Iluyshin, and Guenther. That is what he thinks.

Mr. MORRIS. You do know, however, that the Soviet MGB colonel ordered that Guenther, who was then in the American Zone, be taken into the Soviet territory?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes: correct.

Mr. MORRIS. Is that the Serov who is now the head of the MGB whose name appeared in the paper?

Mr. RUDOLPH. That is right.

Mr. MORRIS. His name appeared in our hearings when Mr.—

Mr. RUDOLPH. Ivan Alexander Serov.

Mr. MORRIS. There has been testimony about this and where he fits in the Soviet scheme.

Senator JENNER. At this time we will have to adjourn, I think. The witness can go on a staff level or have him back at some other time for more detail.

Mr. MORRIS. I might point out that clearly this testimony he is giving now is in the scope of the current series of hearings because we are determining the nature of Soviet activity in the United States and naturally in the area that is the responsibility for the United States.

Senator JENNER. That is right.

I want to thank the colonel at this time. And we will proceed further at staff level and possibly with further public hearings. It is very important information.

With regard to this particular series that we have been on last Friday and today, I think the record of these hearings reveals activity on the part of the Soviet chief delegate, Mr. Sobolev, that appears to be clearly beyond the scope of his authority.

It also reveals activity on the part of his subordinates, that violates the agreements that established the United Nations. Certainly, the United Nations is not to be used as the headquarters for Soviet espionage and kidnaping in America. And I am asking that this record be transmitted to the Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, for proper action.

Mr. MORRIS. That shall be done, Senator.

Senator JENNER. We will stand in recess.

(Whereupon, at 12:30 p. m., the committee recessed.)

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OSITORY

SCOPE OF SOVIET ACTIVITY IN THE UNITED STATES

HEARINGS

BEFORE THE

**SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE
ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY
ACT AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS**

OF THE

COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY

UNITED STATES SENATE

EIGHTY-FOURTH CONGRESS

SECOND SESSION

ON

**SCOPE OF SOVIET ACTIVITY IN THE
UNITED STATES**

APRIL 28 AND 30, 1956

PART 18

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SCOPE OF SOVIET ACTIVITY IN THE UNITED STATES

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1956

UNITED STATES SENATE,
SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE
ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY ACT
AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS, OF THE
COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY,
Washington, D. C.

The subcommittee met pursuant to recess, at 11:50 a. m., in room 457, Senate Office Building, Senator Herman Welker presiding.

Also present: Robert Morris, chief counsel; Benjamin Mandel, research director; and William A. Rusher, administrative counsel.

Senator WELKER. The meeting will come to order.

The witnesses will be sworn. I will swear the interpreter separately in a moment.

Do you, and each of you, solemnly swear that the testimony you will give before the subcommittee will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

(The interpreter is Natalie Von Meyer.)

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Senator WELKER. Will the interpreter rise and be sworn?

Do you solemnly swear that you will truthfully repeat to the witnesses in the Russian language the questions that are propounded to them, or either of them, by the committee, in the English language, and that you will truthfully interpret the answers to such questions propounded by the subcommittee to the witnesses, or either of them, from the Russian language, answers given by the witnesses, or either of them, and give said answers so given by the witnesses, or either of them, to said committee, and that the answers so given will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

The INTERPRETER. I do.

Senator WELKER. Very well. Be seated.

Will you give your name and address to the reporter?

The INTERPRETER. Natalie Von Meyer. V-o-n M-e-y-e-r.

Senator WELKER. Madam Interpreter, please make your voice come out so we can hear you.

The INTERPRETER. I will, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. Senator Welker, this hearing this morning is being held in connection with the present series of hearings being carried on by the Senate Internal Subcommittee under the name of "Scope of Soviet Activity in the United States."

At two earlier hearings, at which were present the first time Mr. Solovyev, Vickor Solovyev, one of the seamen still in the United States, and at the second meeting in this particular series, at which

were present the landlord and the landlady of two of the seamen who have now turned up in Moscow, we received evidence of extensive Soviet activity which was directed toward forcing the seamen to return to the Soviet Union.

This morning, Senator, after we heard that the Soviet Ambassador has asked for an appearance, asked for an opportunity to question the 4 seamen in the United States here, because that was included in the general scope of Soviet activity in the United States, we asked that the 3 seamen who have not appeared before this subcommittee—and Mr. Solovyev, who already appeared—testify here today.

It is in that context that we commence this hearing.

Senator WELKER. Now, so that the record will be straight, do you mean that Mr. Zaroubin, the Russian Ambassador to the United States, interrogated the witnesses yesterday?

Mr. MORRIS. Yes, sir.

Senator WELKER. Where?

Mr. MORRIS. I think, Senator, we have also asked to be present Jan Van Hoogstraten, who has previously testified before this subcommittee, and in fact whose appearance is a continued one, if you will recall, at the end of the last session, you directed Mr. Van Hoogstraten to identify the Soviet personality who arranged the departure for the seamen, which he is prepared to do now.

And, in addition, Mr. Van Hoogstraten was present when Ambassador Zaroubin interrogated these three seamen yesterday.

He is here to testify as our first witness this morning.

Senator WELKER. Very well. We are very happy to have you, Dr. Van Hoogstraten, and you are ordered and directed to answer the questions of counsel having anything to do in relation to the Soviet seamen present, or those heretofore shipped out by the Soviet Union.

Proceed, counsel.

TESTIMONY OF JAN VAN HOOGSTRATEN

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Van Hoogstraten, at the instruction of Senator Welker, did you make efforts under the direction of the staff of the Internal Security Subcommittee to identify the Soviet personality whom you recognized as a fellow student of yours at New York University?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes, sir; I did.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you answer the following questions:

Was a picture of Constantin Ekimov shown to you by Mr. Duffy, Edward Duffy, a staff member of the Internal Security Subcommittee?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes, sir; indeed.

Mr. MORRIS. Was that an official photograph that was shown you?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. Was the person who was photographed in the official records, bearing the designation Constantin Ekimov, the same person whom you saw organizing the departure of the seamen at Idlewild Airport on April 7?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes; it was my impression that—I know it is the same person I saw at the airport, and it was my impression that he was in charge of the group at the airport.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, was there any doubt whatever that the person who you saw organizing the departure of the seamen at Idlewild Airport was the same person whose picture you saw as shown to you by Mr. Duffy, a member of the staff of the Internal Security Subcommittee?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. There is no doubt about that whatsoever.

Mr. MORRIS. No doubt whatever.

Now, was he also the same man who attends class with you at New York University?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes, sir. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, what is the class that you and he attend together in New York University?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. That is an immigration class which discusses the Walter-McCarran Act, and which meets on Tuesday evening at New York University.

Mr. MORRIS. What does that class do? Is it studying the Walter-McCarran Immigration Act?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes, the several aspects of the Walter-McCarran Act. It is a general discussion of this law.

Senator WELKER. What was that answer?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. It is a general discussion of this law. The teacher brings out certain aspects of it, and we discuss this.

Senator WELKER. You mean Konstantin Ekimov, is that correct?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Konstantin P. Ekimov.

Senator WELKER. A man who you say was in charge of the sailors who were sent out of the United States from the Idlewild Airport, on April 7, of this year, is attending a class with you at New York University, studying the Walter-McCarran Immigration Act?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes, sir.

Senator WELKER. That is quite interesting. Go ahead.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Van Hoogstraten, did the official record that you were shown, the official picture that you were shown, of Mr. Ekimov, bear his designation, his title?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes, sir. I think, if I remember well, he was there listed as first secretary of the U. S. S. R. delegation to the United Nations.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, since your last appearance before this committee, based on your own experience, what have been the developments on this particular case that you think would be of interest to the committee?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. We were notified in our office in New York on, I think it was—let me think for a moment—it was last Thursday, that there would be a hearing on Friday, a regular parole hearing of the Immigration and Naturalization Service here in Washington. That this was held in Washington was a normal procedure, since these people are now on parole to the Washington headquarters.

Mr. MORRIS. That is routine?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. That is a very routine method, and the meeting was held in a very routine method.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you attend this meeting?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. In what capacity did you attend, and what right did you have to attend?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Well, Church World Service has been sponsoring these persons in the United States, and therefore it is the usual procedure that the organization or the individual sponsoring such persons can attend any hearing or any hearings of the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

Therefore, it was a matter of normal procedure that somebody from our office was invited to be there.

Mr. MORRIS. All right. Where was this meeting being held?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. In the headquarters of the INS, here in Washington.

Mr. MORRIS. That is the Immigration and Naturalization Service?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. Was Mr. Zaroubin there?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes. It is my understanding that Mr. Zaroubin wanted to speak to the remaining Soviet sailors and he was invited to attend this meeting.

Mr. MORRIS. Was he personally invited by the Immigration officials to attend the meeting?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. I do not know that, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. But you know he was there?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. I know he was there.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you see him?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Oh, yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you and he have a conversation?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Well, I was present during the hearing of Mr. Ivankov-Nikolov, who is here at this table, and he was questioned by Mr. Zaroubin, and during the questioning period I was present. I was not present during the questioning period of the three remaining ones.

Mr. MORRIS. I see.

Did anything transpire while you were present?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Well, it was explained to Mr. Zaroubin what the purpose of this hearing was: this was a regular hearing which can be held by the Immigration Service for anybody who is on parole in this country, and that, therefore, these boys had the right of counsel, and that I was there to be their counsel.

When the meeting started, the Immigration and Naturalization Service made it quite clear that they were under the protection of the United States Government, and they inquired about their present status in the United States.

The next question was: Are you by your own free will staying in this country?

I think that the other witnesses here can better answer than I can the answer which they gave to these questions. I will, therefore, skip the questions, if you will agree with me, until the very end, when Mr. Zaroubin objected to the presence of counsel to these fellows.

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, you were there as counsel to the four boys?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. For the agency which sponsored them.

Mr. MORRIS. That is right.

And Ambassador Zaroubin was allowed to attend in order to satisfy himself that these boys were remaining voluntarily?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. I think that is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. And under those circumstances, he asked you not be present at the hearing?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. He said he was under the understanding that he could only talk with Government officials, and he said it is quite obvious that that man there—and he pointed at me—is not a Government official.

Mr. MORRIS. Was he speaking in English or Russian?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Talking in Russian, while an interpreter translated it in English.

Then I consulted with officials present there, outside the room, and I stated that although I had, as representative of my agency, a perfect right to be there, which was repeated also by the gentleman in charge of the hearing, I voluntarily withdrew, in order to have the hearing make progress, because Mr. Zaroubin said that he would leave the room and there would be no further hearing, as far as he was concerned, if I would not withdraw myself. I felt that under the circumstances, it was better to withdraw.

Mr. MORRIS. And then you withdrew voluntarily?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. I then withdrew voluntarily. Oh, yes.

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, Mr. Zaroubin had every opportunity in the world of talking to these men without you, their counsel being present?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes, sir, except that it was made clear to me that I was free at any time to have access to the Soviet persons who were interviewed at that point. So I had access to them at any point I so desired. I do not think that they were completely without counsel, if they had so desired.

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, if they felt that your presence was required, you would have gone in, no matter what?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. But the fact of the matter is, you left Ambassador Zaroubin there with the three boys, in order to give him the fullest opportunity of exploring their intentions?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes. There were other persons present in the room, of course.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, how long did this hearing last?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. I would say that the total time spent on the hearing must have been close to an hour. They went in one by one, you see.

Mr. MORRIS. Was Ambassador Zaroubin present at all times?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Of course, I told you I was only present during the first witness, but I understand he was there at all times; yes, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you see him come out?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. I did not see him come out; no.

Mr. MORRIS. But it was just your understanding he was there for the whole duration?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, is there anything else, Mr. Van Hoogstraten, that you can tell us about the developments of this case? I think you are aware of the interest of the subcommittee in the general area of Soviet activity in the United States.

Now, have you made any efforts to identify any of the other personalities, Soviet personalities, who were present when these five boys were taken into an airplane at Idlewild Airport, on April 7?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. No sir, I have not done that, for this reason: that I did not think, and I still do not think that it is my task, as representative of a church agency, to do that.

Mr. MORRIS. Yes, I understand.

Now, do you know whether Mr. Sobolev was present?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Although I do not recall seeing Mr. Sobolev there myself, I do understand that he was present during the hearings at the airport.

Mr. MORRIS. I see. But you personally did not see him?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. I did not see him.

Mr. MORRIS. Is there anything else, Mr. Van Hoogstraten, you think you should tell the committee, based on your own knowledge, about this particular episode?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes, sir. I want to say this on behalf of my agency, that we do feel some concern about the fact that a representative of a satellite nation, or the Soviet Union, can, at his will, just go at anybody he so desires, and put the United States Government in the position of having such hearings. I know that there are a number of people who are quite concerned about that, and we hope that the Government is making some arrangements and some rulings by which in the future this will be handled in such a way that if the persons concerned do not want to see such a representative, that it is not necessary.

I want to say that these fellows did not object to seeing Mr. Zaroubin when so asked.

Mr. MORRIS. But you think that that is a practice that you feel, speaking for the Church World Council, should be modified, because it admits the possibility of arrest; is that right?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes, sir. The real freedom for refugees must include the guarantee and the protection of the state where they reside. And I hope that the outcome of those hearings will contribute to that.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, Mr. Chairman, Victor Solovyev, who is one of the four boys who was questioned by Ambassador Zaroubin yesterday, because the subcommittee has already received his testimony—he has appeared before this subcommittee—the subcommittee felt it was not necessary for him to come back here again today and he was excused from testifying.

We have been informed, and I think these three gentlemen here today can testify to the fact, that he told Mr. Zaroubin that he intended to stay in the United States. Therefore, we have dispensed with his appearance here today.

Senator WELKER. Very well.

Mr. MORRIS. Is there anything else, Mr. Van Hoogstraten, we should know about this case?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. No, sir.

I want to say this, that Mr. Solovyev was handed a letter yesterday by Ambassador Zaroubin, from one of the members of his family.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you see that?

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. Yes, sir.

Senator WELKER. Well, tell us about it.

Mr. VAN HOOGSTRATEN. I did not see the handing of the letter, but I saw the letter. I do not know the contents of the letter, but I do know this was just one of the other letters which you and we have heard about so often in the last few weeks.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Van Hoogstraten, may I ask——

Miss Von Meyer, will you ask these gentlemen if either one of them saw Ambassador Zaroubin turn over the letter to Solovyev? Did he see it?

The INTERPRETER. None of the witnesses saw it happen, because each one of them spoke to the Ambassador separately, and they were not present when Zaroubin talked to Solovyev.

Mr. MORRIS. Perhaps, Mr. Chairman, we should have asked Mr. Solovyev to come back today, in view of that.

Did they know he was offered a letter?

The INTERPRETER. Mr. Solovyev told the witnesses after they returned from the hearing.

Mr. MORRIS. About the letter.

Mr. Chairman, may we take that testimony from the seamen when they take the stand, even though Mr. Solovyev, who would be the principal source of evidence, is not here this morning?

Senator WELKER. It is so ordered.

Thank you very much, Dr. Van Hoogstraten, for your testimony.

I should like counsel at this time, before proceeding with the seamen, the witnesses, to read certain alleged statements made by the sailors in the Soviet Union, or portions thereof, which might be of interest to the subcommittee.

Also I would direct him to read for the record the Soviet U. N. statement that was made on April 27 and published in the press of the United States quite generally.

Proceed, counsel.

Mr. MORRIS. Senator, do you think it would be better to have a witness on the stand and ask him the questions as we go through these portions?

Senator WELKER. That might be all right.

Mr. MORRIS. I think it will be in the record, and in the interest of time, we will not have to read it again as each witness takes the stand.

Senator WELKER. Very well. But I certainly want to say that I want that Soviet U. N. statement in the record in toto.

Mr. MORRIS. May I put it in the record now, sir?

Senator WELKER. Yes, sir.

(The document referred to was marked "Exhibit No. 238" and is as follows:)

EXHIBIT No. 238

[From the New York Times, April 27, 1956]

SOVIET U. N. STATEMENT

Special to the New York Times

In connection with the misleading reports published in the American press on the circumstances of the departure to the Soviet Union of the five Soviet citizens, sailors from the tanker Tuapse seized by the Chiang Kai-shekists, the permanent delegation of the Soviet Union to the United Nations deems it necessary to make the following clarifications.

The Soviet sailors V. D. Ryabenko, M. P. Shishin, N. I. Vaganov, A. P. Shirin, and V. Y. Lukashkov appealed to G. N. Zaroubin, Ambassador of the U. S. S. R. to the United States, asking him to help them in returning to their homeland. In this connection the head of the consulate department of the Soviet Embassy in the United States was instructed to come to New York and make all the necessary document arrangements for the departure from the United States and to assist the abovementioned Soviet citizens in their leaving for the Soviet Union.

On April 7, having fulfilled all the formalities, required by the United States immigration authorities, the group of sailors left by air for the Soviet Union.

As it is known, before their departure the sailors were interviewed by the American immigration authorities and the latter had all the possibilities to find out and did find out that the Soviet sailors were leaving the United States at their own freely expressed will. Under such circumstances it is quite evident that all the allegations of the "intervention" of the permanent representative of the U. S. S. R. to the U. N. as well as of the employees of the permanent delegation during the interview of the sailors by the United States immigration authorities in the airport contradict the facts and are completely groundless.

It stands to reason that there was not, and could not be, any "excess of the scope of the official capacity" and "abuse of the privilege" on the part of the U. S. S. R. permanent delegation to the U. N. since all the five Soviet sailors from the tanker *Tuapse* left for their homeland at their own will and the arrangements of their departure from the United States of America, was made by the head of the consulate department of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, whose functions include the defense of the interests of Soviet citizens.

Mr. MORRIS. Mike, will you take the stand?

TESTIMONY OF MICHAEL VASILJEVIC IVANKOV-NIKOLOV, AS INTERPRETED BY NATALIE VON MEYER

Mr. MORRIS. Will you give your name to the reporter, please?

The INTERPRETER. The full name is Michael Vasiljevic Ivankov-Nikolov.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you spell that name carefully for us, please?

The INTERPRETER. The first name is Michael, M-i-c-h-a-e-l. Then comes the father's name, V-a-s-i-l—could I please write the name down and then spell it, because it is very long.

I repeat, the father's name, which is used in the Russian name, is V-a-s-i-l-j-e-v-i-c.

And the last name is I-v-a-n-k-o-v - N-i-k-o-l-o-v.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us where you were born?

The INTERPRETER. In the city of Odessa, in the Ukraine.

Mr. MORRIS. In what year?

The INTERPRETER. In 1920.

Mr. MORRIS. What has been your education?

The INTERPRETER. The witness completed his middle technical education, but did not complete his higher education.

Mr. MORRIS. Completed—what was that?

The INTERPRETER. The witness completed his middle technical education, but did not complete his higher education.

Mr. MORRIS. I see.

When did he enter the Soviet Navy?

The INTERPRETER. In 1940.

Mr. MORRIS. What is his rank or grade?

The INTERPRETER. The witness is a radio technician and was the director of the ship's radio station—the chief radio station on the ship.

Mr. MORRIS. And he was on the tanker *Tuapse*?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. And he was in Formosa?

The INTERPRETER. Correct.

Mr. MORRIS. And did he voluntarily come to the United States?

The INTERPRETER. Completely voluntarily.

Mr. MORRIS. And when did he come to the United States?

The INTERPRETER. October 5, 1955.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, I would like to read an excerpt from the statement by the five sailors, which was released in Moscow on April 26 or 27, which appeared in the New York press of April 27.

Will you translate as I go along? I will read slowly.

After the piratical seizure of the *Tuapse* by the Chiang Kai-shekists (Chinese Nationalists) we Soviet sailors were threatened and systematically beaten in order to make us betray our country.

Does he understand that?

The INTERPRETER. Yes, I am translating.

Mr. MORRIS. Is that a truthful statement?

The INTERPRETER. From beginning to end this statement is a lie. There is not a drop of truth in the whole statement.

Mr. MORRIS. Was he treated courteously by the Chinese Government when he was on Formosa?

The INTERPRETER. From the first day of our stay in Formosa, the witness says, the Chinese Government treated us with courtesy, hospitality, and kindness.

Mr. MORRIS. Now I will read one paragraph later:

We thought there must be some way to break out from their hold and return home through some country where there was Soviet diplomatic representation.

Now, was he free at any time, if he indicated his intention, to return to the Soviet Union, while he was on Formosa?

The INTERPRETER. The witness says that, of course, they had the possibility to return to the Soviet Union from Formosa with the assistance of a third, of another state.

Mr. MORRIS. With the assistance of what?

The INTERPRETER. Of another state, of another country. There was no Soviet diplomatic representation on Formosa, but the witnesses were free to contact the French Embassy there and through them get in contact with the Soviet Government.

Mr. MORRIS. In fact, did not 29 of his crew members so elect to go back to the Soviet Union?

The INTERPRETER. This is the complete truth. They returned because they wanted to return.

Mr. MORRIS. And they had every opportunity to return?

The INTERPRETER. They had all the opportunity, they had full opportunity to return.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, how many of the sailors freely elected, to his knowledge, to stay on Formosa at that time?

The INTERPRETER. The witness thinks that 20 people decided to stay and choose their freedom; 21. The witness corrects himself. There were 21 who chose freedom.

Mr. MORRIS. To his knowledge, was this statement a truthful statement, then, the one that I read to him and you translated in Russian?

The INTERPRETER. From beginning to end it is a lie. It is a libelous statement.

Mr. MORRIS. The next paragraph is:

Agents from the United States came to Taiwan and tried every horrible means to suborn us into choosing the so-called free way of life.

Is that a truthful statement?

The INTERPRETER. This is not the truth. It is the sickly imagination of the Soviet Politburo.

Mr. MORRIS. Did any official of the United States Government exert any pressure on you whatever to come to the United States?

The INTERPRETER. Nobody, never, under no circumstances.

Mr. MORRIS. To his knowledge, did any representative of the United States try to put any pressure on any of the other 21 who elected to stay on Taiwan?

The INTERPRETER. The witness had never heard anything about it, nor seen anything like that.

Mr. MORRIS. Now I read another paragraph, later on:

nearly every day we received "treatment."

That "treatment" is in quotes. Be sure he understands.

Is that a truthful statement?

The INTERPRETER. No.

Mr. MORRIS. At any time did anyone ever molest you or harm you or use force against you, at any time?

The INTERPRETER. No. Nobody, never.

Mr. MORRIS. What kind of treatment has been accorded him since he has been in the United States?

The INTERPRETER. The treatment was the normal treatment for a free country. It could not have been otherwise.

Mr. MORRIS. There is another paragraph I would like to read:

It so happened that we read in a newspaper a note mentioning the address of the Soviet representatives to the United Nations in New York.

Now, when did he first learn the address of the Soviet representatives in New York?

The INTERPRETER. The witness says that he personally had no interest to find out the address of the Soviet representatives in New York, because these were people he would not like to meet, even in the street. The only reason he could have had for finding out their address was to avoid meeting them.

Mr. MORRIS. I see.

Has he been in the United Nations?

The INTERPRETER. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. When did he go to the United Nations?

The INTERPRETER. This was about 5 months ago.

Mr. MORRIS. I see.

Now, to his knowledge, how many of the other sailors went to the United Nations at that time?

The INTERPRETER. All nine of them.

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, the five sailors who turned up in Moscow were about 5 months ago present with him at the United Nations in New York?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Were they given a tour of the United Nations?

The INTERPRETER. They have seen the building from top to bottom.

Mr. MORRIS. And do they know where the Russian——

Were they shown where the Soviet Delegation was quartered?

The INTERPRETER. The witness says that if he is not mistaken, they were shown it, and Mr. Tatarnikov affirmed it. Mr. Tatarnikov confirmed the fact that all of them were shown the Soviet Delegation's headquarters.

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, to their knowledge, based upon their own experience, they know that these sailors 5 months ago were, in fact, shown the Soviet quarters of the United Nations?

The INTERPRETER. They were also there and had seen it.

Mr. MORRIS. Did this witness stay in New York at any time?

The INTERPRETER. This is correct. The witness lived in New York.

Mr. MORRIS. Does he understand the New York telephone book?

The INTERPRETER. At my age, it is very unpleasant to hear such a question. At my age, and with my education, it is very easy to understand such a thing—that is, the telephone book.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, Mr. Chairman, the reason I asked that question is, the Chief Delegate of the Soviet Delegation to the United Nations name appears in the telephone book. I was wondering if this man really wanted to look him up, whether he could have used the telephone book.

The INTERPRETER. Of course, there would not have been any difficulty.

Mr. MORRIS. Based on those facts that we have mentioned today, was the statement made by the five seamen in Moscow:

It so happened that we read in a newspaper a note mentioning the address of the Soviet representatives to the United Nations in New York.

Was that a truthful statement?

The INTERPRETER. This is child talk, said the witness.

Mr. MORRIS. Child talk.

Have they read the language of the note released by the five sailors in Moscow?

The INTERPRETER. Yes, the witness has read it.

Mr. MORRIS. Based on his knowledge of the 5 seamen and based on the language of the note, in his opinion was that note written by those 5 men?

The INTERPRETER. Of course not, said the witness. This is something that has been thought up and given to them.

Mr. MORRIS. Something what?

The INTERPRETER. That was thought up.

Mr. MORRIS. Thought up?

The INTERPRETER. Thought up and given to them for signature or reading by the authorities.

Mr. MORRIS. And what is Russian for "thought"?

The INTERPRETER. "predumino."

Mr. MORRIS. "predumino"?

The INTERPRETER. To think up.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you attend an immigration hearing yesterday—did I break in on something there?

The INTERPRETER. I was just given a suggestion about the translation of that word.

I am sorry—I did not hear the question.

Senator WELKER. You were what?

The INTERPRETER. I was given a suggestion as to the translation of that word.

Senator WELKER. Very well.

Was there a mistake in the translation?

The INTERPRETER. No. The suggestion was "dreamed up" and not "thought up."

Senator WELKER. We will stipulate "dreamed up" and "thought up" as pretty close.

Mr. MORRIS. Were you present at an immigration hearing yesterday?

The INTERPRETER. Yes, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. Was Ambassador Zaroubin there?

The INTERPRETER. Yes. He was there in person.

Mr. MORRIS. He was there in person?

Would you describe what happened at the immigration hearing yesterday?

The INTERPRETER. Zaroubin wanted to influence us and to influence our sentiments.

Mr. MORRIS. Zaroubin wanted to influence you and to influence your sentiments. How did he do that?

The INTERPRETER. He spoke a lot about our families and our relatives who we have left behind in the Soviet Union.

Senator WELKER. Talked a lot about your what? Families and relatives left behind in the Soviet Union?

The INTERPRETER. Correct.

He said that our families were waiting for us, begging us to come back, and saying that they would forgive us for everything we had done, but the expression on his face contrasted completely what he said. There was nothing good we could expect.

Mr. MORRIS. How long was he interrogated by Ambassador Zaroubin?

The INTERPRETER. Approximately 20 minutes.

Mr. MORRIS. Did he wish to be interrogated by Ambassador Zaroubin?

The INTERPRETER. It was an unpleasant necessity, nothing more.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you make known your attitude to Ambassador Zaroubin?

The INTERPRETER. Oh, yes, and he was very glad to find out my attitude.

Mr. MORRIS. Ambassador Zaroubin was very glad to find out his attitude?

The INTERPRETER. That is what the witness says—ironically.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, will you tell us what you said to Ambassador Zaroubin?

The INTERPRETER. The witness told Ambassador Zaroubin that he hopes this is the first and the last meeting between them, and the witness expressed hope that in the future they will avoid this mutual unpleasantness of meeting.

Mr. MORRIS. What did Ambassador Zaroubin say there?

The INTERPRETER. He said, "I hope we still will meet with you some time."

Mr. MORRIS. Zaroubin said that?

The INTERPRETER. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, did he talk to Solovyev, Victor Solovyev, after the immigration hearing?

The INTERPRETER. Yes, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. And did Solovyev tell him what happened between Ambassador Zaroubin and Solovyev?

The INTERPRETER. Solovyev told the witness, in essence, what the conversation with Zaroubin was.

He said that he refused to return to the Soviet Union.

Mr. MORRIS. And did Zaroubin show him any letter—did Solovyev tell him that Zaroubin showed him some letters?

The INTERPRETER. Solovyev not only told the witness, but showed him a letter which was supposed to have been written by Solovyev's relatives. However, the language in which the letter was written is not the one his relatives spoke before their birth, speak now, or will ever speak in future life.

Mr. MORRIS. Was there anything else that Mr. Solovyev told you after the hearing yesterday?

Mr. Chairman, again I must say that we are taking this as not first-hand evidence, because Mr. Solovyev is not here this morning, but we are taking the conversation subsequent to the hearing as related by Solovyev to the three men here today.

Senator WELKER. Very well.

The INTERPRETER. Solovyev told the witness that Zaroubin asked him to read the letter at once, apparently, as Mr. Solovyev said, hoping that he would be touched by the contents of the letter and would decide to return. But Solovyev refused to read it, and said he would read it later, since this was his private affair.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, do you intend to stay in the United States?

The INTERPRETER. Of course.

Senator WELKER. When will you go back to Russia?

The INTERPRETER. Never. There is nothing I could do there.

Senator WELKER. Would you ever consider going back to Russia if it became a free land, again?

The INTERPRETER. The witness says that he would go to Russia only to see what the conditions were and that only after Russia would be free from the Communist regime.

Mr. MORRIS. Do you have any message that you would like to impart to the five seamen who are now in Moscow?

The INTERPRETER. The witness says that he would like to tell them something, but he knows that he can reach them only through the Soviet press, and since the Soviet press distorts everything, if the witness would say "yes," they would translate it as "no." Therefore, it is hopeless to say anything.

Senator WELKER. Did you broadcast an appeal to your shipmates and to your countrymen in Russia yesterday, by way of the Voice of Freedom?

The INTERPRETER. This is correct, but it was not an address to them, it was a general statement in which the witness described his conditions, living conditions, here, and also touched upon the departure of the five other seamen. The witness said that what they were saying now would not be the truth, because this was what the Government and the authorities said. It could not have been otherwise, in the Soviet Union.

Senator WELKER. Did he tell the Russian people, or anyone hearing that broadcast, that he and his shipmates were happy and free here in the United States?

The INTERPRETER. The witness said that he and his friends lived under very good conditions here, that they were happy and wanted to stay here.

Mr. MORRIS. Did that include the five seamen now in Moscow?

I may have misasked the question then.

Did the five seamen that he knew and who are now in Moscow—to his knowledge, were they happy when they were in the United States?

The INTERPRETER. No doubt they were no less happy than each one of the seamen who has remained here.

Mr. MORRIS. He knew that from his own experience with them?

The INTERPRETER. The witness says he knows that from his own experience, from conversations with the five seamen, and he knows that none of them ever expressed the desire to go back to the Soviet Union.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, I think I have no more questions.

I would like to ask, however, did the Soviet representatives make any effort to reach you here in the United States?

The INTERPRETER. The witness cannot confirm this, because he never met with any of them, under any conditions.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, I have no more questions.

I deliberately did not ask, for the record, where this man lives or what he is doing now, in the interest of his own security.

Senator WELKER. Very well.

The witness will step down.

Call your next witness, Counsel.

TESTIMONY OF VIKTOR STEPANOVICH TATARNIKOV AND BEN YEREMENKO, AS INTERPRETED BY NATALIE VON MEYER

Senator WELKER. Viktor and Ben, both of you will be called on by counsel to answer certain questions. They will be repeated to you by your interpreter, our interpreter, so both of you be on the alert, ready to answer the questions.

Viktor, please state your full name.

The INTERPRETER. Viktor Stepanovich Tatarnikov.

Mr. MORRIS. How long have you been in the Soviet Navy?

The INTERPRETER. Two and a half years.

Mr. MORRIS. What was his rank or grade?

The INTERPRETER. Sailor.

Mr. MORRIS. Was he with the other crew members of the *Tuapse* that landed in Formosa?

The INTERPRETER. Correct.

Mr. MORRIS. Did he stay in Formosa?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. What was your treatment while you were in Formosa?

The INTERPRETER. The treatment was very well. There was nothing he could ask for—it was very good.

Mr. MORRIS. Did he voluntarily come to the United States?

The INTERPRETER. Yes, of course.

Mr. MORRIS. I would like to read to him a statement issued by the five seamen in Moscow:

We thought there must be some way to break out from their hold—referring to the Chiang Kai-shekists, to use their term—and return home through some country where there was Soviet diplomatic representation.

Was that a truthful statement?

The INTERPRETER. They could return from Formosa as did the other 29 who returned.

Senator WELKER. They could not return from Formosa as did the other 29?

The INTERPRETER. They could.

Mr. MORRIS (reading).

Agents from the United States came to Taiwan and tried every horrible means to suborn us into choosing the so-called free way of life.

The INTERPRETER. This is a complete lie. Americans only helped.

Mr. MORRIS. Americans only helped.

Did he at all times know where the Soviet representatives in New York were?

The INTERPRETER. The witness says he did not need them.

Mr. MORRIS. Did he have the opportunity to call them if he wanted to?

The INTERPRETER. He did not know, but he did not want to know.

Mr. MORRIS. What has been his treatment in the United States?

The INTERPRETER. As you see, very well; very good.

Mr. MORRIS. How does he feel now that he realizes he is going to stay in the United States?

The INTERPRETER. I have been in a very good and merry mood.

Mr. MORRIS. A very good and what mood?

The INTERPRETER. Merry.

Mr. MORRIS. Now I would like to read, Mr. Chairman, a statement that I think is important for our record, if I may. It need not be translated, except by description, because it is his statement, he has signed his name.

Mr. Chairman, I am reading here a statement of the Soviet crew. It appeared in the New York Times of December 21, 1955. It is dated New York, December 15, 1955. It is signed by Nikolai Vaganov, who is now in Moscow; Benedikt Yeremenko, who is the witness here today; Valentin Lukashkov, the seaman who is now in the Soviet Union; Victor Ryabenko, who is now in the Soviet Union; Viktor Solov'yev, who has testified here and was in Washington yesterday; Victor Tatarnikov, who was a witness here today, and is now testifying; Alexander Shirin, who is in Moscow; and Mikhail Shishin, who is also in Moscow.

I will read this, Senator Welker, for the record.

If you will, I think after I get underway, ask the witness if he recalls having prepared this:

Nearly 2 months ago we, crewmen of the Soviet tanker *Tuapse*, came to the United States to stay. We have deliberately chosen to live in the United States

and are grateful to the American people for their hospitality. The American community, press and radio have given us a warm welcome; welfare organizations, the United States escapee program, and Church World Service are helping us to establish ourselves in our new life.

Now, does he recall this statement?

The INTERPRETER. Yes, sir.

Mr. MORRIS (continuing) :

During the past month the Soviet press has printed many articles about those of us from the *Tuapse* who have decided to remain in the West. On November 17, *Izvestia*, the Soviet Government organ, wrote about us as follows:

"Twenty members of the crew of our tanker are being forcibly detained by the Chiang Kai-shekists."

The editor of *Pravda* published the following statement in the December 4 issue of this official organ of the Soviet Communist Party:

"It is known that 29 Soviet sailors returned to the homeland. However, the rest of the crew of the Soviet tanker is still languishing in Kuomintang captivity."

In its November issue the Soviet magazine *Sovietskaya Zhenshchina* (Soviet Woman) published a letter by Olga Panova, stewardess on the *Tuapse*, in which she writes:

"Twenty of our comrades are still languishing in the torture chambers of Taiwan (Formosa).

"I address myself to you in the hope that my letter will be printed and the women of the whole world will learn the truth about these dark deeds."

We, former members of the *Tuapse* crew, wish to declare that the announcements in *Izvestia*, *Pravda* and other organs do not correspond to the facts.

We are sure that all necessary formalities will soon be completed and our 11 fellow crewmen who are now living on Formosa will also come to the United States.

We wish to call the attention of the American public to the misinformation about our fate in the Soviet press intended to deceive the Soviet people and the rest of the world.

Do you remember preparing that statement?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Do you remember the five men who are now in Moscow, working with you on that statement?

Senator WELKER. Was that statement true and correct?

The INTERPRETER. Yes, they were all together.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, to your knowledge, does this reflect the attitude of the five seamen now in Moscow, on December 15, 1955?

The INTERPRETER. The witness says he cannot say for sure. He would not know what they were thinking.

Mr. MORRIS. Could he judge by their attitude at the time what the thoughts were?

The INTERPRETER. The witness says by their attitude they were, of course, very happy here, and felt very well.

Mr. MORRIS. Did they voluntarily join with him in preparing this statement?

The INTERPRETER. Of course voluntarily. There was nobody who could exert pressure on them.

Mr. MORRIS. Did anyone help them write this statement?

The INTERPRETER. No; the boys themselves wrote it.

Mr. MORRIS. Did they have somebody assisting them in the language, in the English language?

The INTERPRETER. The statement was written in Russian but was then translated into English, and the Russian text was written by the boys, as the witness says.

MR. MORRIS. Who helped them translate it from Russian into English?

If they have some reason for not wanting to disclose the man's name, that is—

The INTERPRETER. It was Mr. Urassov.

MR. MORRIS. Mr. Urassov?

The INTERPRETER. Correct.

MR. MORRIS. Now, did you attend an immigration hearing yesterday?

The INTERPRETER. Yes. Correct.

MR. MORRIS. Were you interrogated by Ambassador Zaroubin?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

MR. MORRIS. Was it your request that you be interrogated by Ambassador Zaroubin?

The INTERPRETER. No; the witness did not ask for it.

MR. MORRIS. The witness did not ask to be interrogated.

What did Ambassador Zaroubin say to you, and what did you say to him?

The INTERPRETER. Ambassador Zaroubin said that people were expecting the witness at home and that he is young, and all his sins will be forgiven. And the witness said "No."

MR. MORRIS. Pardon?

The INTERPRETER. The witness said "No."

MR. MORRIS. How long did this interview last?

The INTERPRETER. About 5 minutes. Zaroubin asked the question, the witness said "No," and went away.

MR. MORRIS. Was there anything else that transpired between Ambassador Zaroubin and the witness?

The INTERPRETER. Zaroubin asked also whether any pressure was put upon the witness to come to this country.

MR. MORRIS. What did he say?

The INTERPRETER. The witness said "No."

MR. MORRIS. Did he see Mr. Solovyev after the session yesterday?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

MR. MORRIS. Did Solovyev tell him what happened at his interview with Ambassador Zaroubin?

The INTERPRETER. Solovyev said that Zaroubin had given him letters, and Solovyev told the witness the same thing he had told the previous witness, Michael Ivankov-Nikolov.

Solovyev also said that when he was leaving home, his mother could not write very well. She had just 1 year of education. But now the letter was written in a very good language. And Ambassador Zaroubin said that in the meanwhile Solovyev's mother had learned to write.

MR. MORRIS. Do you believe that the five seamen in Moscow returned to Moscow voluntarily?

The INTERPRETER. The witness thinks no, somebody had put some pressure on them.

MR. MORRIS. Do you have any messages that you would like to extend to the five sailors now in the Soviet Union?

The INTERPRETER. The only thing the witness can say is that he is sorry for them. That is all he can say. They will perish over there.

Senator WELKER. They will what?

The INTERPRETER. Perish.

Senator WELKER. They will perish over there?

The INTERPRETER. The witness adds that what they will do there in the future is, they will cut wood in the region of Magadan.

Senator WELKER. Would you repeat that answer?

The INTERPRETER. The only thing that awaits them in the future is that they will cut wood in the region of Magadan.

Mr. MORRIS. Magadan being the slave labor camp.

Senator WELKER. Very well.

Ben, you have heard the answers made by Viktor to the questions propounded to him by the interpreter, as a result of the questions by Judge Morris.

If the same questions were asked of you, Ben, would your answers be the same?

The INTERPRETER. The witness would answer in the same way, with different words maybe, but the meaning would be the same.

Senator WELKER. Ben, have you ever had opportunity to go back to Russia? Have you had a desire—

The INTERPRETER. Yes, of course, but he did not want to.

Senator WELKER. Have you been treated fairly?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Senator WELKER. Have you been surrounded by FBI agents or agents of the United States of America, forcing you to remain here?

The INTERPRETER. No.

Senator WELKER. Have you heard about these statements alleged to have been made by your shipmates from the Soviet Union, saying that you were forced to remain here?

The INTERPRETER. This is not true. The witness says that there can be no truth in Soviet statements in newspapers.

He gives an example, that in the first note that appeared in the Soviet newspapers about the ship, it first said that the ship had been shot at by machine guns, and in the next statement it said that they were not machine guns, but artillery. So this is an example, the witness says, of how the press lies.

And this witness (Mike) adds that in the future, they would say it was an atomic bomb that was dropped on the ship.

Senator WELKER. Now, Ben, I would like to address this question directly to you:

Did you see Ambassador Zaroubin yesterday?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Senator WELKER. What did Zaroubin, the Ambassador from Russia, say to you?

The INTERPRETER. The witness was told by Zaroubin that his family was waiting for him and that in the meantime they were receiving his pay he had received while a crew member on *Tuapse*. The witness said at that time he thought, if they help my family, all right, it is their own business.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, did he hear the statement, is he acquainted with the statement of December 15, which appeared in the press?

The INTERPRETER. The witness says he participated in writing the statement.

Mr. MORRIS. To his knowledge, were the words and thoughts expressed therein the real words and thoughts of the five seamen who are in Moscow today? That is the December 15 statement, the one that appeared in the paper.

The INTERPRETER. The witness says that he cannot say for sure, but at that time he did not notice anything in their behavior that could point to the fact that they were not expressing their thoughts.

Mr. MORRIS. Is he witness happy to be here?

The INTERPRETER. Yes, of course.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, I think we have covered the area.

Senator WELKER. Before concluding, I want to introduce into the record the statement made by the Soviet crew, that you have just referred to, and I want to introduce and have made a part of the record the whole of the alleged statement made by the Soviet sailors who departed from this country on April 7, 1956.

I want to also introduce and have made a part of the record the Soviet U. N. statement, which seems to be completely disproved by the three witnesses appearing before the subcommittee today.

(The statement of the 5 sailors who returned from the United States to Moscow, as it appears with a foreword in the New York Times of April 27, 1956, was marked "Exhibit No. 239" and reads as follows:)

EXHIBIT NO. 239

[The New York Times, April 27, 1956]

STATEMENTS BY SOVIET SAILORS AND U. N. UNIT

(Following are the texts of 2 statements released yesterday in connection with the return to their homeland of 5 Soviet sailors who had sought political asylum in the United States. First is the statement of the sailors as presented in Moscow by Tass, the Soviet news agency, through Reuters news service. It is followed by the statement issued here by the Soviet delegation to the United Nations.)

STATEMENT BY SAILORS

We have returned with joy to our homeland. The other day we were told at the offices of Vodny Transport [a newspaper] that after our departure from the United States the American press had carried various reports alleging that we five members of the *Tuapse* crew were removed by force from the United States by Soviet agents.

We deny this in the most vigorous manner as provocative inventions of the American press and would like to give a short account of our return.

This is how it was.

The story of the seizure of the *Tuapse* and the conditions under which the crew lived on Taiwan [Formosa] are well known from the statements of the nine sailors who returned earlier to the Soviet Union. We fully associate ourselves with those statements.

After the piratical seizure of the *Tuapse* by the Chiang Kai-shekists [Chinese Nationalists] we Soviet sailors were threatened and systematically beaten in order to make us betray our country.

For a long time we thought of ways to escape the bandits' clutches and worked out all sorts of schemes.

We thought there must be some way to break out from their hold and return home through some country where there was Soviet diplomatic representation.

Agents from the United States came to Taiwan and tried every horrible means to suborn us into choosing the so-called free way of life.

In order to return to the Soviet Union we agreed among ourselves to sign a declaration requesting political asylum in the United States.

At the same time we swore ourselves to secrecy and pledged ourselves to return home.

TAKEN TO THE UNITED STATES

In October 1955, we were taken with four other sailors to the United States, where we were given so-called support from the World Church Service Organization.

We were surrounded by agents and people hostile to the Soviet Union and we soon realized that our escape from there would be no easy matter.

Nearly every day we received "treatment."

"Don't think about returning to Russia," our "guardians" would tell us. "Your relatives have already long since been sent to Siberia where they are being tortured. Just think what will happen to you if you return," they said.

Of course, we did not believe a word of these corrupt guardians and continued in our attempts to establish contact with Soviet representatives.

We had to act warily. From talks with Russian emigrés we found out that in the case of the slightest suspicion we were likely to be locked up in prison.

It so happened that we read in a newspaper a note mentioning the address of the Soviet representatives to the United Nations in New York.

Now that our long-awaited target came closer we had to act swiftly and resolutely but no less circumspectly.

We worked out a plan and decided as follows: Sishin would go first to the Soviet representative and after a short while the rest would follow.

This we did.

On the second day we were all together again. At the Soviet office we were given a warm welcome and received every consideration and care.

On the eve of our departure from the United States on April 6 our group visited the Revenue Department in New York.

After a talk with officials there we were given documents relating to tax-payments, without which, according to American law, one cannot leave the country.

Before getting into the aircraft at the airport near New York attempts were made to provoke us and to make us refuse to return to the Soviet Union.

Each one of us separately in the presence of the immigration authorities and police was interrogated by a Mr. Rankin, a representative of our guardians, the World Church Service.

Mr. Rankin, who spoke Russian, demanded of us a change of decision and a refusal to return home, where, according to him, all sorts of horrors and even death awaited us.

He put all sorts of provocative questions to us and made every attempt to induce us to remain in the United States.

In this, Rankin had the help of an Immigrant Bureau agent who behaved roughly.

But we firmly stated that we would not change our minds and did not wish to discuss the matter with anyone.

Two days later we were already in Moscow. We spent 3 days in the Capital sight-seeing and visiting the Kremlin.

We received a warm welcome in the Ministry of Merchant Marine. Officials there congratulated us on our return home. On the fourth day we left for Odessa, where our relatives and friends and members of the Black Sea Fleet gave us a warm welcome.

From the first day we were given comradely help and attention. We were given 3 months' paid leave, after which we shall all go back to sea and work according to our specialties.

We should like to make special mention of the fact that while we were on foreign soil the Black Sea shipping authorities were making regular allowances to our families and dear ones from our salaries.

We five Soviet sailors, in the presence of foreign and Soviet press representatives, state that we returned home of our own free will.

We are deeply grateful to the Soviet Government for the care they accorded us and our families.

We consider it necessary to state that the American authorities hid from us the fact that the Soviet Government had made repeated representations demanding Soviet Embassy officials to be given the opportunity of meeting us.

We found out about this from the Soviet counsel in New York.

Our comrades still being forcibly detained by the Chiang Kai-shek people on Taiwan and those being held in the United States are similarly being told nothing of the Soviet demands for their release and return home.

We are quite sure that they will take the first chance to return gladly to their families at home.

M. SHISHIN, *Engineer.*
V. LUKASHKOV, *Engineer.*
A. SHIRIN, *Seaman.*
V. RIABENKO, *Seaman.*
N. VAGANOV, *Writer.*

(The letter of the nine Russian sailors who came to the United States in October 1955, to the New York Times, was marked "Exhibit No. 240" and reads as follows:)

EXHIBIT NO. 240

[New York Times, December 21, 1955]

STATEMENT OF SOVIET CREW

RUSSIAN REPORTS OF IMPRISONMENT IN FORMOSA ARE DENIED

To the Editor of the New York Times:

Nearly 2 months ago we, crewmen of the Soviet tanker *Tuapse*, came to the United States to stay. We have deliberately chosen to live in the United States and are grateful to the American people for their hospitality. The American community, press, and radio have given us a warm welcome: welfare organizations, the United States escapee program and Church World Service are helping us to establish ourselves in our new life.

During the past month the Soviet press has printed many articles about those of us from the *Tuapse* who have decided to remain in the West. On November 17 Izvestia, the Soviet Government organ, wrote about us as follows:

"Twenty members of the crew of our tanker are being forcibly detained by the Chiang Kai-shekists."

The editor of Pravda published the following statement in the December 4 issue of this official organ of the Soviet Communist party:

"It is known that 29 Soviet sailors returned to the homeland. However, the rest of the crew of the Soviet tanker is still languishing in Kuomintang captivity."

In its November issue the Soviet magazine Sovietskaya Zhenshchina (Soviet Woman) published a letter by Oglia Panova, stewardess on the *Tuapse*, in which she writes:

"Twenty of our comrades are still languishing in the torture chambers of Taiwan [Formosa]."

"I address myself to you in the hope that my letter will be printed and the women of the whole world will learn the truth about these dark deeds."

We, former members of the *Tuapse* crew, wish to declare that the announcements in Izvestia, Pravda and other organs do not correspond to the facts.

We are sure that all necessary formalities will soon be completed and our 11 fellow-crewmen who are now living on Formosa will also come to the United States.

We wish to call the attention of the American public to the misinformation about our fate in the Soviet press intended to deceive the Soviet people and the rest of the world.

Nikolai Vaganov, Benedikt Yeremenko, Valentin Lukashkov, Victor Ryabenko, Victor Soloviev, Victor Tatarnikov, Alexander Shirin, Mikhail Shishin.

NEW YORK, December 15, 1955.

(The Soviet U. N. statement referred to by Senator Welker may be found at p. 935.)

Senator WELKER. In conclusion, I want to thank you, Mike, you, Viktor, and you, Ben, for bringing to the attention of the United States Senate Subcommittee of the Judiciary, Internal Security Subcommittee, the facts that you have brought forth today. The testimony that you have given today will be used by the subcommittee in an attempt to frame certain legislation insuring those freedom-hungry people, such as you and the others who were whisked away in early April of this year, that never again can that happen to any person coming to our shores to seek freedom.

It seems to me that the subcommittee has been advised of a terrible situation existing in our country, wherein you men who elected to come to our shores to seek freedom, happiness, have had representations made to you which would cause five of your fellow shipmates to be whisked away behind the Iron Curtain to a life of drudgery and despair, and I think you described it as "chopping wood" a moment ago.

The subcommittee is grateful to each and every one of you.

If there is anything we can do in the future to insure your happiness, we will be very happy to do so.

Thank you, Dr. Van Hoogstraten.

The INTERPRETER. The witnesses thank you for receiving them and hearing their statements.

Senator WELKER. Thank you very much.

The subcommittee will now stand adjourned.

(Whereupon, at 1:05 o'clock p. m., the subcommittee adjourned.)

SCOPE OF SOVIET ACTIVITY IN THE UNITED STATES

MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1956

UNITED STATES SENATE,
SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE ADMINISTRATION
OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY ACT AND OTHER
INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS, OF THE
COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY,
Washington, D.C.

The subcommittee met, pursuant to recess, at 2 p.m., in room 121, Senate Office Building, Senator William E. Jenner presiding.

Also Present: Robert Morris, chief counsel; William A. Rusher, administrative counsel; and Benjamin Mandel, research director.

Senator JENNER. The hearing will come to order.

We will swear the interpreter.

You swear that the testimony that you will interpret from the witness who is to be interviewed, will be a true and accurate interpretation of the witness' testimony, so help you God?

Mr. GRIGOROVICH-BARSKY. So help me God.

Senator JENNER. The witness has previously been sworn, but we will swear you again.

You swear the testimony you are about to give in this hearing will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. I do.

TESTIMONY OF VIKTOR SOLOVYEV, AS INTERPRETED BY CONSTANTINE GRIGOROVICH-BARSKY

Mr. MORRIS. Viktor Solovyev, will you tell us of your appearance before the Immigration Service last Friday, and particularly about what Ambassador Zaroubin said to you and what you said to him?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. Ambassador Zaroubin told me that he was sent by the Soviet Government to tell me if I want to return home I will be pardoned for our deeds and I may have my previous positions unharmed.

Then he gave me two letters. He asked about the letters which the Soviet representatives gave me in the hotel, and asked whether it was true that I said that these letters were not written by my mother. He asserted that my mother has learned to write meanwhile and these are her letters. That is what he said.

Further, he gave me the address of the Soviet Embassy in Washington and said that at any time I may come to the Embassy and they will arrange for my departure home.

I said to him, "When Russia will be free and when it will be possible freely to go from Russia to America or from America to Russia, then I will go home."

Then he said, "Russia is free even now," and that I may depart any day.

Then I answered him that I don't see that Russia is free, and, no, I will not go home.

Mr. MORRIS. Did Ambassador Zaroubin show you a different letter, a new letter?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. He gave me the letters which I have at home now.

Mr. MORRIS. Are these the same letters that were shown to you in your room in the George Washington Hotel, or different letters?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. No; these are different letters from my mother and from my sister. And another thing, I asked him whether my relatives knew that I am in the United States before the five sailors came home, for which he answered, "No." And, "Do they know that I am in the States?"

"Yes; they know now."

Mr. MORRIS. Would you have any objection to letting the committee have those letters, if we duplicate them and return them to you?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. I can put them at the disposal of the committee, provided they will be returned to me.

Mr. MORRIS. Would you mind if we released their contents?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. You may publish them—you may release the contents. I would like that the name of the parents not be mentioned—relatives not be mentioned—

Senator JENNER. Was anyone present in Washington, D. C., when Ambassador Zaroubin asked you these questions, showed you these letters, and so forth?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. There were American and Soviet representatives.

Mr. MORRIS. How many of each?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. There were in all eight persons, and I was the ninth.

Mr. MORRIS. How many Soviet and how many Americans?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. There were three Soviet representatives and the rest were Americans.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Van Hoogstratten was not present?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. No. Mr. Zaroubin asked him to leave.

Mr. MORRIS. May we go back to your testimony about the visit of the two Soviet officials to you at the George Washington Hotel—you have testified about this previously, have you not?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. After they went into your room did they lock the door behind them?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. They didn't lock it at the beginning, but when I went to the bathroom to wash—when I went to the bathroom I heard that they latched the door, and then I went back to the room half-washed and told them that the representative of the Church World Service will come here at 2 o'clock, "So you better get away."

I lied about the Church World Service representative, that he will come, because I was afraid, there were two of them, and they could do with me whatever they would like.

They were also threatening me, that if I don't go home now the Americans will hold us incomunicado—nobody would hear or listen to us.

Mr. MORRIS. Keep them where he would not be heard from?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. Yes. Anyway, "You won't have any freedom here, or else you will be sent back to Formosa and won't be able to get back to the States, and also not go home, simply anywhere."

Mr. MORRIS. You told us in your previous testimony that they showed you letters purportedly from your mother?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. They gave me the letters.

Mr. MORRIS. You have told us all about that before?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Is there anything more about that that we should know now?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. Next day they called me by phone very early in the morning. They told me, "We will come to you now and we will go to the Park Avenue headquarters, to Sobolev."

Mr. MORRIS. They mentioned Sobolev by name?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. Yes; they did.

Mr. MORRIS. They, themselves, did not give their names?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. No; then I told them to wait at 72d Street and Central Park West, because I was afraid they would come to me in hotel and will take me by violence.

Then I went to Yonkers; then went to Church World Service, and I asked them to hide me, so that they couldn't find me. That seems to be all.

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, you have now given us more details than you gave us the other day?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Can you tell us why?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. I was frightened and I didn't know what to do anyway. So, for instance, I forgot about the detail of closing the door. Only when I spoke to my friends and got composed, I remembered these details.

Mr. MORRIS. I would like the record to show that the circumstances under which the witness testified were something he had never experienced before; he was appearing in a public session, appearing before a congressional committee. There were very many people present. There was a great deal of interest as to his testimony.

Is there anything that the committee can do to make your living more secure at this time?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. I think it would be good that the Soviet officials would be restricted in their activities so that they would not do whatever they want in this country. They are given now full freedom to act as they want and they are using this freedom to full extent now.

Mr. MORRIS. Do you still feel frightened, Viktor?

Mr. SOLOVYEV. I still feel a little bit frightened and, of course, they can still come to me, but now I think with all of the publicity we have got and all which I told the committee, I feel more secure.

Mr. MORRIS. That is all.

Senator JENNER. Thank you. That will be all.

(Whereupon, at 2:30 p. m., the committee adjourned.)

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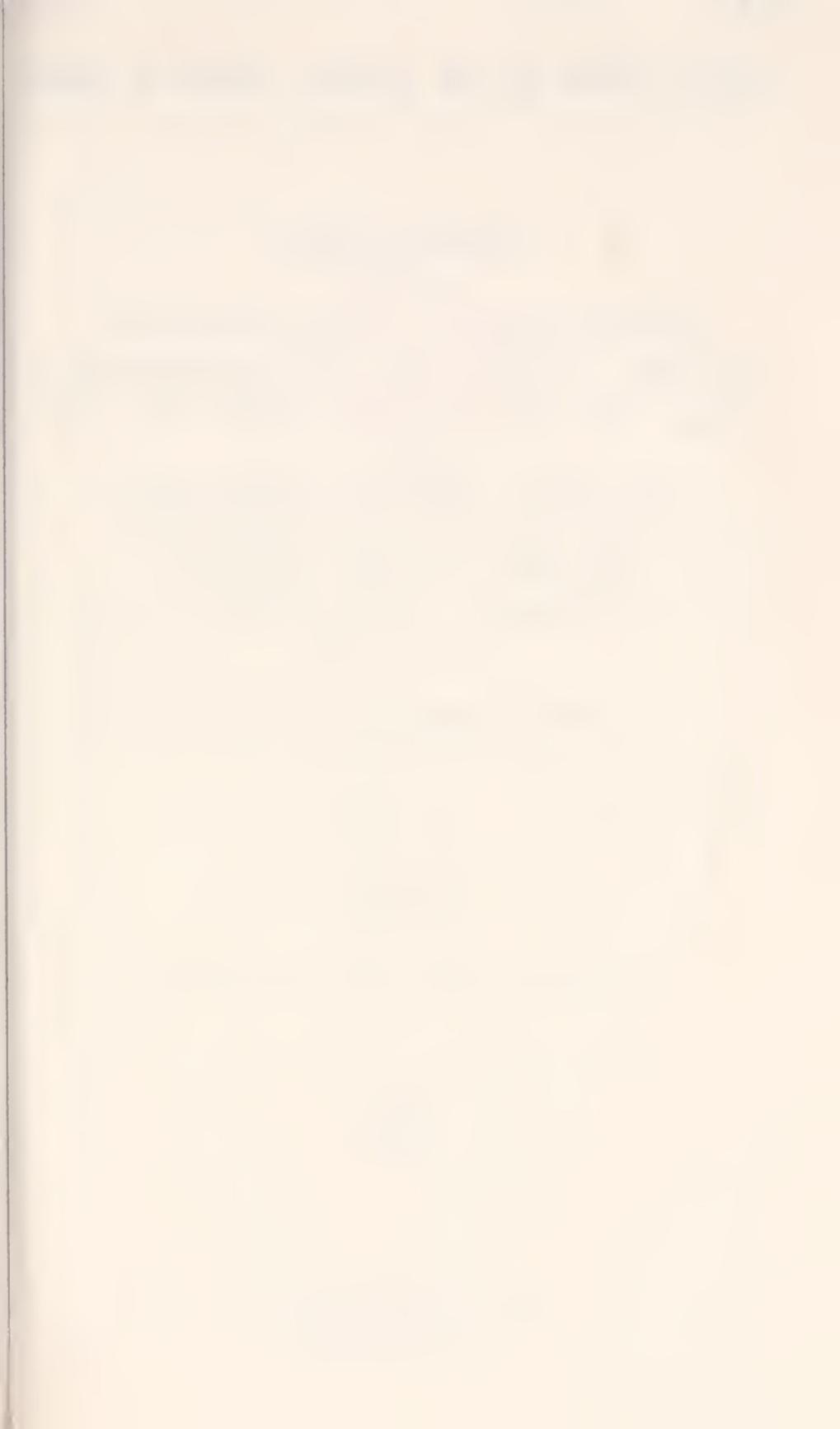
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ITORY

SCOPE OF SOVIET ACTIVITY IN THE UNITED STATES

HEARINGS

BEFORE THE

SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE
ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY
ACT AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS
OF THE

COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY

UNITED STATES SENATE

EIGHTY-FOURTH CONGRESS

SECOND SESSION

ON

SCOPE OF SOVIET ACTIVITY IN THE
UNITED STATES

MAY 3, 1956

PART 19

Printed for the use of the Committee on the Judiciary



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SCOPE OF SOVIET ACTIVITY IN THE UNITED STATES

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1956

UNITED STATES SENATE,
SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE ADMINISTRATION
OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY ACT
AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS,
OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY,
Washington, D. C.

The subcommittee met, pursuant to recess, at 10:30 a. m., in room P-63, United States Capitol Building, Senator William E. Jenner, presiding.

Also present: Robert Morris, chief counsel; William A. Rusher, administrative counsel; Benjamin Mandel, research director, and Frank W. Schroeder, chief investigator.

Senator JENNER. The committee will come to order.

Will you call the first witness?

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Duke Ellington.

Senator JENNER. Mr. Ellington, will you be sworn to testify?

Do you swear that the testimony given in this hearing will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Mr. ELLINGTON. I do.

Senator JENNER. Will you be seated?

TESTIMONY OF HAROLD JOHN ELLINGTON

Senator JENNER. Will you state your full name to the committee?

Mr. ELLINGTON. Duke Ellington, better known as H. J.—Harold John Ellington.

Senator JENNER. And where do you reside, Mr. Ellington?

Mr. ELLINGTON. Sir?

Senator JENNER. Where do you reside?

Mr. ELLINGTON. 11 Hardwell Road, Short Hills, N. Y.

Senator JENNER. What is your business or profession?

Mr. ELLINGTON. The manufacturing of electronic parts, transformer components, et cetera.

Senator JENNER. Proceed, Mr. Morris.

Mr. MORRIS. Where is your place of business?

Mr. ELLINGTON. 238 Lewis Street in Paterson, N. J.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, the Internal Security Subcommittee has called witnesses this morning by way of trying to gather, to all practical effect, the remaining evidence involving the case of the *Tuapse* seamen. Later on in this hearing we have some witnesses available who will testify that similar acts of terrorism are originating from some of the other embassies, some of the satellite embassies.

Mr. Ellington, I wonder if you would tell the committee whether or not you were the employer of some of the seamen who went back to the Soviet Union?

Mr. ELLINGTON. We were. We employed three of the seamen. I will spell their names, better than I can pronounce them.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you, please?

Mr. ELLINGTON. Viktor R-y-a-b-e-n-k-o; Ryabenko.

Mr. MORRIS. Ryabenko.

Mr. ELLINGTON. He was employed by us on the 9th of January 1956, and left on the 5th of April 1956 and Nicholas Vaganov, V-a-g-a-n-o-v, was employed by us on the 19th of January 1956, and left on the 5th of April 1956.

The third seaman, Valentin Loukashkov, I believe, L-o-u-k-a-s-h-k-o-v, was employed by us on the 3d of January of 1956 and left on the 5th, to go to school. We gave him a—

Mr. MORRIS. The 5th of January?

Mr. ELLINGTON. Yes; he worked 3 days, and he left. We gave him a leave of absence to go to Columbia University to take a special English course, and he was coming back on the Monday, the 9th of April.

Mr. MORRIS. He was due to come back on Monday, April 9?

Mr. ELLINGTON. That is right.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, when the first two boys, Ryabenko and Vaganov, terminated their employment on the 5th of April, did they give you any advance notice?

Mr. ELLINGTON. No; we have another boy who was employed by us, who got these boys a job with us, and we sent him on Friday at lunch time, from the plant, which is only 5 minutes away from where these boys lived, to their rooms to find out what was wrong, because they had been very punctual, and we felt maybe they were sick or something like that and they might need help.

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, when they did not appear for work on the morning of April the sixth—

Mr. ELLINGTON. April the sixth; that is right.

Mr. MORRIS. Their last day at work in employment was April 5?

Mr. ELLINGTON. That is right.

Mr. MORRIS. When they did not appear on the morning of April the sixth, you sent this other boy around to their room?

Mr. ELLINGTON. At lunch time.

Mr. MORRIS. And what he find?

Mr. ELLINGTON. Well, he knocked on their door a couple or three times, and there were no signs of life there. So he tried the door and it was unlocked. He looked in, and the room had been disarranged considerably, and he saw a note by the washbasin there, and noticed some blood by the washbasin, and he went over to read the note. I didn't see the note, but he told me what the contents of the note were, that the boys said they were going back to Russia, and they thought their landlord or landlady should follow their example. But he, knowing their handwriting, knew it wasn't their handwriting.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, Mr. Chairman, I suggest that we make an effort, in order to complete the record, to get hold of the young man who experienced these events testified to by this witness, and that we do it in executive session so that we will no longer have any public hearings after today on the subject.

Senator JENNER. Very well.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Schroeder, we have his name, do we not?

Mr. SCHROEDER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. And we can have his testimony in executive session.

Mr. SCHROEDER. Right.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, when these boys left on the night of the 5th of April and did not return on the 6th of April, did they have any pay coming?

Mr. ELLINGTON. They did; yes, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. Both Ryabenko and Vaganov?

Mr. ELLINGTON. That is right.

Mr. MORRIS. How much pay was coming to them?

Mr. ELLINGTON. They had 1 week and 1 day.

Mr. MORRIS. When were they due to be paid?

Mr. ELLINGTON. On Friday the sixth.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, how much would they have been paid on Friday the sixth?

Mr. ELLINGTON. Vaganov would have been paid a net of \$49.65 for his week ending, and an extra day, \$11.67; and Ryabenko would have been paid \$45.01, and \$10.50 for his extra day.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, were these dutiful and good employees of yours, these two boys?

Mr. ELLINGTON. Without a doubt. They were very, very loyal and very punctual, and our superintendent, after they had started working only a few weeks, had put through an increase for them, due to the fact of their attitude and the work they did.

Mr. MORRIS. You had every reason to believe that they would have a career ahead of them in your employment?

Mr. ELLINGTON. Oh, definitely.

Senator JENNER. After your employee went to the boys' room at noon on the sixth and found this situation, the blood and so forth, and the note that you referred to, did you notify the police?

Mr. ELLINGTON. Well, he must have gotten back to our factory around 12:15. We immediately called the FBI, the Paterson office, and we contacted a Mr. Gillis, Mr. James Gillis. Mr. Gillis had been to our factory several times since January when these boys started working for us, until the day they left, interrogating them and getting information, and at all times informed us that the boys were 100 percent; they were cooperating 100 percent and were giving valuable information to them.

There was nothing for us to be concerned about. And Mr. Gillis called back our plant at 4 o'clock on that day, and he talked to this other Russian boy and said he would like to see him at his house at 9 o'clock that night, where he lived, and this boy waited, and Mr. Gillis and 2 other gentlemen, presumably from the FBI, came to his home at 11 o'clock and asked him a lot of questions about what he had found when he went down there to their room.

Mr. MORRIS. I have no more questions.

Senator JENNER. I have no further questions.

You will be excused.

Mr. ELLINGTON. Thank you.

Senator JENNER. I want to thank you, sir, for appearing before the committee and helping us piece together this story of terrorism in this country.

Mr. ELLINGTON. Thank you.

Mr. MORRIS. Your payroll clerk is here with you, is she not?

Mr. ELLINGTON. That is right.

Mr. MORRIS. Viola Patzschky.

Senator JENNER. Will you be sworn to testify?

Do you swear that the testimony given in this hearing will be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Miss PATZSCHKY. I do.

Senator JENNER. Will you be seated?

TESTIMONY OF VIOLA PATZSCHKY

Senator JENNER. Will you state for our record your full name?

Miss PATZSCHKY. Viola Patzschky.

Senator JENNER. And where do you reside?

Miss PATZSCHKY. 38 Donald Street, Clifton, N. J.

Senator JENNER. And where are you employed, Miss Patzschky?

Miss PATZSCHKY. Heldorf Manufacturing Corp.

Senator JENNER. Where is that located?

Miss PATZSCHKY. 238 Lewis Street, Paterson, N. J.

Senator JENNER. What position do you hold?

Mr. MORRIS. Just a minute, now, Senator. I understand that not a word of this can be heard by anyone.

Will you speak up, please?

Senator JENNER. What position do you hold with this company?

Miss PATZSCHKY. I am payroll clerk and bookkeeper.

Senator JENNER. All right. You can proceed, Mr. Morris.

Mr. MORRIS. This woman is Viola Patzschky, 38 Donald Street, Clifton, N. J.

You are the bookkeeper of—what is the name of the firm?

Miss PATZSCHKY. Heldorf.

Mr. MORRIS. Heldorf Manufacturing Co.

Miss PATZSCHKY. That is right.

Mr. MORRIS. Do you actually have in your possession the money that is due to the two boys, Ryabenko and Vaganov?

Miss PATZSCHKY. I do.

Mr. MORRIS. And what are the amounts?

Miss PATZSCHKY. For Ryabenko, I have two. I have 1 week's salary, \$45.01, and 1 day's salary, \$10.50.

Mr. MORRIS. The total is \$55.51?

Miss PATZSCHKY. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. And you actually have it there in cash?

Miss PATZSCHKY. I have the actual cash.

Mr. MORRIS. And it is awaiting somebody to pick it up?

Miss PATZSCHKY. That is right.

Mr. MORRIS. And the other?

Miss PATZSCHKY. The other one is Vaganov. I have two: One week's salary, \$49.65; 1 day's salary, \$11.61.

Mr. MORRIS. The total is \$61.32?

Miss PATZSCHKY. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. And you have that in cash?

Miss PATZSCHKY. Yes, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, do you have a payroll account for Mr. Loukashkov?

Miss PATZSCHKY. No; I didn't bring that. I didn't know that you wanted it.

Mr. MORRIS. But there is one?

Miss PATZSCHKY. Yes. I can have it—

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, he is being carried on your roll still?

Miss PATZSCHKY. Yes; his earnings record card.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, to your knowledge—I suppose we should have asked the preceding witness, Mr. Chairman—are the jobs for these boys still open to them if they should return?

Miss PATZSCHKY. As far as I know, they certainly are.

Mr. MORRIS. I have no more questions of this witness.

Mr. Ellington?

Mr. ELLINGTON. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. I would just like to ask for the record—you are still under oath—would the jobs still be available for these boys if they should return?

Mr. ELLINGTON. Absolutely. We would like to have them back.

Senator JENNER. Thank you very much.

Miss PATZSCHKY. You are welcome, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Schroeder, I wonder if you would explain for the record the photostatic copy of the bank account opened in the name of one of the seamen.

Mr. Chairman, I do not think it is necessary to have Mr. Schroeder sworn for this purpose.

Mr. SCHROEDER. Mr. Chairman, on April 30th, I received information where Vaganov opened up a savings account. I called on Mr. Douglas Hall, executive vice president of the Irving Savings & Loan Association—

Mr. MORRIS. Speak up, please. You are not being heard. The acoustics are very bad in this room.

Mr. SCHROEDER. I called on Mr. Douglas Hall, executive vice president of the Irving Savings & Loan Association, and he informed me that Mr. Vaganov had opened up a savings account, and I submit to you, sir, a photostatic copy of the opening of the savings account.

Mr. MORRIS. And that was opened on March 2, 1956?

Senator JENNER. March 2, 1956.

The account number is 64840, at the Irving Savings & Loan Association, Paterson, N. J.

Mr. MORRIS. And that shows only one deposit?

Senator JENNER. It shows one deposit dated March 5, 1956.

It will go in the record and become a part of the record.

Mr. MORRIS. One deposit for \$20.

(The document referred to was marked Exhibit No. 241 and will be found in the files of the subcommittee.)

Mr. MORRIS. The next witness is Colonel Rudolph.

Mr. Chairman, this witness has previously been sworn.

I wonder if you would give your name to the reporter.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Vladimir Rudolph-Shabinsky. And I plead a translator, because my English—

Senator JENNER. You want a translator. Mr. Barsky, will you be seated by the witness?

Mr. Barsky, you have been sworn before this committee, have you not?

Mr. BARSKY. Yes, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, Colonel Rudolph has testified here previously; in fact, I think you presided during his testimony.

Senator JENNER. Yes.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

FURTHER TESTIMONY OF VLADIMIR RUDOLPH, AS TRANSLATED BY CONSTANTINE GRIGOROVICH-BARSKY

Mr. MORRIS. Colonel Rudolph, do you have any letters in your possession?

The INTERPRETER. Letters from whom?

Senator JENNER. Do you have any letters in your possession relating to the state of mind of the five boys who returned to the Soviet Union?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Da; yes.

Senator JENNER. Are you prepared to testify about those letters this morning?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, have you read the declaration of the five seamen that was released from Moscow?

The INTERPRETER. I have before me the Soviet newspaper, Izvestia, in which this declaration is printed.

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, he has read it in the original Russian transcript?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes, sir, official text.

Mr. MORRIS. The official text.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Have you also read the English translation that appeared in the United States press?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Colonel Rudolph, will you tell us about the letters that you have in your possession?

The INTERPRETER. I have a letter, signed by 7 sailors from the *Tuapse*. Among these are the signatures of 4 who returned to the Soviet Union, Nikolai Vaganov, Victor Ryabenko, Mikhail Shishin, and Alexander Shirin.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, what about the other? Did the fifth man not sign it?

The INTERPRETER. Excuse me, Judge?

Mr. MORRIS. Did the fifth man not sign it?

The INTERPRETER. He did not sign it, but I have a letter from him in which he explains why he did not sign.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you produce that letter and tell us why he would not sign it?

Mr. RUDOLPH. I am sorry. I have it here.

The INTERPRETER. Valentine Lukashkov writes to me the following:

I know that I am in many things indebted to you.

Mr. MORRIS. "Indebted to you"?

The INTERPRETER. "Indebted to you." I am sorry.

The INTERPRETER (reading):

But I didn't sign the letter, which was signed by other fellows, because I don't want to refute the incorrect attitude of the American journalists.

Mr. MORRIS. Senator, in connection with the statement that he does not want to answer the incorrect statement of the American jour-

nalists, the meaning of this will appear when we come to the original letter itself. I am now trying to have an explanation appear in the record why all nine of the seamen's signatures do not appear on the letter.

The INTERPRETER. I am sorry, sir. Could you repeat the question?

Mr. MORRIS. There is no question.

You are translating the letter.

The INTERPRETER. Would you allow me to read first the other letter, because without the text of the other letter, Loukashkov's letter is understandable?

Mr. MORRIS. All right.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes; you have the English text.

Can you read this letter?

Mr. MORRIS. Yes.

Mr. Chairman, this is a translation.

Did you prepare the translation of this letter?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. This is the letter that Nikolai Vaganov, Viktor Ryabenko, Viktor Solovyev, Viktor Tartarnikov, Mikhail Shishin, Alexander Shirin, and Benedikt Yeremenko wrote to the editor of the Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa., on January 16, 1956:

DEAR SIR: We are 8 of the 20 sailors from the Soviet tanker *Tuapse* who decided in the summer of 1954 not to return to the Soviet Union but to remain in the West, and it was with great interest we read Stewart Alsop's article, Those Smug, Smug Russians in your magazine for December 31.

Undoubtedly, Mr. Alsop is a very well-educated man and has written his article very logically. His logic, however, is founded on something which he has taken to be so but which is in fact a falsehood.

When we read about the people with whom Mr. Alsop spoke on the boat—the "young," "pleasant," "polite," "intelligent" etc., ones we immediately recognized the people from the "organs," from the MVD or the KGB—

they being the initials of the Soviet intelligence organizations. [Continuing:]

They are people specially trained for work with foreigners. Evidently they work very well, if they were able to fool such an intelligent journalist into writing so much in his article that is necessary and convenient for Soviet propaganda. First of all, Soviet propaganda wants the people in the West to think that the absolute majority of Soviet citizens, particularly the youth, are satisfied with their life, that they believe in the Communist dictatorship and are devoted to it. This is what Mr. Alsop has shown in his article.

We also are young Soviet persons from 20 to 25 years old. The very fact that we decided not to return to the Soviet Union, our desire to live in the United States, show that Mr. Alsop erred. But had Mr. Alsop spoken to us in the U. S. S. R., especially if "Victor" had been there, we would have told him like parrots, exactly what he was told by people in the Soviet Union. We would have smiled just as smugly. But at the same time we would not have believed, like most of the Soviet people, that our answers would be accepted at face value. But now we see that this would not have been so.

We are Soviet sailors. From the point of view of the Soviet clique, we are among the reliable Soviet citizens and therefore are permitted to go abroad. How then would Mr. Alsop explain the fact that Soviet sailors are forbidden to talk to foreigners abroad, that they are forbidden to walk alone in foreign ports, that they must return to their ships by sundown? Does he know that failure to conform to these rules means dismissal and perhaps a term in a concentration camp?

The Soviet clique evidently knows us, Soviet youth, better than does Mr. Alsop. The Soviet clique knows very well that we are not as we seem to be to him. They know that, in the majority of Soviet people, there is deeply rooted the hope that one day they will live like human beings, as people live here in the

West. And what is more, our people do have a basis for comparing life in the Soviet Union with life in the West.

And the eight signatures that I have mentioned, Senator, appear on the original which you have in your possession.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you offer that for the record?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. Will somebody get that from the colonel?

Now, are there other letters that you have reflecting the seamen's state of mind as expressed in the declaration that they issued in Moscow?

The INTERPRETER. Loukashkov writes to him that he didn't sign this letter because he doesn't believe Mr. Alsop will understand this, what they wrote in their letter.

Mr. MORRIS. It was not that they disagreed with any of the statements that appeared in the letter?

The INTERPRETER. No. He conformed with the letter, but here are his words:

"To be a fighter for truth is a lost cause. They won't understand it, anyway. This relates to Mr. Alsop's assertion that he spoke to the Soviet people in the Soviet Union and that they were telling him the whole truth."

Mr. MORRIS. May that letter go into the record, Senator?

Senator JENNER. It may go into the record and become a part of the record.

Mr. MORRIS. That is simply to account for the fact that there are only eight signatures.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

(The letter referred to, which was read in full by Mr. Morris was marked "Exhibit No. 242.")

Mr. MORRIS. Now, have you any other letters in your possession that reflect the state of mind of the five seamen while they were in the United States as contrasted with the statement that was issued in their names in Moscow?

Mr. RUDOLPH. No, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. We have also—

The INTERPRETER. There was a letter to the editor of the New York Times from these sailors in December. It was published, and it refutes, itself, their present declarations.

Mr. MORRIS. Senator, we covered that in our hearing last Saturday.

Now, you have before you the statement issued in Moscow?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. Do you have any experiences with the boys that would refute any particular statements made in that release?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us about them?

The INTERPRETER (reading) :

The history of the capture of the tanker *Tuapse* and conditions in which the members of the crew were on Taiwan (Formosa) are very well known from the declarations of 29 seamen who returned previously to the Soviet Union. We completely agree with that declaration. After the piratelike capture of the tanker *Tuapse* by the Chiang Kai-shek men, we, the Soviet seamen, were exposed to threats, torture, and systematic beatings by which means they were trying to force us to renounce our fatherland.

That is their statement now.

When the first articles relating the fate of the captain of the *Tuapse*, the first officer, the political commissar, and so on, appeared in the press, in *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, and *New World* and so on, these sailors told me that there are many untruthful statements which do not correspond to realities.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, let me see if I understand that.

When the first declaration was made—

The INTERPRETER. I am sorry, sir, when first accounts of the fate, or for that matter, of declarations of the captain and other officers of the *Tuapse* were made—

Mr. MORRIS. When was that?

The INTERPRETER. In December last.

Mr. MORRIS. December 1955?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

The INTERPRETER. There is a newspaper here, the Water Transport, from the 22d of December. Shishin and all others have read this paper, and they were laughing, and have underlined what was untrue in this statement.

They told me that nobody has beaten them with revolver butts, and nobody was drugging them with drugs; nobody was putting them in jail. On the contrary, they were lodged in a hotel, and in other conversations they were telling me entirely different things as to what they have told now in Moscow, refuting the statements which were made in the beginning in December by the captain and other officers and crew members of the *Tuapse*. Shishin and others were appearing on radio programs, I know on the program of Radio Liberation, refuting and pointing out which statements were false.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, were any of these statements that they pointed out to be false—were those very statements issued in this release?

The INTERPRETER. I am sorry, sir, I did not get that.

Mr. MORRIS. Were any of the statements that Shishin and the others had demonstrated to be false, which were issued in Moscow in December 1955—did those same statements appear in this Moscow release of last week?

The INTERPRETER. On the contrary, as I read to you, they are now conforming with the statements which were published in the Soviet press in December.

Mr. MORRIS. So the very things that they were refuting at that time they are now themselves saying?

The INTERPRETER. They speak now quite the contrary of what they were telling their friends. As a matter of fact, they are saying now the things they were laughing about previously.

Mr. MORRIS. That they were laughing about previously?

The INTERPRETER. Right. And about which they spoke openly and on their own volition on the radio programs.

Mr. MORRIS. And the witness knows that, because of—you know that, because of your own experience with the boys at the time?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

The INTERPRETER. I saw them daily. May I continue?

Mr. MORRIS. Yes. Will you pick out a few passages, just a few passages?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

The INTERPRETER. Shishin, right now in his Moscow statement, prepared statement, said that when they came to Taiwan, Formosa, the agents of the United States, with many base means—

Mr. MORRIS. Base means?

The INTERPRETER. Base means [continuing] were trying to coerce them to come to the United States. But they were telling previously how impatiently and how long they have waited to enter the United States.

They say here in this statement in Moscow that in the United States, the American authorities never told them that the Soviet Government requests their liberation and return to the country, whereas, according to their previous statements, they told me that they know of Soviet representatives' attempts to see them, and they told that they don't want even to speak to them, and as far as I remember, they even wrote to the Soviet representatives about this.

Mr. MORRIS. All right.

Now, will you stop there and tell us what you know from your own experience about their writing to the Soviet representatives?

The INTERPRETER. When they were first told that the Soviet representatives wanted to speak to them, they started—

Mr. MORRIS. Go slowly on this, will you, because I have the letters here.

The INTERPRETER. Yes, sir.

When they were told by the representatives of the State Department, or I don't know exactly of which governmental agency, that the Soviet representative wants to speak to them, they refused the meeting. They started calling names. Then the meeting with the Soviet representatives didn't take place, and the sailors told me that apparently the American Government was afraid to make this meeting because they were afraid that a diplomatic scandal might ensue.

I remember that they told me, but we wrote to him, to Zaroubin—

Mr. MORRIS. You wrote to Zaroubin?

The INTERPRETER. The Soviet Ambassador, and we told him our mind in this letter.

Mr. MORRIS. And you told him—

The INTERPRETER. Our mind.

Mr. MORRIS. Our mind?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, just a few minutes ago, we obtained from the State Department photostatic copies of these letters referring to Colonel Rudolph's testimony. And I would like the record to show that these letters, according to the State Department, were handed to Mr. Striganov, the counselor of the Embassy, the counselor of the Soviet Embassy, on March 2, in the State Department offices.

I would like to read these into the record, Mr. Chairman.

Senator JENNER. Proceed.

Mr. MORRIS. First is the signed statement by Mr. Loukashkov:

All of us, particularly speaking for myself, are now living in America. Here I have found asylum and pleasant human relationships. At the present time I am attending classes studying the English language. I am getting accustomed to life in America and I like it here. The only thing disturbing me is the fate of my dear ones whom I have left behind in the Soviet Union. Since I am not in a position to help them, I pray to God for their protection. I want to live and work in peace. I understand perfectly that there is no road back to the past. I believe that any discussion regarding the subject will lead to no good whatever.

Mr. Chairman, I would like to put the English translation and the original Russian into the record.

Senator JENNER. It will go in the record and become a part of the record.

Mr. MORRIS. That is Mr. Loukashkov's letter.

(The documents referred to were marked "Exhibit No. 243" and "Exhibit No. 243-A" and appear on following pages.)

EXHIBIT NO. 243

REPRODUCTION OF ORIGINAL LUKASHKOV LETTER

Мы все, а бывшими и хочу
сказать о себе, не живут сейчас
в Америке.

Я нахожу себе здесь
приятельские и хорошие
человеческие отношения.
В настоящий момент я учусь
на курсах английского языка
и живу в Америке
нашнего пребывания.

Единственный, что меня
беспокоит, это судьба моих
друзей, оставшихся в
Советском Союзе. Не в
состоит ли половина из них
лично за них Бога.

Хочу напомнить также о
рабочем. Прекрасно
понимаю, что с прошлой
войнами не все.

Думаю что разграблены
мы эту тему не приведут
к сию хорошему.

Лукашков.

EXHIBIT NO. 243-A

TRANSLATION OF STATEMENT MADE BY VALENTINE LUKASHKOV

All of us, but particularly speaking about myself, are now living in America. Here I have found asylum and pleasant human relationship. At the present time I am attending classes studying the English language.

I am getting accustomed to life in America and I like it here.

The only thing disturbing me is the fate of my dear one whom I left behind in the Soviet Union. Since I am not in a position to help them I pray to God for their protection.

I want to live and work in peace. I understand perfectly that there is no road back to the past.

I believe that any discussions regarding this subject will lead to no good whatever.

(Signed) LUKASHKOV.

Mr. MORRIS. The next is signed by Shirin:

In view of the fact that discussion with Soviet employees will only bring harm to my relatives and family immediately, I do not consider it either necessary or useful to have any discussion with them. For this reason, I refuse to enter into discussion with employees of the Soviet consulate or Embassy.

(Signed) SHIRIN.

Senator JENNER. It will become a part of the record at this point.

(The documents were marked "Exhibit No. 244" and "Exhibit No. 244-A" and appear below:)

EXHIBIT No. 244

REPRODUCTION OF ORIGINAL SHIRIN LETTER

Благо мое то наше это парубок в СССР
работникам, и живущим наше время
погибшим в моем счастье.

Я не находя в себе и не зная какими
парубок в Китае.

Хочу я оставаться он наше это
парубок в работников СССР
работниках и не возвращаться.

EXHIBIT No. 244-A

TRANSLATION OF STATEMENT MADE BY ALEXANDER PETROVICH SHIRIN

In view of the fact that discussion with Soviet employees will only bring harm to my relatives and immediate family.

I do not consider it either necessary or useful to have any discussion with them.

For this reason I refuse to enter into discussions with employees of the Soviet consulate or Embassy.

(Signed) SHIRIN.

Mr. MORRIS. The original Russian and English.

This is signed by Ryabenko and Vaganov together:

We, formerly sailors of the tanker *Tuapse*, at present residing in the United States of America, prefer living in this country instead of the Soviet Union because we believe that the United States of America offers normal safeguards to decent living conditions and gives attention to the need of man's society as a whole. We have definitely decided, once and for all, to continue living and working in hospitable America until the end of our days. Within the limits of our strength and ability, we shall make every effort to be useful members of society. Under no circumstances do we desire to return to the Soviet Union. For this reason, it should be clearly understood that for us there can be no question of any kind of meetings with officials in the Soviet Embassy in the United States of America or for that matter with any representatives of the Soviet Union. There is nothing for us to discuss with them.

Senator JENNER. It will go in the record and become a part of the record, both the English and the Russian.

(The documents referred to were marked "Exhibit No. 245" and "Exhibit No. 245-A" and appear below:)

EXHIBIT NO. 245

REPRODUCTION OF ORIGINAL RYABENKO-VAGANOV LETTER

Мы бывшие моряки с т/х "Туапсе" находясь в наивысшем бремени в США предполагаем жить здесь по тому правилу, что слишком опасно в СССР существовать нормально и обеспечивать существование членов семьи и дальнейшую судьбу отдельного человека и общества в целом, как в Советском Союзе.

Мы решимся покинуть, раз и навсегда, нашу и работать в гостиницы нашей Америки постоянно. В первую очередь и способностью будем стараться быть полезными гражданам общества. В Советский Союз мы, не при каких обстоятельствах, возвращаться не хотим. Вполне понимая, что о каких-либо гарантиях рабочих мест советского хозяйства в США, или какими-либо будущими друзьями проходит виноваты Советского Союза и речь быть не может. Как о чём же о них говорить?

"Алабино?" - Рыбаков.

EXHIBIT NO. 245-A

We, formerly sailors on the tanker *Tuapse*, at present residing in the United States of America, prefer living in this country instead of the Soviet Union because we believe that life in the United States of America offers normal safeguards for decent living conditions and gives attention to the need of man and society as a whole.

We are definitely decided, once and for all, to continue living and working in hospitable America until the end of our days. Within the limits of our strength and ability we shall make every effort to be useful members of society.

Under no circumstances do we desire to return to the Soviet Union. For this reason it should be clearly understood that for us there can be no question of any kind of meetings with officials of the Soviet Embassy in the United States of America, or, for that matter, with any other representatives of the Soviet Union.

There is nothing for us to discuss with them.

RYABENKO.
VAGANOV.

Mr. MORRIS. I have just one more. This is Shishin:

I, Shishin, Mikhail Parrolich, arrived in the United States of America 4 months ago. At the present time I am studying the English language in Columbia University. With the passing of every day since my arrival in the free world, I approve more and more of the standards of a free man.

I feel well and free.

Concern about my relatives and friends troubles me.

For the sake of better happiness for myself as well as for my relatives and friends, I do not desire to talk to strangers.

(Signed) SHISHIN.

Senator JENNER. It will go in the record and become a part of the record.

(The documents referred to were marked "Exhibit No. 246" and "Exhibit No. 246-A" and appear below:)

EXHIBIT No. 246

REPRODUCTION OF ORIGINAL SHISHIN LETTER

Г. Членам Мукаев Габибов, приехал в
Соединенные Штаты Америки 15 марта
месяца этого года. В настоящий момент
я проживаю в Колумбийском Университете
здесь же я учусь в университете.

Я всегда живу свободно и
имею все более и более свободно свободы
личности свободного человека.

Здесь я имею право на свободу.

Несколько времени назад я написал письмо
дома, которое я написал.

Вашему отцу я написал письмо
вчера и оно было направлено в
нашем общем адресе в Америке.

Scopus-17-19562.

Сашин, Михаил Г.

EXHIBIT No. 246-A

TRANSLATION OF STATEMENT MADE BY MICHAEL PAVLOVICH SHISHIN

I, Shishin, Mikhail Pavlovich, arrived in the United States of America 4 months ago. At the present time I am studying the English language at Columbia University. With the passing of every day since my arrival in the free world, I approve more and more standards of the life of a free man.

As do all free people, I feel well and free.

Concern about my relatives and friends troubles me.

For the sake of better happiness for myself, as well as for my relatives and friends, I do not desire to talk to strangers.

(Signed) SHISHIN.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, according to the original text, the official text released from Pravda, these same men stated in there that they did not have access to the Soviet officials over here; is that not right?

The INTERPRETER. Not only that, but it says that they didn't even know that the Soviet representatives wanted to meet them.

Mr. MORRIS. They did not know that the Soviet representatives wanted to meet them. And it says that in the official text?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

The INTERPRETER. It says here:

Furthermore, during our forced stay in foreign lands, the administration of Black Sea Steamship Co. accurately paid our salaries to our families and relatives.

This was on the 27th of April. On the 20th of April, Pravda writes the following:

To five seamen returned to Odessa, the salaries were paid for all the time they were forced to stay in foreign lands.

Now, were the families paid during their stay or were the sailors paid at their return?

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, he points out a conflict in the two versions?

The INTERPRETER. Yes. First is the message from Odessa, and later is the statement in Moscow, on the 27th.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, do you have in your possession, Colonel, any other facts that bear on this incident?

The INTERPRETER. Which incident, sir?

Mr. MORRIS. The *Tuapse* incident.

The INTERPRETER. Everything which I know from them or about them—and we were having quite friendly relations—refutes their Moscow statements.

In this knowledge is included my conversations which I had yesterday with their friends on Taiwan—Formosa—a telephone conversation, and all this knowledge refutes entirely this, in my opinion, forced declaration which they gave in Moscow.

This is a forced declaration.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, last night we had a phone conversation with the seamen still on Formosa, and Colonel Rudolph asked them more questions. He knows the language, and we gave him the questions, the information that we wanted. He asked the questions. We have recorded the phone conversation, but I understand that it will be 15 minutes before the machine is ready.

Senator JENNER. All right.

Mr. MORRIS. May we go ahead with the next witness, and then come back to this particular episode? And may the record show that when we do have the recorded conversation, it will follow in sequence after this testimony.

Senator JENNER. It will be so ordered.

Colonel, you may stand aside at this time.

Mr. MORRIS. You will be standing by?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

Senator JENNER. Next witness.

Mr. MORRIS. Msgr. Bela Varga.

Senator JENNER. Will you be sworn to testify?

Do you swear the testimony you give in this hearing will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Monsignor VARGA. I do.

Senator JENNER. Will you be seated?

Proceed, Mr. Morris.

TESTIMONY OF MSGR. BELA VARGA, PRESIDENT OF THE HUNGARIAN NATIONAL COUNCIL, FORMER SPEAKER OF THE HUNGARIAN PARLIAMENT

Mr. MORRIS. Are you willing to give your name and address for the public record, Monsignor Varga?

Monsignor VARGA. My name is Msgr. Bela Varga, and I am president of the Hungarian National Council and member of the Board of Directors of the International Rescue Committee.

Mr. MORRIS. The International Rescue Committee?

Monsignor VARGA. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, did you formerly hold office in Hungary?

Monsignor VARGA. I was the President of the Hungarian Parliament, Speaker of the Parliament in 1946 and 1947.

Mr. MORRIS. 1946 and 1947?

Monsignor VARGA. And 1947.

Mr. MORRIS. And will you describe the general nature of your duties as Speaker of the Hungarian Parliament?

Monsignor VARGA. I am sorry.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us what that position meant?

Monsignor VARGA. The Hungarian Parliament has one chamber, and the President of the Parliament was, in his capacity, the Vice President of the Republic. And in these 2 years, I was the President of the Parliament, and when the Communists, the Russians, wanted to liquidate me, I escaped in the last night with the help of my little underground organization, to Vienna, and from Vienna, with the help of American friends—

Mr. MORRIS. Will you go slowly. Monsignor, please? You say in 1947, with the help of an underground organization you escaped from Hungary when the Communists wanted to apprehend you?

Monsignor VARGA. Yes; wanted to imprison me, and the Russians, the Russian Army. The Russian Army liquidated my friend, Bela Kovaocs, who was general secretary of my party.

Mr. MORRIS. Excuse me. Will you spell those names?

Monsignor VARGA. Bela, B-e-l-a; Kovaocs, K-o-v-a-o-c-s.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, Monsignor Varga, when did you come to the United States?

Monsignor VARGA. I came in 1947, in the month of October.

Mr. MORRIS. I see. And have you been living in the United States since 1947?

Monsignor VARGA. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Have you prepared a statement which you are willing to testify to?

Monsignor VARGA. Yes, I prepared a statement.

Mr. MORRIS. And you are willing to testify to the statement under oath here this morning?

Monsignor VARGA. Thank you very much.

Mr. MORRIS. I wonder, Monsignor, if you will read this statement into the record, please.

Monsignor VARGA. Thank you.

Mr. President, it is after a serious moral conflict that I appear here before the United States Senate Security Subcommittee to testify on the Communist redefection campaign in Hungary which has now been going on for over a year and is still being intensified. A conflict of conscience cannot be avoided in this instance, for I have dearly cherished relatives in Hungary, particularly a 78-year-old father and a young married sister with 2 small children, who might be exposed, in fact have already been exposed, to physical and moral persecution and torture because of my activities in the United States.

On the other hand, I cannot disregard my obligation toward the United States, the leading nation of the free world, where I have found refuge and a new home and whose interests are also being jeopardized by the Communist redefection campaign.

In this conflict between loyalty to my family and loyalty to the United States, I have decided to fully comply with the United States interests. I have come to testify under oath; I herewith wish to make a general statement and will honestly answer any questions you may have to ask.

I wish to state, furthermore, under oath, that in the last 5 years I have not sent any letters or verbal messages to any member of my family, in view of the dangers to them which such action might have involved, and that no member of my family has sent me, during that same period, any letters or communication. Should, therefore, the Communist regime in Hungary take repressive measures against my family as a result of my present deposition, it would constitute an act of terrorism, blackmail, and persecution of innocent people who in no way can be held responsible for my actions. It also would constitute an act of moral pressure and terrorism directed against me and all Hungarians willing to cooperate with the United States authorities in order to protect this country against the Communist menace, subversion and infiltration.

I do not wish to describe in this statement any single case of redefection in the Hungarian field. I only wish to state in general that since June of last year, an organized action for redefection has been meticulously prepared and started in Hungary by a vast organization controlled by the secret police.

This organization has been implemented in the United States by a parallel secret Communist organization reporting in detail on all

Hungarian refugees who may be of any political importance or who could be used for propaganda purposes if returned home.

Shrewdly conceived letters from members of the refugees' families and people closest to them are being sent to them, partly by mail or, as has happened in several instances, delivered by members of the Hungarian Communist diplomatic staff in the United States who then use various enticements and threats to induce the refugees to return to Hungary.

Besides an amnesty which was extended last April for another year, the refugees are being promised jobs, and even important Government posts, economic positions or restoration of their previous jobs if they return. On the other hand, they are being threatened that if they refuse this "magnanimous" offer, their families will be deprived of all livelihood and eventually be arrested or deported.

I, herewith, formally accuse Charles Szarka, the Minister of the Hungarian Communist Legation in Washington, and two members of his staff, Mr. Laszlo Hars, who meanwhile has left America, and Mr. Vince Csapala, second secretary of the Legation, of having committed acts of terrorism in the United States against selected, innocent victims. In circumvention of their obligation to the United States Government, they have been traveling in the United States, visiting their prospective victims, threatening, terrorizing, and blackmailing them with reprisals against their families in case they refuse. These acts are being committed by them in an official capacity and often with reference to orders from the Hungarian Government.

The Communist redefection campaign has been partly successful because it is a basic human desire for families to wish to be united.

The question arises as to whether the free world could not use its influence to reverse the process used now by the Communists for redefection. Namely, would it not be possible for the United States Government to insist that passports and exit permits be granted by the Hungarian Government to the members of the refugees' families who wish to be reunited in the United States of America? Even the hope of such possibility would paralyze the Communist redefection campaign. It is a basic human right for families to live together. This demand raised by the United States Government would deprive the Communists from using loyalty and indestructible human instincts for subversive purposes.

That is my statement.

MR. MORRIS. Now, Monsignor Varga, did you yourself personally receive any overtures to return to Soviet Hungary?

Monsignor VARGA. I was deprived of my Hungarian citizenship by the Communist Government, by the Hungarian Communist Government, as a spy and as a traitor of my nation. And I didn't have any official connection with the Hungarian Government and with the representative delegation in Washington, and nowhere.

When this order of amnesty appeared last year in April, I got a letter, an official letter in May, in last year, a year ago, and in the official envelope of the Hungarian Communist Legation in Washington. As a Hungarian, I was deprived of my citizenship, as I told you, and naturally, I went with the envelope and with the letter to the FBI and to my friends, to my American friends. And after discussions, I didn't answer anything, but I answered later, after 2 weeks or 3 weeks, in our balloon action, in the balloon leaflet.

I worked together with the Free Europe Committee, and I answered in this letter. This letter is here. The translation of the letter is here.

I answered that I got this letter of the Communist Legation, the Communist Minister, from Washington:

I will not return to Hungary, but I am sure that I will return one time to Hungary and we will have in Hungary, in my country, free elections, and the Hungarian people will decide what can I do and what will we do with the refugees in our country.

After this letter—

Mr. MORRIS. Yes. Will someone get that from the Monsignor? Monsignor VARGA. That is the translation of the balloon letter.

The Communists—

Mr. MORRIS. Excuse me just a minute, now. This is a two-page answer which you transmitted—

Monsignor VARGA. By the balloon.

Mr. MORRIS (continuing). In which you transmitted your answer via the balloons that were being sent over to Hungary at that time by—what committee was that? What committee transmitted this message?

Monsignor VARGA. The Free Europe Committee.

Senator JENNER. The letter and the translation will go into the record and become part of the record.

(The documents referred to were marked "Exhibit No. 247" and "No. 247-A" and the former will be found in the files of the subcommittee. The translation, "Exhibit No. 247-A," reads as follows:)

EXHIBIT No. 247-A

THE HENCHMAN FORGIVES HIS VICTIMS

The Government of the Peoples' Democracy announces a general amnesty to those who illegally crossed the border before January 1954. If we may trust at all in the Communists' promises, amnesty is being granted to persons who committed no crime. It cannot be considered a crime when a person avails himself of his natural rights and escapes from an illegal and unjust regime which destroys him materially and persecutes him.

A Communist regime neglects indeed human freedoms to the same extent today as it did in the past. Thus, the amnesty decree is as much an assumed pose as a propaganda slogan. Maybe some poor victims, miserable, ruined people, will be lured, but hundreds of thousands reject this fake amnesty. They reject it because they are not willing to endorse a regime from which they risked their lives to escape. They are aware that the text of the amnesty decree is tricky. It offers amnesty for those who illegally crossed the border and for crimes committed prior to the "liberation." But it does not forgive "political crimes" committed in the postwar period. Thus the amnesty does not include those who opposed the Communist terror or voiced criticism abroad of the regime. Above all, why is grace offered first to those who live outside Hungary? Why doesn't the amnesty include those imprisoned in Hungary for attempts at "illegal escape"? Why do they continue to persecute those who have already finished their prison terms and are now free? Accordingly, an attempted crime is more severely punishable than a committed one. Is there anybody who can believe in such an amnesty?

This ridiculous amnesty is being offered by the legations of the Budapest Government. Letters are sent by them to exiled Hungarians to lure them home. They have promised considerable sums of money to those Hungarian newspapers in the free world which will publish their enticement. A vain effort. This call to come home is one more failure of the Communist regime, which can be proved by the following statement published recently by Bela Varga, president of the Hungarian National Council and resident of New York.

"Through its Washington Legation, the Communist government forwarded to me the text of the amnesty decree. An accompanying letter announced that I could go home.

"I did not answer this letter because in my opinion the Communist regime is an illegal one with which I do not wish to have any contact whatsoever. The Communist regime issued the amnesty decree for the sole purpose of luring us home, because it is afraid of our constitutional activity developed on free soil. Despite our nostalgia for our homeland, we will not be willing to go home until Hungary is free again. The Paris Peace Treaty pledges Hungary 'to secure for every person—without any discrimination of race, sex, language, or religion—the human freedoms, including the right of free speech and free assembly.' This document was signed by the representatives of the great powers—including Molotov, the Foreign Minister of the Soviet Union—and enacted by the interested countries.

"The Communist regime in Hungary backed by the Soviet Union is illegal and is contrary to the international agreements. Nobody, except the Red army and the political police, supports the Communist government in Hungary. Law and justice, western public opinion and political ethics stand at the Hungarian peoples' side.

"In the fight between tyranny and justice, it has always been justice up to now which has triumphed. This must also happen in the future. God help us.

"BELA VARGA,

"President, Hungarian National Council."

"NEW YORK, May 1955."

Monsignor VARGA. And after this letter, the Communists became very angry and began to persecute my family. And I accused—as I told in my statement, I don't have any connection with my family. They began to persecute my family—

Mr. MORRIS. Now, how did you know this, Monsignor?

Monsignor VARGA. I have no connection with my family, but we have, naturally, our organizations in Hungary, all the refugees have, and I got the news that my family was persecuted; my brother-in-law was arrested six times in the last year.

Mr. MORRIS. Arrested six times in the last year?

Monsignor VARGA. Six times, for interrogation. And my old father—he has a little farm in Hungary, and naturally he lost it. He lives in a little house, and this house, after my letter, was surrounded by Communist secret police at night, in one night, in a small little village, and they disturbed everything in the house, searching through the house, naturally, threatening, and intimidating my family. It was directed against me.

And they didn't just do this against my family, but against my little village where I have very good friends in my little village. And they excited the people in Hungary, in my little village, and in one day when the Communists have a feast in Hungary, these friends, my old friends from my childhood, make a little revolt because they were excited.

The Communists slandered me and said that I am a traitor and a spy and began to—

Mr. MORRIS. This is the people of the village where you once lived?

Monsignor VARGA. Where I was once living.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you spell that, please?

Monsignor VARGA. Borrses, B-o-r-r-s-e-s.

And it was a little revolt in my village, and the Communists took a terrible revenge, and naturally my friends, my old friends, hit down these people, these Communist people, all of these men who attacked the village and attacked my family. And one got 15, the other 14 years'

imprisonment, and some of them disappeared, and we don't know. I didn't hear anything about them.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, let me sum this up, Monsignor. You say this all took place as a result of the answer that you have now put into the record which was transmitted via balloon back to your country?

Monsignor VARGA. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. And you know this because of your connection with the underground; is that it?

Monsignor VARGA. I got my news, not by my family, but my underground people.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, Monsignor, I notice you make direct accusations here that Charles Szarka, the Minister of the Hungarian Legation in Washington, and two members of his staff have committed acts of terrorism against the United States, against selected innocent victims.

Monsignor VARGA. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you give us some examples of that?

Monsignor VARGA. This is a description of this little revolt in my village.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, what is this, Monsignor?

Monsignor VARGA. This is our monthly magazine, the magazine of the Hungarian National Council, and we collected the whole story from the Hungarian Communist newspapers, what happened in Hungary against my village, after the answer of my letter.

Mr. MORRIS. What is it you want to call attention to, "Hungarian Village Executes Summary Justice on Local Communist Leaders"?

Monsignor VARGA. Yes. And I just wanted to say that it was an action against me and against my village, against innocent people, who attacked and excited all of these people.

Senator JENNER. This will go in the record and be marked as an exhibit and become a part of the record.

(The document referred to was marked "Exhibit No. 248" and will be found in the files of the subcommittee.)

Mr. MORRIS. May we take a recess at this time?

Senator JENNER. Two or three minutes.

(A short recess was taken.)

Senator JENNER. Go ahead.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, may I make a personal request of the newspapermen here present that Mr. Lowell of the staff has given out the names of some of the witnesses today. Now, we had made an agreement with two of the witnesses that their names are not going into the public record, and were given to us in executive session. And that is being done for the purpose of security. And I ask the newspapermen if they do know the names of the forthcoming witnesses, that they not use them at any time.

Senator JENNER. Proceed.

Mr. MORRIS. Monsignor, you were going to give us specific instances of how the work was being carried on from the Hungarian Legation here in Washington.

Monsignor VARGA. The Hungarian Communist Government, through its legation, approached refugees and members of the Hungarian National Council, former legislators, former politicians having high rank in Hungary, by letters, by letters of their families; wives, children, parents, living at home, approached and intimidated

by the secret police in Hungary, wrote letters to these people here in America and members of the staff of the Hungarian Legation approached them with these letters—

Mr. MORRIS. Now, how do you know that, Monsignor?

Monsignor VARGA. I know personally from my friends because they are members of my committee, and as council president, I know that.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, do these people who receive the letters and who receive the bids from the Hungarian Legation people—do they come and tell you about it?

Monsignor VARGA. Yes, they came, naturally.

Mr. MORRIS. Is that how you know about it?

Monsignor VARGA. I know personally, and I saw these letters.

Mr. MORRIS. You have seen the letters?

Monsignor VARGA. I saw the letters, yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, how many people have come to you and told you that they have been approached by the representatives of the Soviet Legation in Washington?

Monsignor VARGA. May I say just about, not punctually, from memory, about six people.

Mr. MORRIS. Six people have come and told you that?

Monsignor VARGA. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. And how many letters have you seen, Monsignor?

Monsignor VARGA. I saw about 15 letters.

Mr. MORRIS. And is there anything more that you would care to tell us about that?

Monsignor VARGA. I know that the letter was given across to the Hungarian Communist Attaché of the Hungarian Legation here in Washington. But the others are getting letters from Hungary, from members of their families in underground channels, and it was written in these letters, "Don't come back; don't follow my letter, because I was oppressed and I was compelled to write these letters to you."

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, you do know of instances whereby letters were written urging the people to come back, purportedly from relatives in Hungary—

Monsignor VARGA. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. (continuing.) Whereas another letter had come to them via the underground—

Monsignor VARGA. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. (Continuing.) In which they said that the letters that they had written were forced letters, and that they should be disregarded?

Monsignor VARGA. Yes. And we know now that they were compelled and persecuted to write such letters.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, Monsignor, how do you know that the Minister of the Hungarian Communist Legation in Washington, Mr. Szarka, was responsible for this?

Monsignor VARGA. Mr. Szarka is the Minister, the Envoy, of the Hungarian Legation here, and he is responsible, because these second secretaries just are under him, and naturally, they left Washington and they came to Pittsburgh and the other cities, to New York and the other cities—

Mr. MORRIS. How do you know that these people were subordinates of the Minister?

Monsignor VARGA. I have here the list of the Hungarian Legation, and is written here that Mr. Csapala, for instance—one of my friends is here, and he will testify personally that Csapala approached him—and it was written here that Mr. Csapala is second secretary, and Mr. Hars was the second secretary.

Senator JENNER. Is Mr. Csapala still here in this country?

Monsignor VARGA. Still here in this country.

Senator JENNER. In the Hungarian Legation?

Monsignor VARGA. In the Hungarian Legation in Washington.

Senator JENNER. Mr. Hars has returned?

Monsignor VARGA. He has left the country, and I think he is in Paris now.

Senator JENNER. And you know persons in the United States who have been directly approached by Mr. Hars?

Monsignor VARGA. Mr. Hars.

Senator JENNER. Mr. Hars and Mr. Csapala?

Monsignor VARGA. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. In fact, we have one man here who is going to testify anonymously to his direct dealings, Senator.

Monsignor VARGA. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. And you will also, Monsignor, give us the other six cases in staff executive session, will you? You will give us the names of the people involved, and we will then take each individual case up on its own.

Monsignor VARGA. May I say that I have no right to give the names of these people, because they are so intimidated, so frightened, that they asked me, and they asked the other friends of mine, not to mention their names because they are afraid that reprisals will go against their families in Hungary.

Senator JENNER. These are citizens of the United States?

Monsignor VARGA. No, not citizens.

Senator JENNER. Residents?

Monsignor VARGA. They are just residents here.

Senator JENNER. Residents.

Mr. MORRIS. They hope to be citizens?

Monsignor VARGA. They will be citizens, naturally, in a year or so.

Senator JENNER. Let me ask you, what would happen to an American in the American delegation, we will say, in Hungary if he did the same thing that is going on here in this country?

Monsignor VARGA. In Hungary it is impossible, because the Communist police—they are just imprisoned, arrested in Budapest, and they cannot leave the capital, and if somebody speaks with an American, the Communist police immediately arrest him and torture him to find what the conversation was. There is no comparison with this situation.

Senator JENNER. And as long as this country goes on recognizing the Hungarian delegation and lets them use their headquarters in this country for carrying out this work, it might be helpful if we did the same thing, that is, confined them to certain territories where they could not get to these residents and intimidate them, might it not?

Monsignor VARGA. Yes, naturally.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, what cities were involved?

Monsignor VARGA. In America?

Mr. MORRIS. Yes.

Monsignor VARGA. New York, Pittsburgh, and some other smaller cities. I don't want to mention their name, because the Communist Legation will know immediately who are the persons.

Senator JENNER. In other words, they go all over?

Monsignor VARGA. All over, yes, leaving the territory of Washington.

Senator JENNER. And you have told the FBI about them?

Monsignor VARGA. I told them. The FBI knows much more than I.

Senator JENNER. Have you talked to the State Department about it?

Monsignor VARGA. The State Department knows that, too.

Senator JENNER. Have you talked to them about it?

Monsignor VARGA. Personally, I didn't, but naturally they know, because the Hungarian National Council—the President of our Foreign Office Committee, who is Baron Vessenyi, who is encharged to tell everything to the State Department, and he used to do that every month or every second month.

Senator JENNER. I am going at this time to direct that our staff look into this matter fully and report back to this committee, first in executive session.

Mr. MORRIS. Very well, Senator.

Now, Monsignor, I wonder if you would mind stepping aside while this other gentleman, who came here with you, and who shall be anonymous for the purpose of our record, testifies.

Monsignor VARGA. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. I am going to ask the photographers if they will not take any pictures of the next witness for the simple reason that he has volunteered to testify today, but for the understandable reason, for the safety of his family, he will not give his name for the public record.

Monsignor VARGA. May I say that he will use his name and permit his picture, this man, but only this one man.

Mr. MORRIS. He changed his mind?

Monsignor VARGA. He came with this decision.

Mr. MORRIS. I think, Monsignor, he told us in executive session that he would prefer not to.

Monsignor VARGA. Not he; the others, it was my understanding.

Senator JENNER. Let him come forward. We will ask him.

We want to thank you, Monsignor, for your testimony here this morning. You just stand aside at this time.

Monsignor VARGA. Very well.

Senator JENNER. Will you be sworn to testify?

Do you swear the testimony given in this hearing will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

The WITNESS. Yes, sir.

Senator JENNER. You may be seated.

TESTIMONY OF AN UNIDENTIFIED WITNESS, AS TRANSLATED BY BELA P. BACHKAI

Senator JENNER. Let me ask you, do you have any objection to your picture being taken and your name being used in a public hearing?

The WITNESS. Yes.

(The question was translated into Hungarian.)

The INTERPRETER. No.

Senator JENNER. He has no objection?

The INTERPRETER. No.

Senator JENNER. Then you have changed your mind from the position you took in executive session?

(The witness spoke in Hungarian.)

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, I would say, in the case of the last witness—he was previously the Speaker of the Hungarian Parliament and a personality that was known—I think his personality added something to our particular case. Now, I do not think we could gain anything by having this man's name put in the record and his photograph being taken.

The INTERPRETER. May I explain the situation for the Chair?

Senator JENNER. Surely.

The INTERPRETER. It appears that now he is under the impression that he has already been photographed.

Senator JENNER. He was what?

The INTERPRETER. He was already photographed. So it does not matter any longer.

Mr. MORRIS. He was already photographed here?

The WITNESS. Yes.

The INTERPRETER. Yes; previously, a moment ago. And that is the only reason, as far as I know. But I understand that he has a daughter in the old country. So it might be advisable not to publish that.

Mr. MORRIS. Did anyone take a photograph of this witness? I mean, there is a personal security involved here. Was there a photograph taken?

A VOICE. Yes.

The INTERPRETER. I presume it was United Press.

Senator JENNER. Who took the photograph of this gentleman?

A VOICE. A man who was here a moment ago in this chair. I think the prints have already left this room.

Mr. MORRIS. Is anybody here from the United Press? Is that a United Press photographer?

A VOICE. I don't believe so, Bob.

Mr. MORRIS. I mean, it is just a matter of the personal security of somebody.

A VOICE. You could call the gallery.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Rusher, will you call the gallery?

Senator JENNER. Call the gallery and ask them not to use it.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, this witness has given his name. There is no use in letting his name go in the record, and I would like to get his story without any personal identification.

Senator JENNER. Proceed.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, how long have you been in the United States?

The WITNESS. Five years.

Mr. MORRIS. Have you been approached by any official of the Hungarian Legation?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us about it?

The answer is "yes" and I asked, "Will you tell us about it?"

Mr. MORRIS. Excuse me. Will you try to say—

The INTERPRETER. On the 12th of October 1955, at 8:30 in the morning, my bell rang, and a man appeared in the door saying, "Good morning, Mister (name deleted)."

I asked him, "Do you know me?"

"Yes, I do," he said.

I told him to come in and I took him into my room, and I offered him a chair. But I asked for the privilege of reclining on my sofa, because I am working, doing menial labor at night, and I am tired.

Then he said, "How come are you tired, since you didn't work last night?"

Then I immediately knew that he has conducted an investigation and knows every particular of my doings.

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, this man who came in knew that he had not worked last night?

The INTERPRETER. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. And the fact of the matter is, you had not worked that night?

The INTERPRETER. It was correct.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, at this point, did you know that he was from the Hungarian Legation?

The INTERPRETER. No.

Then he introduced himself as Mr. Csapala, of the Hungarian Legation, upon which I asked him, what does he want from me?

Mr. MORRIS. How do you spell that name?

The INTERPRETER. I presume it is C-s-a-p-a-l-a.

Then he told me that my daughter, who lives in Hungary, approached an office called the Hungarian World Federation, which is controlled by the government, and pleaded with them that they contact me that, on account of the amnesty, I would return, because there is no charge against me.

I was surprised at this, and wanted to defend my daughter, because we are not in communication. We have not corresponded, and I can't understand that she really went up there on her own account.

He was very much surprised at this, but argued that I should return, nevertheless, because I am not of the middle class, but my father is just a farmer. So, being a peasant republic, I should return.

I told him, I cannot understand him, because, despite my farmer background, I was attacked in October 1945. Then there were two attempts made to have me kidnaped, and finally I was charged with being an American spy and they wanted to hang me. That is why I fled.

He told me the situation differs quite a lot from what it used to be. He acknowledged that there were some errors made, but today there is law and order, and they wanted to rectify their mistakes.

When I told him that I am not going to return under any circumstances, he explained to me that I was wrong; America won't appreciate my education; they don't consider me anything here; I am just a menial laborer, while if I return, I can get my old position back, good pay, political prestige, and a happy life.

I told him how wrong he was, because America gave me back what you Communists have taken away. I am completely free here, and although I am just a laborer, I am making \$300 a month, half of which I can put in the bank, and I do with it whatever I want.

"Perhaps you are saving it for your trip to return," he asked me.

I told him, "If I decided to return, I am sure you could pay me the return fare."

Then he assured me that they are not going to pay all my travel expenses to return, but all essentials, and within 24 hours I could be back home.

Mr. MORRIS. And within 24 hours?

The INTERPRETER. So he told me.

Then he argued that not only I should return, but I should take my son along, who is a well qualified physician, and they are badly needed at home.

I told him, "I am not going to return because in 2 years I am entitled to social security, and I am going to do very well on that."

I told him, he is all wrong, because there is no such provision at home, and then he told me that he can guarantee to me the same income if I return as I do get here in the United States.

Then we conducted a discussion as to what extent is there a famine in Hungary, and he told me that only meat is not available, and then we discussed it at some length, and he claimed there is nothing to eat because the Germans have taken it away from Hungary 10 years ago.

Then I replied that, so did the Russians.

Then I even referred that there is no bread in Hungary, and they have to import wheat from Canada, to which he replied that that is not true; they are just offering it, to which I said that they are offering it where there is need.

Then I asked him who the Hungarian Minister is, and he replied, a person by the name of Szarka. Then I asked him what his qualifications are, and then he told me that he was a locksmith.

Mr. MORRIS. He was a what?

The INTERPRETER. A locksmith.

Mr. MORRIS. A locksmith.

The INTERPRETER. Then I replied that, "Why should I return to Hungary when white collar positions are being filled with artisans? I have four degrees from different universities, and I can't see any future for myself there."

So I told him that the trouble with the Communist system is that they are elevating people from the lower classes and humiliating the ones of the middle classes, and I assured him that he cannot be safe on his job, either, whether it is going to last any longer.

I told him that we all know it from experience, that all they do is to receive orders from Moscow which they translate into Hungarian vernacular, and they are following orders.

I also told him that no intelligence is needed to follow orders.

I asked him, what is the reason for wanting to take me back?

He told me that they have no selfish reasons whatever, that they just want me to feel happier in old-country surroundings.

Then I told him, I know the reason they want me. I was a member of the Parliament, member of the opposition. Now they want me to return and wage psychological warfare against the United States, and they want me to speak on the radio against America.

Then he told me that that is not the case; that they just want to rectify all the wrongs they have done against me. I should just return and be with my daughter.

He was there for an hour and a half, after which he departed.

Mr. MORRIS. You said he was there for an hour and a half?

The INTERPRETER. Yes. Then I became very nervous, because I realized that I had to do something, and I just hated publicity, and I didn't want anyone to get hurt abroad on account of this visit.

Mr. MORRIS. On account of this visit?

The INTERPRETER. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. He did not want anyone to get hurt abroad?

The INTERPRETER. Yes, on account of this visit.

Mr. MORRIS. Why did he feel that anyone would be hurt abroad?

The INTERPRETER. Well, he still has a daughter there, you see. And then he thought that since it was revealed that he was a former politician from abroad, perhaps it will be difficult for him in his job because it had already happened, that at one place where he worked, when they found out he was a doctor of philosophy, they told him that they don't require his services any longer.

Mr. MORRIS. I am sorry. I did not hear that last thing you said.

The INTERPRETER. When it was found out—I don't know—he was doing some simple job, portering or janitoring—when they found out that he had a doctor's degree, they thought I might be an odd character.

Mr. MORRIS. That he might be a what?

The INTERPRETER. An odd character.

Mr. MORRIS. An odd character?

The INTERPRETER. Yes, and they terminated his employment.

Mr. MORRIS. They terminated his employment?

The INTERPRETER. Yes. That is the reason why I, myself, did not report this to American authorities, but I went to the Hungarian National Council, and there I sought out Mr. Vessenyi, who is in charge of the foreign section.

Mr. MORRIS. What is his name?

The INTERPRETER. Vessenyi.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you spell that, please?

The INTERPRETER. V-e-s-s-e-n-y-i. And I asked him to report this to respective authorities.

The WITNESS. That is all.

Mr. MORRIS. Have there been any threats or anything issued against you as a result of that visit?

The INTERPRETER. He did not receive any threats, and he has no personal complaint against the man who visited him. He was very polite.

Mr. MORRIS. Do you have anything else, any letters or any other communications?

The INTERPRETER. He wanted to leave a copy of a decree issued by the Hungarian Communist Government with reference to these amnesty cases, but I told him I have no need for it. So he took it with him.

Senator JENNER. When was this visit, again?

The INTERPRETER. October the 12th.

The WITNESS. About the middle of October.

The INTERPRETER. The middle of October, last year, 1955.

Senator JENNER. 1955. And there have been no further visits or no further letters or communications?

The WITNESS. No.

The INTERPRETER. No.

Senator JENNER. I wonder if the gentleman in the brown suit will come forward, please.

Will you come forward?

(Discussion off the record.)

Mr. MORRIS. Is there anything else now you can tell the committee in connection with this?

The INTERPRETER. Not unless you ask some questions, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. No, I have no more questions.

Senator JENNER. Thank you very much for appearing here this morning.

The WITNESS. Thank you.

TESTIMONY OF VLADIMIR RUDOLPH—Resumed

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, I would like to put on here the recording that we made last night with the sailors on Formosa.

Senator JENNER. All right.

Mr. MORRIS. Colonel Rudolph and Mr. Barsky, will you be ready to translate it?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Senator, this conversation that will be played back now was held last night and recorded over in the old House Office Building, room 511, and it was done after we had asked the Chinese Government authorities to make available for telephone conversation the seamen who are now in Formosa.

Colonel Rudolph, who has testified here today, asked the questions under the direction of the staff, because none of us speaks Russian, and the answers will speak for themselves. And I would like them to go into the record.

Mr. GRIGOROVICH-BARSKY. Sir, Colonel Rudolph has an additional statement to make about the Moscow declaration of the returned seamen.

Mr. MORRIS. He can do that later.

Mr. GRIGOROVICH-BARSKY. Yes.

(The following is the transcript of the telephone conversation to Formosa, with Colonel Rudolph and the boys speaking in Russian and translated by Mr. Grigorovich-Barsky :)

Mr. MORRIS. Colonel Rudolph is here to talk to the boys.

(There followed some conversation in Russian.)

Mr. MORRIS. Yes. He will speak to the boys, the seamen. All right, Colonel Rudolph.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Hello. Thank you.

The OPERATOR. Go ahead, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. Turn the telephone over to Colonel Rudolph.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Who is speaking?

(There followed some conversation in Russian.)

Mr. RUDOLPH. Speaking is one of the four sailors from *Tuapse*. His name is Vladimir Benkovich.

(The following was interpreted by Mr. Grigorovich-Barsky :)

Colonel RUDOLPH. Vladimir Benkovich, here speaks Colonel Rudolph Yurasov. It is my pen name. Do you know me by my books. Did you read the declaration which Shishin has read in Moscow? Did you read it or not?

BENKOVICH. I didn't read this declaration.

Colonel RUDOLPH. You didn't have it?

BENKOVICH. No, I didn't have it.

Colonel RUDOLPH. The contents of this declaration are: They declared that they entirely support the declaration of 29 seamen who returned previously, in which they said that after the capture of *Tuapse*, the Chiang Kai-shek men, with tortures, threats, and constant beatings, were trying to force them not to return to their country. Does this correspond to the truth? The tortures, the threats, the systematical beatings, did they take place or not?

BENKOVICH. Not; no.

Colonel RUDOLPH. They also state that Americans allegedly, by all base means, methods, were trying to persuade you to go to the United States. Did that take place? Did someone try to persuade you to go to the States, or you wanted it yourself?

BENKOVICH. No; we wanted that by ourselves.

Colonel RUDOLPH. Do you want still to go to the States, or did you change your mind?

BENKOVICH. No, we absolutely want to go to the States.

Colonel RUDOLPH. Do you know of such scheme as Shishin has told in Moscow, the schemes to come to the United States in order to get from here to the Soviet Union, or did they tell you that they wanted to go to the United States in order to stay there?

BENKOVICH. I don't know of such schemes. I and my friends know of their plans to go to the United States in order to stay there.

Colonel RUDOLPH. Now, tell me, do you have the letters which you were receiving from Lukashkov, Ryabenko and Shirin? Do you have these letters with you?

BENKOVICH. Yes, I was receiving them.

Colonel RUDOLPH. Do you have them with you right now or not?

BENKOVICH. Yes, I have them with me.

Colonel RUDOLPH. Could you read me a passage, not too long a passage, from these letters, in which they write whether they like America or they don't like it?

BENKOVICH. One moment. I can read a letter from Vaganov.

Colonel RUDOLPH. Of what date?

BENKOVICH. December 2, 1955.

Colonel RUDOLPH. Proceed.

BENKOVICH. He writes in it how they were received in the United States. He writes that they feel that they are well taken care of. Let me read the passage: "The best was when we went to dances. There were many questions put to us, many different questions. Also, there were many young girls and young boys. They were all Russians." This is a letter from Vaganov. He writes further: "We are looking for a job now. Actually, we are not looking for the jobs ourselves, because we don't know the language, but our friends are looking for jobs, or work, in various factories." Further he writes that very important is knowledge of English language.

Colonel RUDOLPH. Is there a place in the letter where he writes about the United States? Does he intend to stay here?

BENKOVICH. Just a moment. I will see. Here is a letter from Lukashkov.

Colonel RUDOLPH. What does he write?

BENKOVICH. "Sasha," who is Alexander Shirin, "speaks English as though he were making believe he knows it very well. Your letter I received after I was baptized. You may congratulate me to him. The baptism was with all trimmings; only Godmother was missing."

Colonel RUDOLPH. Of which date is that letter?

BENKOVICH. That letter is dated February 22, 1956; no, February 21.

Colonel RUDOLPH. Do you have a letter from Shishin?

BENKOVICH. Yes; I do.

Colonel RUDOLPH. Can you read what he writes about his liking for the United States, right here?

BENKOVICH. His letter is right in front of me. He writes that he is taking steps that we arrive to the United States as soon as possible. He writes, "As soon as I received your letter, Sasha," which is Shirin, "and I went to see Mr. Van

Hoogstraten to give him your written petition to enter the United States and to speak with him about your earliest possible arrival."

Colonel RUDOLPH. Of what date is this letter?

Mr. GRIGOROVICH-BARSKY. I am sorry. May I interrupt myself? Upon the other, Sasha is not Shishin, because it is Shishin's letter.

Mr. RUDOLPH. All right. Alexander Shirin.

Mr. GRIGOROVICH-BARSKY. Shirin. I am sorry. (Continuing):

Colonel RUDOLPH. Of what date is that letter?

BENKOVICH. This letter is of February 28, 1956.

Colonel RUDOLPH. Is there any place in their letters when they are writing about their future plans?

BENKOVICH. Yes. Such passages are in the letters, but unfortunately I didn't take them with me at the present time. I have a letter from "Vala," which is Valantine Lukashkov, in which he writes me of his future plans, that he plans to get married to a girl, Nina—

It is with Valakosha (?), the correspondent, most likely—

he wrote about his hopes to acquire a profession in the near future. The letter is approximately the same character as I received from "Misha," which is Shirin. He wrote that he likes very much America. He wrote that he liked very much Washington when he went there.

Colonel RUDOLPH. Who wrote about this? Who wrote about liking for America?

BENKOVICH. A moment. Just a moment. I will read you a letter in which Vala Lukashkov writes—he writes, "Valodya Bankovich, stop working at Taiwan and come to America as soon as possible. America also needs people such as you are. I will show you the wonders of New York and will take care of you. Recently we went to Washington. It is not like a city; it is not a city. It is a dream. The restaurants are slightly reminding of Odessa restaurants."

Then comes Benkovich's remarks:

Of course, he was depressed, rather, by that aspect of Washington, too.

Colonel RUDOLPH. How about their success in English courses? Did they write something about it?

BENKOVICH. They wrote that they were finishing courses of English in the university and that soon they will be on their own as to the earning of a living.

Colonel RUDOLPH. Could you make a photostat, photo copies of letters and send them here?

BENKOVICH. But we made them already and I think they are on the way to you. They are either on their way to you or will be soon, going out to Washington.

Colonel RUDOLPH. How many letters were photostated?

BENKOVICH. We have photostats from a letter of each sailor who departed.

Colonel RUDOLPH. You understand that they say now in Moscow that they didn't like it here, and so on. Meanwhile, I know personally that they told me that they like life in America. I am sure they wrote about it to you, too.

BENKOVICH. Naturally they wrote about it, but you understand in the situation they are in now, they must tell that they disliked America.

Colonel RUDOLPH. We would like to have photostats of letters in which they tell their friends their real opinion about America and about their plans for the future in America.

BENKOVICH. They didn't give us any concrete plans, but they wrote to us that they liked America and that they, so to speak, have settled down there.

Colonel RUDOLPH. Does it say in letters of which you prepared the photostats that they like America and have settled here?

BENKOVICH. Yes. May I ask you a question?

Colonel RUDOLPH. Before you ask your question, I want to request you again that all letters of departed sailors which speak about America, about their future plans and about their decision to stay in America, should be photostated and sent to us. And now your question, please?

BENKOVICH. You know perhaps about our question, when we will start for America.

Colonel RUDOLPH. Write to me about it, because the conversation runs into quite a sum, and I will answer you in writing. I only want to tell you that the attention to your case has skyrocketed, especially and paradoxically since the disappearance from the United States of your comrades, of your fellows. Did you get that? O. K. Well, goodbye. Greetings to others.

Senator JENNER. Thank you.

Thank you, Mr. Barsky.

Mr. MORRIS. We appreciate it very much.

Now, Colonel, we will quickly finish up a few things here. May we?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

FURTHER TESTIMONY OF VLADIMIR RUDOLPH, AS INTERPRETED BY CONSTANTINE GRIGOROVICH-BARSKY

Mr. MORRIS. Do you have something else in that paper that you want to call to the attention of the committee?

Mr. RUDOLPH. Yes.

The INTERPRETER. In the Moscow statement of the seamen, there is a place where they declare that the Americans were trying to frighten them not to return to the Soviet Union because their families are in Siberia already—

Mr. RUDOLPH. A long time.

The INTERPRETER. This is not true because Shishin and Ryabenko received in November last, letters through a Soviet agent in which it was stated that their families were still living in Odessa. Shishin told me that, too. Maybe, for the time that we are staying in the States, the Soviet Government will leave our families in peace alone, as a weapon against us. But if we return, our families will perish, together with us. So that is one of the reasons why we shouldn't return.

And therefore, the declaration in Moscow is contrary to the truth.

Mr. RUDOLPH. That is all.

Mr. MORRIS. One other question, Colonel. Why is the letter of January 16, addressed to the Saturday Evening Post—why is that signed, in full complement, by 8 and not 9 seamen?

Mr. MORRIS. We know why Lukashkov did not sign. But there is one other seaman. Why didn't he sign?

The INTERPRETER. He simply wasn't in New York at that time.

Mr. MORRIS. Thank you.

Mr. Chairman, I would like for the record to show the appreciation we have for Colonel Rudolph for his testimony here today and previously.

I have also seen a memorandum prepared by Colonel Rudolph in which, from his following this thing very accurately all through the past months, as late as December, he recognized enough symptoms in the case, and he predicted almost with complete accuracy exactly what was going to take place, even to the effect that the sailors' redefecting would be a great propaganda victory for the Soviet Union.

Senator JENNER. Yes, Colonel. We want to thank you for your great cooperation and your great help you have given the committee in this matter.

Mr. RUDOLPH. Thank you.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, I have a few more things in connection with this that I would like to finish.

The Chinese Embassy has issued a statement this morning which they transmitted for our record, and I would like to read it into the record at this time.

Senator JENNER. It will go into the record.

Mr. MORRIS. (reading) :

The Chinese Embassy takes note of the statement allegedly issued on April 26 by the five crew members of the Soviet tanker *Tuapse* stating, among other things, that while in Taiwan they "were threatened and systematically beaten" in order to make them betray their country. It is needless to say that such allegations are patently false, that they do not deserve refutation.

It is to be pointed out, however, that evidently the statement was issued by the Soviet authorities in the name of the five crew members for propaganda purposes and that it is diametrically opposite to the testimony given before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on April 28 by the other crew members of the *Tuapse* who are enjoying freedom in the United States. According to such testimony, the statement by the five Soviet sailors is a "lie" from the beginning to end, and that all the Soviet crew members have been treated by the Chinese authorities in Taiwan with "cordialness, hospitality, and kindness" and that they have not been prevented from going back to the Soviet Union.

Mr. Chairman, we have received a sworn statement from Charles J. Kersten, who, while he was a member of Congress, was the author of the escapee program which is now the Kersten amendment to the Mutual Security Act of 1951. Mr. Kersten also was chairman of the House Select Committee on Communist Aggression of the 81st Congress which was charged with investigating Communist methods of takeover of the captive nations and their treatment of captive peoples, and also, he has been a consultant on matters pertaining to political and psychological warfare on the staff of Nelson Rockefeller, Special Assistant to the President. During this period, he devoted himself primarily to the "Communists, Come Home" program. This is a sworn statement that runs 8 pages, Mr. Chairman. I would like it to go in the record.

Senator JENNER. It may go in the record and become a part of the official record of this committee.

(The statement referred to was marked "Exhibit No. 248-A" and appears below:)

EXHIBIT NO. 248-A

AFFIDAVIT OF CHARLES J. KERSTEN, FORMER MEMBER OF CONGRESS AND AUTHOR OF ESCAPEE PROGRAM

STATE OF WISCONSIN,

County of Milwaukee, ss:

Charles J. Kersten, being first duly sworn, on oath deposes and says he is a resident of Milwaukee, Wis., and was a duly elected Member of the 80th, 82d, and 83d Congresses, and that from June 1955 until February 1, 1956, [was] a consultant at the White House, Washington, D. C.

Your affiant became acquainted with the phenomenon of escape from the Soviet orbit, the recent Soviet "come home" program and the relationship of this phenomenon to free world objectives and to the stability of the Red regimes, from the following experience.

EXPERIENCE WITH ESCAPEES

1. Author of the escapee program contained in the Kersten amendment to the Mutual Security Act of 1951, reenacted each year since, and now in force. A copy of the amendment is attached hereto and marked "Exhibit A." One of the purposes of the amendment is to assist escapees from the Soviet orbit. Sponsorship and a continuing direct interest in this program for the past 5 years has kept your affiant in touch with many hundreds of escapees from all walks of life from the several Communist countries.

2. Chairman of House Select Committee on Communist Aggression of the 83d Congress charged with investigating the Communist methods of takeover of the captive nations and their treatment of captive peoples. A major purpose of the investigation was to gage internal resistance to and escape from the Red regimes. Several thousand escapees were interviewed by the committee staff. Sworn testimony was taken from 355 persons in 50 hearings in the United States and in Europe. Most of the witnesses were escapees and eyewitnesses to Communist methods and popular reaction thereto.

One of the unanimous conclusions of the nine-member committee was—

"3. That the vast majority of the people living under Red rule know firsthand the antihuman nature of communism and thus constitute a great potential force against communism" (p. 5, Summary Report, Union Calendar No. 929, 83d Cong.).

3. Consultant on matters pertaining to political and psychological warfare on staff of Hon. Nelson Rockefeller, Special Assistant to President (June 1955–February 1956). During this period affiant devoted a primary interest to the Communist "come home" program.

TUAPSE CASE—AN INSIGHT INTO INTERNAL RESISTANCE TO REDS

The Tuapse case is another and important objective insight into the widespread and popular resistance within the Soviet orbit to Communist rule. It shows the lengths to which Communist officials will go to keep such resistance unknown to the free world.

Popular resistance behind the Iron Curtain is, of necessity, latent and probably almost completely immobilized in its covert existence. But it exists. Decades of official terror have, with the help of the instinct of self-preservation, taught the people to keep anti-Communist feelings well below the surface.

With stubborn frequency, however, when opportunity arises, such action as that of the *Tuapse* sailors throws a flash of light upon the hidden state of soul of Soviet orbit people.

The case of *Tuapse* sailors, like that of Oksana Kosenkina, who leaped to freedom from the third floor of the Soviet consulate in New York in 1948; Madame Petrov, who was rescued from Soviet detectives in Australia in 1954; and many others confound those academic experts in and out of government who, possibly because they have Marxist leanings or otherwise, hold that the peoples of the Soviet orbit have accepted communism.

Despite recent tightened border restrictions of the Iron Curtain, the rate of escape last year was one a minute.

LONG-TERM COMMUNIST CONCERN ABOUT ESCAPE

The terror instilled by any form of Red rule at any time or place has made it necessary for Communists from the beginning to protect the stability of their regimes by false propaganda.

Those who have lived under the Reds and know the truth about Communist life are, therefore, a threat to the stability of a regime built upon this false propaganda.

Stalin insisted on forcible repatriation of Soviet POW's in Europe for this reason. The many suicides of those forced back to the USSR were eloquent testimony of general hatred of Red rule.

Soviet repatriation teams in the DP camps of Western Europe following the war afforded many examples of Soviet concern.

A typical example of the human pressures employed in Communist repatriation methods was that of former Gen. Stasys Rastikis, of the Lithuanian Army, who appeared before our House committee during the last session of Congress. Rastikis, his wife, and three children were jailed by the NKVD in Lithuania in the year 1940. He and his wife escaped separately in 1941. His small children had been sent to Siberia. Rastikis and his wife were in a DP camp in Bavaria in 1948 when MVD officers visited them carrying pleading letters from their children to come home. Rastikis had with him in his possession at the time a Communist warrant for his arrest on a charge of treason, providing certain death. He had purloined the death warrant from NKVD files as he escaped. This document held his real fate if he had returned rather than the poor, heart-rending letters of his children. The warrant is attached hereto and marked "Exhibit B" as symbolic of what would await many redefectors.

The long efforts of the Reds in Korea to force the return of the Communist Chinese POW's was for the same basic reason. To our great credit, by that time we realized more fully the sinister meaning of a Communist "come home" pressure.

CURRENT COMMUNIST "COME HOME" CAMPAIGN IS STEPPED UP AND REFINED LONG-TERM FORCIBLE REPATRIATION POLICY

The Communists put into action a worldwide "come home" campaign a little over a year ago for the same basic purpose as their well-known efforts in forcible repatriation of those in the free world who once knew Red rule.

It started in the satellite nations of East Europe, ending up with the U. S. S. R. The headquarters of the activities are apparently in East Germany under the reputed name of Operation Snow.

The committee is undoubtedly familiar with the flood of propaganda that has reached Iron Curtain refugees in this and every other free country. Refugees who thought their address was known only to a few were suddenly the recipients of accurately addressed mail from Communist headquarters with luring promises if they would return.

Another witness who appeared before our committee in the last Congress, one Matus-Cernak, was the editor of a Slovak newspaper in Munich, Germany. Last June he wrote several strongly worded editorials exposing the Communist "come home" campaign. Within a few days thereafter Cernak called at a post office in Germany to receive a package addressed to him. He opened it in the post office building and the enclosed bomb blew him and several persons nearby into small pieces.

Other evidences of terror visited upon particularly effective escapees are undoubtedly known to the committee.

Likewise, newspaper advertisements such as the attached exhibit C are familiar.

BULGANIN'S DEMAND TO ADENAUER

It will also be recalled that when Chancellor Adenauer went to Moscow last year, Bulganin handed him a letter demanding the return of "100,000 Soviet citizens forcibly being detained in West Germany."

This act was part of the current campaign as a Communist attack on the asylum of Iron Curtain refugees in West Germany.

BASIC PURPOSE OF COMMUNIST COME-HOME CAMPAIGN

The basic purpose of the Communist come-home campaign is to bring under control, lessen, and eventually destroy effective internal resistance to Communist governments.

This is hoped to be effected in two ways by—

(a) Neutralizing the effectiveness of escapees in telling the truth about life under Communist rule to the free world and giving a message of hope to the enslaved.

(b) Cutting down the desire of Soviet orbit peoples to escape.

The first of the above is meant to be accomplished by false propaganda and certain instances of terror in the free world.

The second objective is sought to be accomplished by luring a few home who are paraded in Communist countries to tell their story of the "horrors of life under western capitalistic imperialism."

Attached as exhibit D are samples of come-home propaganda.

IMPORTANCE OF INTERNAL RESISTANCE TO FREE WORLD OBJECTIVES

The existence of substantial popular internal resistance to Communist governments, even though it is only potential, covert, and unorganized, is a major deterrent to Communist overt aggression.

If the Communists are given the time and opportunity to eliminate this resistance and substantially sovietize the area held by them, this will be the time of greatest peril to the free world from Soviet military attack.

Military power, as stated by Clausewitz, is a combination of the physical means (men and arms) plus the will to fight.

Resistance deprives the Communists of the will to fight.

All efforts should be made by the free world to maintain and increase internal resistance and to keep the escapees coming.

They are harbingers of victory of freedom over slavery.

Dated at Milwaukee, Wis., this 2d day of May 1956.

(Signed) CHARLES J. KERSTEN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of May 1956.

S. PETERSON,

Notary Public, Milwaukee County, Wis.

My commission expires August 10, 1958.

KERSTEN EXHIBIT A

KERSTEN AMENDMENT

Text of section 101 (a) (1) of Public Law 165 of the 82d Congress under title I (Mutual Security Act, 1951, as amended) (now sec. 401 of Public Law 665 of the 83d Cong.) :

"* * * and not to exceed \$100,000 of such appropriation for any selected persons who are residing in or *escapees from* the Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Albania, Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia, or the Communist-dominated or Communist-occupied areas of Germany and Austria, and any other countries absorbed by the Soviet Union either to form such persons into elements of the military forces supporting the North Atlantic Treaty Organization or for other purposes, when it is similarly determined by the President that such assistance will contribute to the defense of the North Atlantic area and to the security of the United States."

KERSTEN EXHIBIT B



Sen. Rostekis

ПРОКУРАТУРА СССР

**Военная Прокуратура Прибалтийского
Особого Военного Округа**

Военная Прокуратура " " " дивизии
армии

№ 467

Калуга 1941 г.

НАБЛЮДАТЕЛЬНОЕ ПРОИЗВОДСТВО

По делу Районные
Советы с. Гирвардо

ст. ст. 58 - 1а " УК РСФСР

Начато 7 июня 1941 г.

Окончено

на " листах

№ 467

**Информативный
Постановление**

Kardomaja prisone, kad

Нерой пресекен способа уклонения от следствия и суда

ЗАРЕГУСТРОВАННО

Служба или Ермаково-

(имя), та йе в бывшем городе — Ермаково, где и отчеством)

неравнодушно ио tardymo ir telimo parinkti laikyma запулоje, apie ką RSFSR BTK 146 str. tvarka, избрать содержание под стражей, о чем в порядке ст. 146 УК РСФСР объявить арестованному под раскельбет suimtajam paimant is jo paraš.

Pagal RSFSR BTK 160 str. nutarimo nuoradų pasiusti Prokuroriui ir perduoti kalėjimo virtininkui. В соответствии со ст. 160 УДК РСФСР, копию постановления направить Прокурору и передать раскельбет prie kalėjimines akmeris bylos. начальнику тюрьмы для приобщение к личному тюремному делу.

Tardymas
Следователь

След. частоты № 1000

/ Адъютант /

Служба или Ермаково
Следователь
Следователь от имени Государственности

Литвинов

Маг

Н.В.

Sis nutarimas man pastelbtas.

Настоящее постановление мне "05" Июня 194 ^{м.}

дата

194

(подпись — подпись)

*„TVIRTINGU“ — УТВЕРЖДАЮ**194 1 m. Июнь — 1948 dieas

Литовской ССР Совета Министров

Литовской Народной Республики Правительство

Государственный Комитет по Гражданской Политике

*/ПАМПОЛ/***Министр****Постановление**

(apie kuriameles priemones priekina — об избрании норм пресечения)

Гор. Вильнюс

194 1 m.

Июнь

7

dieas

1948

Литовской ССР Советский народный комиссариат по внутренним делам —

(внутри, между и за пределами страны и за границей)

ЗАКОНОДАТЕЛЬСТВО

(издание и параллельное с текстом)

издательство Литовской ССР VRLX gauta medžieta apie anikaitinamą veiklą

рассмотрев поступление в НКВД ЛССР материалы о преступной деятельности:

Родитеleis

Фамилия

Vardas ir ženės vardas

Ibrai ir etnietis

Gimimo metai 1908

Gimimo vieta

Gimimo

**Информацији
Постановили**

Указом Сечеи чин Верховне. —
(законъ, въведенъ въ силу, въведенъ въ действие, послѣ въступленія)

законъ въ този. Міністерство юстиціи ух. и 2. —
къ
прожившаго по

законъ въ искривл.
издѣлѣнія преступл. преступл. и обмѣну

Документъ Секретаръ НІІІ АССР
Следователъ (распечатано — подпись)

БУТИНКІ
СОГЛАСЕН
Міністерство юстиціи НІІІ АССР
Отъ Министра Государственности

Черненко
Черненко
17/4
(распечатано — подпись)

KERSTEN EXHIBIT C

[Washington Post, June 22, 1955]

CZECHOSLOVAK CITIZENS

The Czechoslovak Embassy, Washington, D. C., draws to the attention of Czechoslovak citizens in the United States the Amnesty Decision of the President of the Czechoslovak Republic dated May 9, 1955, which applies also to Czechoslovak citizens abroad. Article VII provides that criminal acts of desecration of the Republic are pardoned for persons who under the influence of hostile propaganda, left the territory of the Republic without permission if they return to the territory of the Republic within 6 months from the date of proclamation of the amnesty. Applications for permission to return and for the issuance of proper documents may be obtained from the Czechoslovak Embassy, 2349 Massachusetts Avenue NW, Washington 8, D. C.—Telephone NOrth 7-3300, office hours 9-5, Saturdays 9-1—which office will also supply additional detailed information.

KERSTEN EXHIBIT D

SOVIET PROPAGANDA NEWSPAPER "FOR RETURN TO THE HOME-COUNTRY"

No. 1 (*Received by TF Rome Office, mailed from Vienna, May 13, 1955*)

Contains: Page 1 (on top) : "The foreign country is like a wicked stepmother to you, but your home country is like your mother. It will understand and forgive every one of its children."

Excerpt: Appeal of the Committee for Return to the Home-Country, signed by 17 members :

"Hundreds of thousands of our people have survived all the hardships of slavery, and have returned to their Home Country. Among them are factory workers and farmers, teachers, engineers, physicians, argonomists, writers. They all are now living happily as citizens of a free country.

"But many have not yet returned. That's you, countrymen! There are some among you, who were made POW, when they were wounded or have been surrounded; some who surrendered in a moment of weakness or fear of their lives.

"There are also some who were taken forcibly into slavery, or who gave in, in order to avoid starvation.

"Some left the Home Country bearing a grudge about some injustice, and who could not understand that a grudge will pass, but that love for the Home Country remains eternally.

"Others, for example some from the Baltic States, or from the Western Ukraine and White Russia (Bielorussia), who had never experienced the Soviet regime, did believe the enemy propaganda, got frightened of the new way of life, and thus fled to the enemy.

"All the reasons are too many to enumerate. But, whatever these reasons are with anyone of you, you should firmly believe one thing:

"Come back, and the home country will accept you!

"Even those, who could not stand hunger and beating, and thus joined enemy military units, such as the ignominious ROA or the National Battalions;

"Even those, who, fearing for their lives, went to serve the Occupation Forces;

"Even those, who are guilty before their home country—the Home Country will accept them."

Page 2: Appeal of the Committee for return to the home country, addressed to the Government of the German Democratic Republic (asking the East German Government to "authorize" the foundation of a "voluntary association" in East Germany, with the purpose of "informational activity" among the DPs, which may convince them to return to USSR).

Reply to the Government of the German Democratic Republic to the appeal of the Committee for return to the home country ("authorizing").

News from the Soviet Union: Atomic Energy for Peaceful Purposes—Constructive Activity in the USSR—News From Bielorussia—Spring Holidays for School Children.

Loving one's home country knows no obstacles (On Major General N. F. Mikhailov, who during the war was POW in Hammelburg, Germany, and is now the Head of the Committee for Return to the Home Country. By A. Dubovikov, Member of the Committee).

Page 3: Return Is Possible (By N. Mitrofanov, Member of the Com.).

A Word That Comes From the Heart (By A. Razgonin, former POW, now Hero of the Soviet Union. Telling how he did not believe enemy propaganda that POWs would be court-martialed in USSR, and did return, and was highly decorated for valiant deeds as a pilot).

Dark Past Left Behind: (By Vladimir Vassilaky, a returnee from West Germany. Relating his experiences in the West, and appealing to other DP's to follow his example).

To Our Readers (urging them to send articles and correspondence to the editor of the newspaper, address: Berlin NW 7, Post Box No. 6. Inviting them to listen to the radio broadcasts of the Committee).

Page 4: This Life Cannot Go On!—Quagmire (Feature from Regensburg telling about the fate of some DP now living there, "on the Plattlinger Strasse—one of the main streets of the Regensburg (NB: actually, Plattlinger Str. is one of the streets in the new German Housing Project for Refugees, on the outskirts of the town, well known to all Vol. Agencies working with refugees). What Future Can They Look Forward To? (Article on refugee children in Ingolstadt, deprived of an adequate school, and spending their time in the street and in the movies "watching one more American film about murderers and burglars")—"The Oettingen-Str. Club" (Correspondence from Ingolstadt, giving a distressing picture of the anti-Communist Russian Club).

A poem, relating the misfortunes of a Soviet refugee, former POW in West Germany, by Pavel Stetzenko (to be continued).

No. 3 (*May edition, 3 copies received by TF Trieste, mailed from Magdeburg and Dresden, Germany*):

Page 1 (on top):

"Countrymen! Do not believe liars, who try to frighten you, and to buy your honour for Judas' silver. They are nourishing crazy and impossible plans to crucify our Country. But this will never happen. Our Nation is powerful as never before. Who takes the sword against it—will perish by the sword!" (N. B.: The English working of the famous Bible quotation is, unfortunately unfamiliar to the translator, but it should be noted that the whole paragraph appeals to the religious feelings of the Russian refugees by using words like "Judas' silver," "crucify", etc.).

Our Powerful Soviet Country (editorial, on the 10th anniversary of the victory in Europe).

Excerpt: "Not Dunkerque, not Casablanca and not the Atlantic Line will be remembered by the peoples of the world, but the Battle of Moscow, the resistance of Leningrad and the eternal glory of Stalingrad, in the history of liberation from the Brown Pest."

Page 1: Victory Celebration (festivities at Kiev, Minsk, Tashkent and Moscow).

Foreign Delegates Are Visiting Moscow (members of delegations from Germany, India, and Indonesia are shown around Moscow and are highly impressed by the achievements of the Soviet State and by the happiness of its inhabitants).

A word from my fellow combattant (a poem by M. Matusovsky, praising the deeds of the Soviet Army).

Page 2: N. T. S. Bosses Hired by the American Intelligence—A former leader of N. T. S., I. V. Pitlenko, denouncing the corruption amongst the emigrant bosses—I Am Back Home—N. T. S. Leaders Are Hired for Dollars—N. T. S. Bosses, A Gang of Spies—Blackmail and Threats—Baidalakov & Co.—Former Gestapo Agents—moneymakers and black market operators, etc.

Emigrant Leaders About Themselves (quotations from a speech of G. A. Khomiakov, NTS, "proving" the wrong policy of NTS).

Mr. Page Finds Excuses (press conference of the "American Committee for Liberation of Peoples of Russia, Munich, as an answer to Vasilaky's article on the activity of the American Committee, published in No. 2 of this paper).

Page 3: That's How They Live, Our Country People Who Have Returned—A Film Producer—A Professor—I am waiting for You, Daughter! (with a photograph of one Mrs. A. D. Ossadchy and of her letter, addressed to her daughter, Lydia I. Ossadchy, DP at Duderstadt, Hannover, Germany)—Mother's Happiness—I Found My Boy!—Come Back Home! (etc.) all by "returnees" from the Western countries).

News from the Soviet Union—100 millions of rubel for the improvement of labor conditions in the metal and mining industry—25 thousands kindergartens in the collective farms.

Page 4: This Life Cannot Go On! (4 articles describing life in West German refugee camps).

Poem by Stetzenko, continued (see No. 1).

No. 4 (received by TF Rome from Vienna, and by TF Trieste from Dresden)

Page 1: The Ice Has Broken (editorial; many letters from refugees have been received from West Germany, France, Belgium, Venezuela, Brazil, and Canada.—Activity of the groups, working with the Committee for Return to the Home Country, in West Germany, etc.).

36 of Our Country People Have Arrived in Austria Coming from Argentine and Brazil, on Their Way Home. On May 23 They Left for Home, etc.

Great Victories in the Camp of Peace—Warsaw Conference—The Austrian Treaty Has Been Signed, etc.

Page 2: Letters We Have Received: I Want To Go Home—There is No Doubt About It—Soon I Will Be With My Family, etc.

Page 3: That's How They Live, Those Who Returned Home—The Way Home—Together With My People! My Country Has Pardonned Me—I Have the Full Rights of a Citizen—Don't Believe the Enemy Propaganda—Ours Is a Good Life, etc.

Page 4: The Fate of the Immigrants in the USA: I Regret That I Went—America—That's Not for You—"Aged 45—Too Old"—The New York Times on the Immigrant's Situation.

Poem by P. Stetzenko continued (see nos. 1 and 3).

ENCLOSURE

One escapee who has spontaneously spoken to the TF representative about this newspaper, is Mrs. Valentina Borissov, age 59, Rome, Via di Villa Pamphill 90.

Mrs. Borissov has received No. 1 of the paper in the beginning of June. It came by ordinary mail, but with insufficient postage, so that she had to pay the postman Lire 50. It was mailed from Florence, Railway Post Office (Firenze Ferrovia). Mrs. Borissov does not have this copy any more. She told the postman, she would refuse to accept this kind of mail in the future, and obviously no more copies were delivered to her. She knows of some other people in Rome who have been sent the newspaper: among them several priests of the "Rus-sicum" (the Greek-Catholic College in Rome), some of whom did not ever read Russian; and according to her son, Mr. Valerio Borissov, who is working for the RAI-Radio Sender, several copies have been received by RAI. Mrs. Borissov's address was written correctly to the least detail.

Mr. MORRIS. And he has also contributed several exhibits that go with that 8-page statement.

Senator JENNER. That may also go in the record and become a part of the record.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr Chairman, may I call Monsignor Varga back for a couple of questions, please?

Senator JENNER. Surely.

Mr. MORRIS. Monsignor Varga, will you come back, please?

FURTHER TESTIMONY OF MSGR. BELA VARGA

Mr. MORRIS. Monsignor Varga, in the testimony of the Hungarian-American gentleman who testified here earlier, he told of a visit by the Second Secretary of the Hungarian Legation in Washington. He told of a conversation that lasted an hour or an hour and a half in duration.

Now, in some of these other cases that you have told us about, and which we are going to look into in executive session, did they involve any more force and violence and terrorism than was related in his testimony?

Monsignor VARGA. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. All of this was involved in a conversation of an hour and a half's duration, in which it was true that the man said something causing him to be fearful of his daughter's safety?

Monsignor VARGA. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. But were there any acts committed in other cases in which the committee should be interested?

Monsignor VARGA. In the other cases, the situation was more important, and even the intimidation was greater.

Mr. MORRIS. The intimidation was greater?

Monsignor VARGA. The intimidation was greater than here, because they were intimidated by the letters coming from their very near relatives.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, Mr. Chairman, I think that the rest of our session with Monsignor Varga may be in executive session.

Senator JENNER. It should be. And I will direct the staff to go into executive session with the Monsignor and get the facts and the circumstances and the others persons involved in the terrorism and threats made by Soviet officials in the United States.

Monsignor VARGA. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. And now, will you excuse us, Monsignor?

We have a gentleman from the International Rescue Committee who is here.

Will you come forward, please?

Will you give your name and address to the reporter?

Mr. SALZMANN. Yes. Richard Salzmann, 62 West 45th Street, New York City.

Senator JENNER. Will you be sworn to testify?

Do you swear the testimony given in this hearing will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Mr. SALZMANN. I do.

TESTIMONY OF RICHARD SALZMANN, VICE PRESIDENT, INTERNATIONAL RESCUE COMMITTEE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mr. MORRIS. You are Richard Salzmann, S-a-l-z-m-a-n-n?

Mr. SALZMANN. Correct.

Mr. MORRIS. And you are with the International Rescue Committee?

Mr. SALZMANN. Yes, I am vice president of the International Rescue Committee.

Mr. MORRIS. You are vice president?

Mr. SALZMANN. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, Mr. Salzmann, have you heard the testimony here today?

Mr. SALZMANN. Yes, indeed.

Mr. MORRIS. Does the work of your committee bring you into the general field encompassed by the testimony today?

Mr. SALZMANN. Yes, it does.

Two months ago, the International Rescue Committee organized a commission, under the chairmanship of Gen. William J. Donovan, to go to Europe and to investigate in the United States, the attempts of Communist agents and the Communist apparatus and sympathizers to try to get refugees to return home behind the Iron Curtain.

We have prepared a report on the basis of this, and if you care to have it, I would like to make it available for the records of the committee.

Senator JENNER. It will go into our record by reference.

(The report referred to was marked "Exhibit No. 249" and will be found in the files of the subcommittee.)

Mr. SALZMANN. In general, if you would like to have comments on that at this time, I can make just a few.

Senator JENNER. Proceed.

Mr. SALZMANN. In the first place, insofar as this action is going on in the United States of America, one thing must be clear, and that is, not all of the Iron Curtain refugees who are in the United States are actually personally approached by Communist agents in order to return, but all of the refugees who are in the United States, almost all, have received, in one form or another, through the mail, letters urging their return.

It is the conclusion of our commission—that is, the General Donovan commission—that what we see, and what has been exposed in these hearings, is but the top of a huge iceberg that goes much deeper. It is our conclusion that this is a worldwide, well financed, imaginatively conceived operation, more volatile in other parts of the world, perhaps, than in the United States of America. Its purpose is to discredit the fact of escape from behind the Iron Curtain.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you repeat that again? It is to discredit—

Mr. SALZMANN. Yes. Its purpose is to discredit the fact of escape from behind the Iron Curtain.

The reason why this is important at this time, according to our best judgment, in the Communist plan, is that we in the West and the other nations of the world can only accept the Communist idea of coexistence on their terms if, first, our ears become deaf to the living testimony of the human beings who have experienced this type of terror on their own back. Therefore, the escapee and the refugee who has lived in this land of terror and has come out must be discredited, disorganized, divided, and confused.

For that reason, the success of the Communist campaign—and this report shows that according to our best figures, up to the end of January 1956, they only had 1,158 throughout the world who had returned—subsequently, as we know, 780 returned from Argentina—

Mr. MORRIS. Will you repeat those figures, Mr. Salzmann, please?

Mr. SALZMANN. Yes.

While we know that by the end of January 1956, only 1,158 persons had returned behind the Iron Curtain as a result of this effort—subsequently, as we know, 780 left from South America, and a few more have left from Europe—our figures are not completely up to date. This figure is minuscule when compared to the 2,500,000 human beings who have escaped Communist terror throughout the world since the end of the war. But our judgment is that you cannot measure the success of the Communist redefinition campaign in statistical terms alone.

Their purpose is not only to get so-and-so many people back; their purpose is to destroy the emigration, destroy the political and moral effectiveness of the witness of the emigration.

Mr. MORRIS. And you find that the Soviet propaganda capitalizes very greatly on the redefections that do take place, do you not, Mr. Salzmann?

Mr. SALZMANN. There is no question about that. It is particularly effective in Europe, where the refugees in the refugee camps are approached, receive letters from former compatriots who lived with them as refugees in the camps, and then returned. These letters go something like this:

DEAR IVAN: I know that you are still in this terrible camp down here near Nurnberg. I know, for example, that you only have one suit of clothes and that you save, in order to make it last. I know that you only get so and so many cents a week paid for the food that you eat. I wish you would come home because here things have really changed since Stalin died. Things are much better.

There is another technique they use and have been using, and that is, they take the returned refugee and they will put him on the radio and then beam the message from the East Berlin radio in to the European refugee camps.

Of course, the same use of these returned refugees is, as we can see from some of the testimony here and from some records that we have, being made against the refugees here in the United States.

There are instances of refugees who have returned from the United States who have written letters back to their friends and colleagues remaining here, giving, of course, a rosy picture, very similar to the testimony that I was privileged to hear this morning regarding the five Russian boys.

Mr. MORRIS. And, Mr. Salzmann, you are prepared—your committee is prepared to cooperate with the committee, the Internal Security Subcommittee, if we pursue this whole subject further, are you not?

Mr. SALZMANN. In every way.

Mr. MORRIS. Thank you.

Senator JENNER. Thank you, Mr. Salzmann, for appearing here. We appreciate your offer of cooperation.

Mr. SALZMANN. Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

Mr. MORRIS. Mrs. Coale, will you come forward, please.

Senator JENNER. Will you stand and be sworn please Mrs. Coale?

Do you solemnly swear that the testimony given in this hearing will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Mrs. COALE. I do.

Senator JENNER. Proceed.

TESTIMONY OF MRS. GRIFFITH BAILY COALE, AMERICAN COUNCIL FOR EMIGREES IN THE PROFESSIONS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mr. MORRIS. Mrs. Coale, will you give your name and address to the reporter, please?

Mr. COALE. Mrs. Griffith Baily Coale.

Mr. MORRIS. And where do you reside?

Mrs. COALE. My organization?

Mr. MORRIS. No. Where do you reside?

Mrs. COALE. 163 East 81st Street, New York City.

Mr. MORRIS. And with what organization are you associated?

Mrs. COALE. The American Council for Emigrees in the Professions.

Mr. MORRIS. Now will you tell us succinctly what that organization does?

Mrs. COALE. We are a nonprofit organization whose function it is to find professional jobs for intellectuals from behind the Iron and the Bamboo Curtains.

We have now some 1,100 people registered with us who are sent to us by the Voice of America, by USIA, by Harvard, by the Columbia Russian Institute, and so on. They are sent to us because we register only professionals and are trained to integrate them into the life of this country.

The importance of this, we feel, is that when intellectuals arrive in this country, having escaped at the risk of their lives from behind the Curtain, and want to give their knowledge and their skills to the free world, there is a terrific frustration that sets in when they find that after 1 year or 2 years—for instance, we have a Russian, a Siberian cosmic ray scientist, who is working in a tire factory, and who was utterly unable to give to this country his potential.

I can give you hundreds of examples. We have a Polish hydrobiologist, who had worked in the Arctic waters out of Gdynia, and in tropic waters, out of Israel, and who came to this country and who was disintegrating before our eyes. He was not able to work in his field. He was finally a Western Union messenger at \$35 a week; his family broke up, and he was going to pieces.

We finally enlisted the help of Rachel Carson. He was an algae man. He fitted into our oceanography specialty. She introduced him to people for us, and he is now doing a very secret and very important project in the northern Arctic.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, Mrs. Coale, have you encountered anything of this redefinition campaign about which we have been taking testimony here today?

Mrs. COALE. Yes, I have, and there is one man who has come down at my request and who can give you his own testimony. I would be glad later on—

Mr. MORRIS. How many cases have you told the committee about?

Mrs. COALE. Of coercion to redefect?

Mr. MORRIS. Yes.

Mrs. COALE. I don't think I can give you a specific answer, Senator, on that. I would have to do more preparation on it. I have only known about this for about 2 days. However, I can testify as to the general climate of fear among the people who are registered with us, certain ones of whom we placed in organizations, and it has to be done under a pseudonym. Their addresses are hidden. They feel that they are living under pressure. I cannot be more specific at the moment.

Mr. MORRIS. You did give us the name and the identity of one Bulgarian-American whose testimony you thought would be of interest?

Mrs. COALE. He is here, and I thought you would rather let me have him speak for himself.

Senator JENNER. And the others that your organization has aided and helped apparently have had the same experience, or otherwise they would not want their names unknown and their addresses unknown, and so forth?

Mrs. COALE. That is right.

Senator JENNER. And you know that from general knowledge?

Mrs. COALE. I know of specific cases of their having to keep their addresses secret, and so on, but I cannot at this moment tell you that Mr. So-and-so, Mr. X, has received a number of letters.

Senator JENNER. I see.

Mrs. COALE. But I would be very glad to gather that information and to make it available to Judge Morris.

Senator JENNER. We will ask that you do that.

Mrs. COALE. Within a short time.

Senator JENNER. We certainly appreciate it.

If there are no further questions, you will be excused at this time.

Mrs. COALE. Thank you very much.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, there is one other gentleman here, but I suggest that in view of the hour now, and in view of the fact that there possibly will be an interpreter that is required—he is a gentleman from Bulgaria, and he will tell a story that is similar to the story we have heard from the Hungarian-American gentleman here this morning—I think the best interests would be served if we took their testimony in executive session, unless you want to hear it now, Senator.

Senator JENNER. I cannot hold any further session. I think if we can conclude here, we should conclude.

Thank you very much.

Mrs. COALE. Thank you.

Mr. MORRIS. Thank you, Mrs. Coale.

Mr. Chairman, there are several other things that we have here, but I suggest that in view of the hour here and your requirement, we recess at this time.

Senator JENNER. All right. The committee will stand in recess.

Mr. MORRIS. The next session will be an executive session tomorrow morning, in which representatives of the various government agencies involved in the Tuapse case will give executive session testimony before the Internal Security Subcommittee.

(Whereupon, at 1:10 p. m., the subcommittee adjourned.)

(The following press release, issued by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, on April 30, 1956, was ordered into the record at a meeting of the subcommittee on June 26:)

Senator James O. Eastland, chairman of the Judiciary Committee and of the Internal Security Subcommittee, today issued the following statement regarding events involving the nine Russian seamen, which have been the subject of recent hearings by the subcommittee:

"I believe that there is significance to the extraordinary activity on the part of the chief Soviet delegate to the United Nations, Arkady Sobolev, and of Soviet Ambassador Georgi Zarubin, with respect to the 21 seamen who refused to return to the Soviet Union after their tanker was captured by the Chinese Government.

"As long as the world knew, and word was filtering back home that 21 of the crew of 50 of the Tuapse, or 42 percent, chose freedom without their families, to returning to Soviet Russia the vulnerability of the Soviet merchant marine, and probably its navy, was being exposed.

"If 42 percent of one ship deserted when the opportunity arose, that reflected an internal condition that had to be concealed by all means. Hence the pressure, the duress, the illegal activity and even the resort to force that has now been, to some extent, exposed.

"Our Government should be exploiting this Communist weakness and taking an affirmative stand on these matters."

(The following correspondence between Chairman Eastland and the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., chief United States delegate to the United Nations, was ordered into the record at a meeting of the subcommittee on June 26:)

MAY 1, 1956.

Hon. HENRY CABOT LODGE,

*Chief Delegate to the United Nations for the United States,
United Nations Headquarters, New York, N. Y.*

DEAR MR. AMBASSADOR: The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has been taking testimony for the last 2 weeks which now indicates very clearly that Chief Delegate Arkady Sobolev of the U. S. S. R. delegation to the United Nations and his staff have exceeded the scope of their authority in their drastic efforts to persuade, force and coerce the nine Russian seamen who found sanctuary here in the United States to return to the Soviet Union.

Yesterday's testimony, for instance, indicated that two members of Mr. Sobolev's staff, and obviously under his direction, went into the room of one of the sailors, Viktor Solovyev, in the George Washington Hotel, New York City, and locked the door behind them. This act of violence, illegally practiced, caused terror in the heart of a young man who came here seeking asylum.

I would like to quote the following question and answer as he testified here yesterday:

Mr. MORRIS (counsel). Is there anything that the committee can do to make your living more secure at this time?

"Mr. VIKTOR SOLOVYEV. I think it would be good that the Soviet officials would be restricted in their activities so that they would not do whatever they want in this country. They are given now full freedom to act as they want and they are using this freedom to full extent now.

"Mr. MORRIS. Do you still feel frightened, Viktor?

"Mr. SOLOVYEV. I still feel a little bit frightened and, of course, they can still come to me, but now I think with all of the publicity we have got and all which I told the committee, I feel more secure."

Last week the subcommittee took testimony which indicated that 2 Soviet citizens, who appeared to be members of the Soviet delegation, paid an unsolicited visit to Paterson, N. J., and called on 2 other seamen there, purchased 3 bottles of vodka and 7 bottles of beer, and stayed in the humble home of these 2 seamen until 6 a. m., when the 4 left without explanation. Little more than 24 hours later, 3 of these 4, including the 2 sailors, were aloft in flight to Soviet Russia.

The 2 Russian seamen at that time had almost 2 weeks' pay coming to them at their factory. They each had a small bank account, all of which was abandoned. The landlord of the seamen described in graphic detail the condition of the boys' room the following morning. He stated that the room was in wild disorder, with rugs rumpled, beds in disarray, records and pictures torn and shattered, and most significant of all, the shirt and undershirt which one of the seamen had been wearing at 5:30 p. m. was torn and bloody.

Since these hearings have commenced, the subcommittee has been deluged with demands that we do something in order to prevent the repetition of these terrible instances of terror in the United States.

We are weighing this evidence with a view toward strengthening the legislation that is now in existence; but, before we arrive at our conclusions in this whole matter, I am writing to you on behalf of the subcommittee to ask you to call formally upon the United Nations to do everything in its power to prevent further wanton abuse of the hospitality of the United States by Chief Delegate Sobolev and his staff. As the Secretary of State himself pointed out last week, such arrogant misconduct is in direct violation of the terms of the headquarters agreement between the United States and the United Nations.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES O. EASTLAND,
Chairman, Internal Security Subcommittee.

P. S.—I am enclosing a copy of yesterday's testimony, and I direct your attention to page 3 wherein Mr. Solovyev testified that he was invited to go to the Park Avenue headquarters of the United Nations to see Mr. Sobolev.

MAY 1, 1956.

DEAR SENATOR EASTLAND: Thank you for yours of May 1 which, of course, I have read with close attention.

There can be no doubt that the type of conduct you describe is reprehensible in the extreme and I cannot condemn it too strongly.

Policy on a question of this kind must, of course, be made in Washington and I am consequently transmitting your letter immediately to the State Department.

Very sincerely yours,

H. C. LODGE, Jr.

(The following correspondence between Chairman Eastland and the Honorable John Foster Dulles, Secretary of State, was ordered into the record at a meeting of the subcommittee on June 21, 1956:)

MAY 28, 1956.

Hon. JOHN FOSTER DULLES,

Secretary of State, Department of State,

Washington 25, D. C.

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY: Enclosed herewith is a copy of the unanimous report of the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Committee on the Judiciary of the United States Senate, concerning the episode of the Russian seamen.

As you know, this episode has caused grave public concern, indicating as it does the extent to which Soviet diplomatic representatives in this country are willing, and able, to coerce Russian refugees who have sought asylum in the United States.

I particularly call your attention to the recommendations which conclude the report. It is surely inconceivable that Soviet agents can roam about this country at will, terrorizing and coercing persons in the protective custody of the American Government, and suffer no more serious consequences than a diplomatic reprimand and the ejection of two minor functionaries, one of whom had in fact already left. Such leniency would only encourage further and still more blatant misconduct.

The first recommendation of the subcommittee therefore, is that the Department of State demand the recall of Chief Delegate Arkady Sobolev and First Secretary Konstantin Ekimov of the Soviet delegation to the United Nations.

If one thing in this revolting incident is perfectly clear, it is that the teams of Soviet agents who descended on the Russian seamen in Paterson and Clifton, N. J., and Manhattan in the afternoon and evening of Thursday, April 5, were acting, not as isolated groups of marauders, but as parts of a well-coordinated, centrally directed conspiracy. And it is perfectly plain that the coordinator and arch-conspirator was Arkady Sobolev.

In support of this conclusion, and as evidence of the brutal tactics employed, I cite the report of the subcommittee with respect to one seaman who successfully withstood the campaign to induce him to redefect—Viktor Solovyev:

"While he was in the George Washington Hotel in New York City, where he had been staying after a nose operation, and lying on his bed in the early afternoon of April 5, Solovyev was surprised by the incursion into his room of two Soviet citizens who flashed credentials which Solovyev believed to be those of the Soviet delegation to the United Nations. The two men bore letters purportedly written by Solovyev's mother, which Solovyev did not read but put on his table. He did this so that what was in the letters would not influence him in a decision which he felt was about to be imposed on him. Solovyev subsequently acknowledged that he was frightened by this visit. The men asked him to return home to the Soviet Union, and when he refused to do so, they asked that he go to the home of Arkady Sobolev, chief delegate of the Soviet Union to the United Nations, and discuss the thing with him. Solovyev's reply to the Soviets was:

"'You must know who I am, a political criminal, a so-called enemy of the people. I am young, just 20 years old. If I were 40 years old, I would return to Russia and stand another 20 years in prison, but I am young and I like it here and I would like to stay. I did not betray my mother. I like my mother, but if I returned I wouldn't see her anyway. I am not a betrayer of my people. I love my people even more than the American people. But I don't want to return.'

"While in the room, however, the two Soviet representatives, according to the sworn testimony of Solovyev, perpetrated an act of force and violence in that, when Solovyev walked into the washroom, they bolted the door of the hotel room. This act terrorized Solovyev and caused him to adopt a ruse to persuade them to depart. He told them that a representative of the Church World Service was due at the hotel at 2 o'clock and that therefore they had better leave at once—a statement which was not true but which succeeded in terminating the interview.

"Solovyev testified that the men called again, the next morning (April 6), this time on the telephone, and that he put them off by making an appointment to meet them at a fixed street corner. Instead of meeting them, however, he proceeded to his home in the suburbs, and notified Church World Service" (report, pp. 2-3).

Note that the first approach of the Soviet agents to Solovyev was made "in the early afternoon of April 5." Contemporaneously, other agents were descending upon Loukashkov—although we may never know the details of that encounter, for this seaman is now behind the Iron Curtain, having "redefected" to the Soviet Union.

Moreover, shortly before 5 o'clock on that same afternoon of April 5, two Soviet officials appeared in Paterson, N. J., for an unsolicited visit to the seamen Vaganov and Ryabenco, who lived there as the tenants of a Mr. and Mrs. Kowalew. The report of the subcommittee states:

"* * * When Mr. Kowalew visited the boy's house after the Russians had arrived, he noted that the boys were pale, frightened, and ill at ease. The Russians indicated to Kowalew that they did not care for his presence in the boys' living quarters. The boys made an effort to go out and buy something to drink and Kowalew, knowing that they had no money because they were to be paid the next day, offered to make the necessary purchase. The Russians, however, headed him off, and one of the Russians and Ryabenco went to a local liquor store and apparently bought 3 pint bottles of Smirnoff vodka and 7 bottles of beer. From that time on, no person friendly to the free world seems to have communicated with Vaganov and Ryabenco, except for income-tax authorities and immigration officials who had perfunctory meeting with the boys while they were shepherded by Soviet officials.

"Nor are there any witnesses to what transpired in the little house in Paterson that night; but when Mrs. Kowalew returned home shortly after midnight from her regular night employment, she noticed that the lights were still on in the little house. She noticed again at 3 o'clock and later that the lights were still on, and expressed concern to her husband that this was not right in view of the fact that the boys had to be at work early the next morning. She testified that her daughter, before going to school, saw the two boys and the Soviet representatives leaving the premises with suitcases. There were no other eyewitnesses to the event. However, the condition of the rooms when they were first entered by Kowalew on that morning of April 6 bore mute but revealing testimony to what must have transpired.

"There was wild disorder apparent at once. The rug in a bedroom was rumpled, a bed was pulled from its resting place, tables were out of position, the bedclothing itself was in wild disarray, there were photographs torn and scattered over the floor, phonograph records were smashed, and, most significant of all, there was a bloody shirt and undershirt which Kowalew testified had been worn by Ryabenco when the Russians arrived the night before. The Kowalews brought the shirt when they testified and turned it over to the committee. It bore a large hole over the right breast pocket that was very conspicuous. According to the Kowalews, both the shirt and the undershirt were bloodstained when they were found. Mrs. Kowalew had washed the shirt, intending to use it as a washrag after it had been abandoned by the boys" (report, p. 4).

Meanwhile, as the mirthless "party" was beginning in Paterson, yet another team of Soviet agents was at its work in Clifton, N. J. To quote the report again:

"* * * The Federal Bureau of Investigation learned on April 6 that Shirin, who worked in Clifton, N. J., was called out of his job at 6:30 p. m., on April 5 by two unknown men. He returned to his work, but the men returned again at 10 p. m. When he returned from this second interruption, he remarked: 'Why don't they let me alone?' Later, after work, he stopped at a tavern where he remarked to a friend that he was about to report the incident to the FBI. The friend urged him to do it the following morning (April 6). Shirin replied: 'Tomorrow may be too late. They have already taken one of my friends.' He then used the words 'Secret Police' and 'at the point of a gun.'

(The latter expression, according to the FBI informant, could have been figurative.)" (Report, p. 3.)

There were thus at the very least 2, and more probably 4, teams of Soviet agents operating in the New York-New Jersey area during the afternoon and evening of Thursday, April 5. The State Department itself has identified one of these teams—Aleksandr K. Guryanov and Nikolai Turkin, who engineered the somber little all-night "party" in Paterson. But what of the others? And what of Arkady Sobolev, to whose home Solovyev was invited, and whose hand so clearly moved these minor pieces around the board?

Sobolev's dominant role in this tragedy was made unmistakably clear on the afternoon of April 7, when the little group of 5 "redefecting" seamen appeared at Idlewild Airport to emplane for the Soviet Union. They arrived in the company of between 15 and 20 Soviet officials, who "completely surrounded" them. According to an independent observer, the man in charge of arrangements was Konstantin Ekimov, first secretary of the Soviet delegation to the United Nations, whom the subcommittee also recommends be recalled. But when the immigration officials sought to put a few perfunctory questions to the boys, it was Chief Delegate Sobolev who came forward and insisted on being present ("despite," as your Department has pointed out, "the presence of an accredited representative from the Soviet Embassy in Washington"). And it was Chief Delegate Sobolev who arbitrarily refused to let the five seamen answer a question of which he happened to disapprove.

In the light of that record, it is not difficult to understand why the Internal Security Subcommittee calls upon the Department of State to demand the recall of Arkady Sobolev and Konstantin Ekimov, or why it also recommends that Ambassador Lodge pursue and expand his protests to the United Nations.

Furthermore, the subcommittee believes that this episode makes it transparently obvious that the Soviet U. N. delegation is heavily saturated with agents of the Soviet Secret Police acting as such, and for this reason we call attention to the parallel danger implicit in the admission of Communist China to the United Nations, or its diplomatic recognition by this country. Instead, the subcommittee recommends that steps be taken to limit more effectively the movements and activities of the Communist "diplomats" already here.

This subcommittee feels strongly that the accounts on this episode should not be closed with the ouster of Guryanov and Turkin and a diplomatic reprimand to Sobolev. We await with grave interest the further steps of the Department of State.

Copies of this letter are being sent to Attorney General Herbert Brownell and Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge.

With every expression of esteem,
Sincerely yours,

JAMES O. EASTLAND,
Chairman, Internal Security Subcommittee.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, June 15, 1956.

Hon. JAMES O. EASTLAND,
United States Senate.

DEAR SENATOR EASTLAND: I thank you for sending me a copy of the unanimous report of the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Committee on the Judiciary of the United States Senate concerning the episode of the Russian seamen.

The Department understands and appreciates the spirit which has motivated the subcommittee in formulating its recommendation that additional measures be taken against the Soviet United Nations delegation to underscore the determination of this Government that abuses of this nature by Soviet officials in the United States will not be tolerated. It was in this spirit that the Department, by its note to the Soviet Embassy of April 25, 1956, protested the improper behavior in excess of normal functions of members of the Soviet delegation, requested the departure of one Soviet official, refused reentry to another, and asked that Ambassador Sobolev and his staff be instructed to adhere to their recognized functions. At the United Nations, Ambassador Lodge urged Secretary General Hammarskjold to use his influence to prevent further abuse of the hospitality of the United States by the Soviet representative.

At present the Department feels that the action already taken, supplemented by measures to assure that in the future persons returning to Eastern Europe

from the United States do so voluntarily, is appropriate and sufficient to the offense. Naturally, this position will be evaluated and, if desirable, revised in the light of subsequent experience.

For your information I am enclosing a copy of the Department's press release No. 217 of April 25, 1956, and of a pertinent release from the White House dated May 24, 1956.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN FOSTER DULLES.

JUNE 18, 1956.

Hon. JOHN FOSTER DULLES,
The Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY: Thank you for your letter of June 15, 1956, acknowledging receipt of a copy of the report of the Internal Security Subcommittee on the episode of the Russian seamen and indicating that the Department of State contemplates no further action in that connection at the present time.

On June 13, 1956, after I had sent my previous letter to you, the Internal Security Subcommittee received the testimony of an anonymous Russian emigree who has within recent weeks been subjected to the pressure tactics of two members of the Soviet delegation to the United Nations. The identity of these two men is known to the Internal Security Subcommittee and will be disclosed to the Department of State upon request.

The witness characterized their conduct as a subtle attempt at blackmail, and this description is eminently justified by an inspection of the transcript of the public testimony, a copy of which is enclosed herewith.

It hardly needs to be pointed out that these men are subordinates of the chief Soviet delegate, Arkady Sobolev, the coordinator of the conspiracy described in the episode of the Russian seamen. We call this additional testimony to your attention, in the hope that it may play its proper part in the determination of this Nation's policy.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES O. EASTLAND,
Chairman, Internal Security Subcommittee.

JUNE 20, 1956.

Hon. JOHN FOSTER DULLES,
The Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY: I send you this letter by way of supplementing my letter to you of June 18, 1956, wherein I state that the identity of the two subordinates of Arkady Sobolev is known to the Internal Security Subcommittee and would be disclosed to the Department of State upon request.

Inasmuch as a weekly magazine has now revealed the identity of these two Soviet officials as Rostislav Shapovalov and Aleksei Petukhov, I feel that you should have them at once. Rostislav Shapovalov is the Second Secretary of the Soviet Mission to the United Nations and Aleksei Petukhov is the United Nations Technical Assistance Program Director for Asia and the Far East.

Very sincerely,

JAMES O. EASTLAND,
Chairman, Internal Security Subcommittee.

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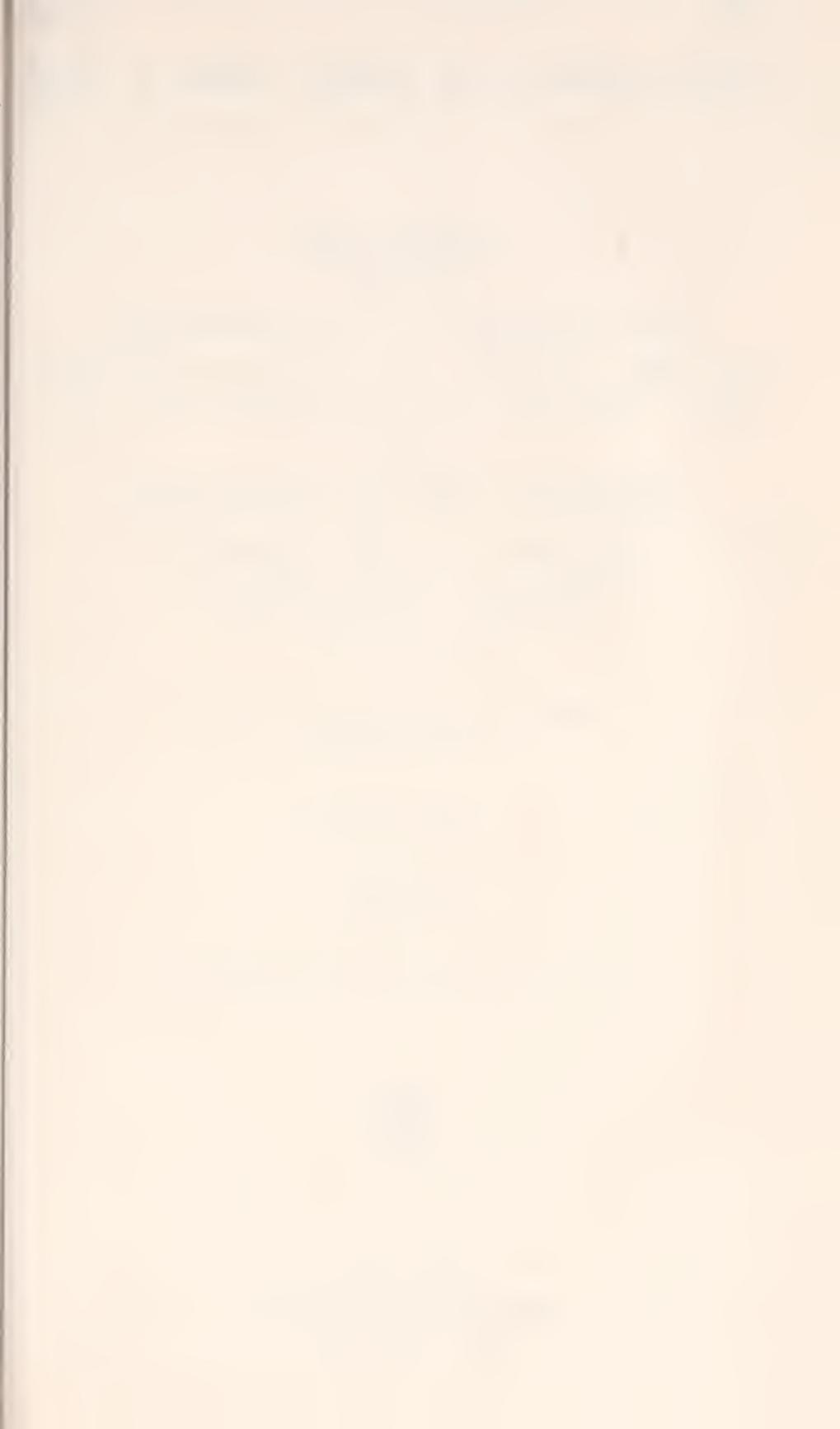
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SCOPE OF SOVIET ACTIVITY IN THE UNITED STATES

HEARING

BEFORE THE

SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE
ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY
ACT AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS
OF THE

COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY

UNITED STATES SENATE

EIGHTY-FOURTH CONGRESS

SECOND SESSION

ON

SCOPE OF SOVIET ACTIVITY IN THE
UNITED STATES

APRIL 26, 1956

PART 20

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BENJAMIN MANDEL, *Director of Research*

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SCOPE OF SOVIET ACTIVITY IN THE UNITED STATES

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1956

UNITED STATES SENATE,
SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE
ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY ACT
AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS,
OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY,
Washington, D. C.

The subcommittee met, pursuant to recess, at 11 a. m., in room 424, Senate Office Building, Senator Herman Welker presiding.

Present: Senator Welker.

Also present: Robert Morris, chief counsel; Benjamin Mandel, research director; and William A. Rusher, administrative counsel.

Senator WELKER. Mr. Gold, will you rise and be sworn?

Raise your right hand and be sworn. Do you solemnly swear the testimony you give before the subcommittee will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Mr. GOLD. I do.

TESTIMONY OF HARRY GOLD

Senator WELKER. Your name is Harry Gold?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, it is.

Senator WELKER. Where are you now residing?

Mr. GOLD. I am in Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa.

Senator WELKER. How long have you been there?

Mr. GOLD. I have been in prison for a total of 6 years; 5 at the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg.

Senator WELKER. And where were you sentenced to the Federal Penitentiary?

Mr. GOLD. I was sentenced in Philadelphia.

Senator WELKER. For a term of what length?

Mr. GOLD. Thirty years.

Senator WELKER. And what is your occupation or your duties at Federal Penitentiary other than being an inmate? Do you have any work that you do there?

Mr. GOLD. I work in the prison hospital.

Senator WELKER. The prison hospital.

Very well, counsel. Judge Morris, will you proceed?

Mr. MORRIS. Senator, this hearing is being held this morning in connection with the series of hearings being carried out by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and which have been conducted since February, in an effort to determine the nature and the scope of Soviet activity in the United States.

Yesterday, for instance, we had some details of how Soviet activity took place in the United States with a view toward causing 5 seamen who came to the United States to redefect and to go back to the Soviet Union.

I might say, Senator, incidentally, that we have verified overnight that—

Senator WELKER. May we have order in the hearing room, please? Those who do not want to remain quiet may retire.

Mr. MORRIS (continuing). That Constantin Ekimov, who, according to the testimony before the subcommittee, was the gentleman who organized the departure of the seamen, has been taking a course at New York University studying the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act. As I say, we ascertained that over the weekend, Senator.

Now, this morning Harry Gold, who has testified in executive session, is prepared to testify fully in response to all questions concerning this subject, and his testimony will involve Amtorg Trading Corp., the vice consul of the Soviet Union in New York, the Soviet delegation at the United Nations, and other official agencies of the Soviet Union in this country.

Mr. Gold, I wonder if you would tell us when you were born.

Mr. GOLD. I was born on December 12, 1912, in Bern, Switzerland.

Mr. MORRIS. Where were you born?

Mr. GOLD. In Bern, Switzerland.

Mr. MORRIS. Bern, Switzerland. When did you come to the United States?

Mr. GOLD. In 1914.

Mr. MORRIS. Through what port?

Mr. GOLD. Through the port of New York.

Mr. MORRIS. I see. And when did you become an American citizen?

Mr. GOLD. I became an American citizen about 1922. I was naturalized on my father's papers.

Mr. MORRIS. And where were you living in 1922?

Mr. GOLD. I was living in Philadelphia.

Mr. MORRIS. I wonder if you would give us a brief sketch for the committee of your educational training.

Mr. GOLD. I attended the public schools in Philadelphia and graduated from high school in 1928. I worked for 2 years and then took—entered the course in chemistry and chemical engineering at the University of Pennsylvania. I left there after 2 years, when I ran out of funds, during the depression. Subsequently, I took a course at Drexel Institute of Technology in Philadelphia, a course in chemical engineering, and obtained my diploma.

I also attended Xavier University of Cincinnati, Ohio, in the period from 1938 to 1940, and obtained my bachelor's degree there. In addition—

Mr. MORRIS. What degree?

Mr. GOLD. A bachelor of science in chemistry.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, I wonder if you would tell us, Mr. Gold, how you became involved in the first instance in Soviet espionage.

Mr. GOLD. My beginning—

Mr. MORRIS. I think, Mr. Gold—

Senator WELKER. Counsel, will you allow me to interrupt? May I ask him this question, which will be a little ahead of yours?

Mr. Gold, when did you first become a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. GOLD. I have never been a member of the Communist Party.

Senator WELKER. That is what I wanted to bring out. You were never what we call an open member of the Communist Party?

Mr. GOLD. I was never a member of the Communist Party and never had any desire to be one.

Senator WELKER. You never had any desire to be either an open or a secret member of the Communist Party?

Mr. GOLD. That is correct.

Senator WELKER. That is what I wanted to bring out, counsel. Pardon the interruption.

Mr. MORRIS. That is all right, Senator. And that is in furtherance of the evidence that has been developed during the present series of hearings. We have shown that very often people who are doing work for the Soviet Union here in the United States are not formally or informally, even, members of the Communist Party.

Senator WELKER. Very well. Proceed.

Mr. MORRIS. I wonder if you would give us, Mr. Gold, first, the concrete circumstances surrounding your introduction into espionage for the Soviet Union, and then I think you can develop, if you will for us, your state of mind at the time of your being introduced.

Mr. GOLD. Yes, I will. As I have stated before, I attended the University of Pennsylvania for 2 years and left there in 1932, about March of 1932, when I ran out of funds. I then returned to my old job at the Pennsylvania Sugar Co., but the position was only temporary. This was during the depression. And I was laid off about December of 1932.

I was without work for 5 or 6 weeks, and then I obtained a job in Jersey City. The job was obtained for me through two people. One was a chemist who worked for the Pennsylvania Sugar Co. by the name of Ferdinand Heller, Fred Heller. The man who actually obtained the job for me was one who worked, a man who worked for the Holbrook Manufacturing Co., by the name of Thomas L. Black.

I went to Jersey City in 1933, January of 1933, and I met Tom Black. I remember that night very well. The first thing that Black told me—

Mr. MORRIS. Now, you were now how old, Mr. Gold?

Mr. GOLD. In 1933, I was 22 years of age.

Mr. MORRIS. You had just gotten a job?

Mr. GOLD. Black had just gone to Jersey City to get this job, which was extremely vital. The very first thing that Black told me that morning—I got there about 1 o'clock in the morning—the very first thing he told me, he said, "You are a Socialist." He said, "Fred Heller has told me that." He said, "I am a Communist, and I am going to make a Communist out of you."

This was before he even told me anything about the job whatever.

He was working for the Holbrook Manufacturing Co., and he turned his job over to me. I was his successor. He had obtained another job, a much better job. And he tried for a period of some months, up to September, from January to September of 1933, to get me to join the Communist Party. I attended several meetings of the Communist

Party of New York—in Jersey City—and he tried to propagandize me in a variety of ways, but I just kept stalling. I had no interest in the matter whatsoever.

Mr. MORRIS. Nor the people themselves?

Mr. GOLD. Nor the people themselves.

I would just like to say one thing here. Just as in mythology, or rather unlike as in mythology, in the case of Cadmus when he planted the dragon teeth and the soldiers sprang up full grown and all armed and ready to fight, I didn't evolve in that way. There were events that happened over a period of 17 years, and it is a little difficult to compress them. But I don't want to take the time here.

I do think that this one point, however, should be brought out, and that was the matter that I was actually repelled by the people that I saw who belonged to the Communist Party.

There was a man by the name of Joe MacKenzie. He was a seaman, and he used to get into fights with these big policemen in Jersey City, and he always lost. He had practically no teeth. There was a Reap Farga who one evening—the whole thing got rather dreary; it got to be around 4 o'clock in the morning, and they were talking about Marxian dialectics, and they had completely lost me—he got tired of it, too, and he jumped up and he said, "To heck with this. Give me six good men and I will take Journal Square by storm."

These people appeared so unreliable, so completely foreign to me. I came from a poor neighborhood, but the people there were respectable. We could hold our heads up. These were a pretty seedy, shabby, and frowsy lot of characters. I had no respect for them, and I didn't want to be associated—frankly, I would have been ashamed of being seen with people like that. That was my reaction. So I didn't join the Communist Party.

In September of 1933, I returned to my old job at the Pennsylvania Sugar Co. The NRA had come in, the Blue Eagle—

Mr. MORRIS. This was the job that Black had given you?

Mr. GOLD. No. I had left Jersey City. I was glad to get away from Black and his constant importuning that I join the Communist Party.

I left my job in Jersey City and returned to my old job at the Pennsylvania Sugar Co.

Black, however, kept coming to see me, and I kept going to Jersey City, and in particular I went to New York City with Black to visit a friend of his called Vera Kane. And both Kane and Black continually kept propagandizing me to join the Communist Party in Philadelphia.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, what did Vera Black do?

Mr. GOLD. Vera Kane.

Mr. MORRIS. Vera Kane do?

Mr. GOLD. She just added to the continued pressure.

Mr. MORRIS. What was her occupation, I mean?

Mr. GOLD. Oh, Vera Kane worked for the firm of Fraser, Speir, Meyer & Kidder.

Mr. MORRIS. Was that a law firm?

Mr. GOLD. A legal—a law firm in New York City, down around Wall Street. I understood, at the time, that she was an attorney, but I believe that isn't quite so.

Mr. MORRIS. Proceed with the narrative.

Mr. GOLD. Yes.

However, around April of 1934, this propaganda stopped. Black came to me in Philadelphia and he said very frankly, he said, "Harry," he said, "You have been stalling me." He said, "You have been trying to get out of joining the Communist Party." He said, "And possibly I don't blame you." He said, "You know, we are scientific men, and maybe we don't belong in. But," he said, "there is something you can do. There is something that would be very helpful to the Soviet Union and something in which you can take pride." He said, "You can—the Pennsylvania Sugar Co. has processes, processes on industrial solvents. These are materials of the type which are used in various finishes and lacquers." And he said, "The people of the Soviet Union need these processes."

He said, "If you will obtain as many of them as you can in complete detail and give them to me," he said, "I will see to it that those processes are turned over to the Soviet Union and that they will be utilized."

And that is how I began it. It is a bald statement. I know that. And I said, you are trying to compress 17 years. But I got started. I have examined the reasons why I got started, and I believe that I got started for four basic reasons.

First of all—

Mr. MORRIS. Please tell us those.

Mr. GOLD. I owed Black a debt of gratitude. That job was not just a job. It was a job that kept our family off relief, and we had a very strong pride. The one thing we did not want and have never wanted was charity.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, who made up your family at the time?

Mr. GOLD. My father, my mother and my brother. My mother, in particular, was tremendously opposed to anything having to do with charity. And he saved us from that. That \$30 a week that I made in Jersey City—I brought \$20 of it home, and we not only lived on that, but we actually paid off debts; \$30 went a long way in those days.

So I owed this debt of gratitude to Black for this job he had obtained for me.

Secondly, I got out of the very disagreeable prospect of sometime having to join the Communist Party, also as payment for that debt of gratitude. I paid it now by what I was going to do.

The third thing is, I had a genuine sympathy for the people of the Soviet Union.

The fourth matter—and I think that this is important—is that somewhere in me, through the years—I don't know where I got it—but I got a basic disrespect, not so much disrespect, but I got so that I could ignore authority if I thought I was right. I was cocksure. I find that this is—I have seen it repeated in other people, particularly those who are in scientific fields. They get to know their own particular field. We get to know our own job, and most of us get to know it fairly well. And so we think that, "Well, if we are right in this, we are right in all our other decisions."

And so it didn't seem to me—it seemed to me that I had the perfect right to take this authority into my hands to give information which the Soviet Union had no right to. I simply arrogated this right to myself.

And I did it—I did it with some qualms, yes; but nevertheless I went ahead and I did it, and I increased my activities through the years.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, could you tell us, Mr. Gold, of the first acts of espionage that you performed on behalf of your Soviet conspirators?

Mr. GOLD. There were actually 2 or 3 phases to my spying activities for the Soviet Union.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, the first was industrial espionage, was it not?

Mr. GOLD. The first was industrial espionage.

Mr. MORRIS. And the second stage will be military espionage?

Mr. GOLD. The second stage will be military espionage, and the third, a very brief business, concerned some espionage in connection with Leon Trotsky, or followers of Leon Trotsky.

Mr. MORRIS. All right. Will you tell us of those episodes in succession, chronologically?

Mr. GOLD. Judge Morris, the question arises as to just how much detail.

Mr. MORRIS. Why don't you tell us, first, of your dealings with the first Soviet agent you were connected with?

Mr. GOLD. Yes.

Senator WELKER. In other words, we want the full details.

Mr. GOLD. Fine.

Mr. MORRIS. And then the Senator and I will indicate to you how much detail will be required for the purpose of this hearing.

Mr. GOLD. Thank you.

The first information that I gave, as I said, was turned over to Tom Black. It concerned these solvents. And then as the Pennsylvania Sugar Co. broadened its activities as regards its subsidiaries, we ran into several other actual plants that the firm was building, and we ran into the physical task of, how in the world were we going to copy the material so that it could be turned over to the Soviet Union? Because I was filching it. I was looting the files of the Pennsylvania Sugar Co., and the material had to be replaced, usually over night.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, what precisely did you do with it when you took it from the Pennsylvania Sugar Co.?

Mr. GOLD. What is that?

Mr. MORRIS. What precisely did you do with it?

Mr. GOLD. Oh, I made a copy of it. That is, I continued to make a copy until the task just got too big.

Mr. MORRIS. What kind of copy?

Mr. GOLD. If there were blueprints, I copied the blueprints. If they were written reports—

Mr. MORRIS. Did you duplicate the blueprints with pencil and ink?

Mr. GOLD. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. And then you would take those reproductions and turn them over to whom?

Mr. GOLD. I turned them over to Black.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you ask him what he did with them?

Mr. GOLD. Black told me that he was turning them over to a Russian.

Mr. MORRIS. Did he disclose to you the name of the Russian to whom he was turning over the copies?

Mr. GOLD. He did not.

Mr. MORRIS. How long did you take blueprints like this from the Pennsylvania Sugar Co.?

Mr. GOLD. I continued to do this for a period of well over a year, up until about November of 1935.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, with what frequency?

Mr. GOLD. With fair regularity. Every couple of months I turned over some materials to Tom Black.

Mr. MORRIS. All right. That was sort of the first stage of your career as someone working for the espionage people?

Mr. GOLD. That is right.

Mr. MORRIS. What was the next stage?

Mr. GOLD. The next stage concerned the problem we had of how we were going to copy this much larger mass of material and in desperation Tom and I turned to Vera Kane.

We met at her apartment in Greenwich Village one night, and she suggested to us there that possibly we could get the material copied at a firm called the Hudson Blueprint Co., down in the Wall Street area of New York City.

Well, the matter again arose of how were we going to pay for this copying? These blueprints were large. They were rolls like that [indicating]. The blueprints for a chemical plant can be exceedingly detailed. And there were reports, and they were thick, 50 or 60 pages apiece, and to pay for that—I was making a little over \$30 a week and Black about \$50—we just didn't have the funds.

Mr. MORRIS. How about the Russians to whom Black was turning this material over? Wouldn't they pay for it?

Mr. GOLD. That is what it came to; though such a thought had not been in my mind. All I knew at the beginning was that Black was turning it over to a Russian. I had no knowledge at that time of any particular setup or apparatus, but in November of 1935, Black came to me very jubilantly. He said, "Harry," he said, "all our troubles are over." He said, "now," he said, "we can get all the information we want copied. I've got a wonderful setup." He said, "Furthermore," he said, "we have got some very good news about some of the processes you sent to the Soviet Union."

He said, "They feel they are very happy with them. They've got them in operation. They're very pleased with them," he said, "and there is a Russian," he said, "who works for Amtorg who is going to arrange"—

Senator WELKER. Is Amtorg, A-m-t-o-r-g?

Mr. GOLD. A-m-t-o-r-g, the Amtorg Trading Corp. in New York City.

Mr. MORRIS. That was controlled by the Soviet Government, was it not?

Mr. GOLD. Yes.

He said, "There is a man who works for Amtorg who is very anxious to meet you." He said, "He is also the person who is going to arrange for photocopying any amount of material you want."

He said, "And he can photocopy it and return it to you very quickly."

And so I met my first Russian, Paul Smith.

Mr. MORRIS. That was not his right name, though, was it?

Mr. GOLD. That was not his right name. I never knew the right name of any of these men. I have since identified, let me see, Sergei, Fedosimov, Sarytchev, Semenov, 4 and possibly 5 of them. There were a total of some 7 or 8. I would have to enumerate them.

Mr. MORRIS. Senator, in the course of the testimony, Sarytchev and Fedosinev and the other gentlemen just mentioned by Mr. Gold, their role will unfold as the testimony progresses.

Senator WELKER. Very well.

Mr. MORRIS. Paul Smith's name you did not know, and you do not know it now?

Mr. GOLD. No. I was once told by Tom Black that his name might be Paul Peterson. He was a very accomplished man. He spoke several languages. I remember once in a restaurant, in Longchamps Restaurant, he spoke Danish to the waiter. He gave very much the impression of being a cosmopolitan, and I very definitely got the idea from Tom, some things that Tom said and some things that he noted, that this is the man who set up the industrial espionage apparatus in the United States.

Mr. MORRIS. And what you did know about him was that he worked for the Amtorg Trading Corp.?

Mr. GOLD. I do know that he worked for Amtorg, that I turned information over to him, huge amounts of it, and that he returned it all in a matter of hours, completely copied.

Mr. MORRIS. All right. Now, how did Black fit into this new contact you had made?

Mr. GOLD. The very night that I met Paul Smith, the following occurred:

We met near the Pennsylvania Station in New York City. We walked down the west side of Seventh Avenue, and this man had joined us. He was a short, stocky man.

Mr. MORRIS. The Russian?

Mr. GOLD. The Russian; blond, and he had rather oval features and a nose that flared somewhat at the bottom.

We walked along together without anything being said, and then the man mentioned very peremptorily to Black—he just sort of shoved him off with his hand and said something to the effect that Black could leave now, and Black did leave.

That left the two of us alone. Paul Smith told me a number of things that night. He said his name was Paul Smith—and that was nothing—but the first thing he told me was that I was never to see Black again, to have no contact with him whatsoever, unless I was specifically ordered to do so.

The second thing that he told me—these may not be in quite the order, but I do remember that business about no contact with Tom Black. That was the first thing.

The second thing that he told me was that he wanted information about various processes that the Pennsylvania Sugar had and for which plants were being built. And he said that all I would have to do is bring it to New York City, and that he would arrange to have it copied.

A third thing that he wanted was a complete account of my life and my background up to that time, and for that matter, the life of my parents. He wanted a complete background on me, and the significance of that didn't strike me 'til much later, because it is part of a pattern that kept recurring with other people.

The third thing that he said, or the fourth thing—let's see, now—was all the information—oh, yes. We made arrangements for meetings, detailed arrangements for meetings.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you briefly tell us about those details?

Mr. GOLD. These were not quite the manner in which it occurred with Paul Smith at the first meeting, but it is again part of a pattern which evolved. But the basis for it was set with Smith that night. And this is, in general, the manner in which the Soviet agents operated with me.

A meeting place would be set in a particular city, say Philadelphia or New York or Cincinnati or anyplace, with the Soviet agents. If there was information to be turned over that evening, if there was a prospect that information would be turned over that evening, then the meeting would be of the briefest duration, just for that.

Also, the meeting was set for a definite hour at a definite place. If neither of us were to show up, or if either of us were not to show up, then there was a second meeting, roughly a week later, but not for the same hour and not for the same place.

This was to be followed—supposing nothing happened at the second meeting. This was to be followed by a third meeting.

Mr. MORRIS. These are all providing for contingencies?

Mr. GOLD. These are all providing for contingencies, again at a different hour, again at a different place; 3 meetings in a row, and then we had a fourth meeting scheduled which was for an emergency, what we called our emergency setup.

This was at an entirely different place and with scheduled intervals of, say, a month or 2 months, and at a date that had been preset well in advance, and was for 1 purpose only, to find out if anything had happened to either of us.

Senator WELKER. Mr. Gold, at that time you realized, then, you were getting pretty deeply into the field of espionage, did you not?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, I did.

Senator WELKER. Did you hold back any at all, or did you go right ahead with the activities as prescribed by the Russians?

Mr. GOLD. I gave them the fullest benefits of my effort, except in 1 or 2 particular respects, which came up later. But at the time that I began, I gave them the best efforts that I had. I did it with some misgivings, it is true, but I worked for them. I worked very hard.

Senator WELKER. Harry, did you ever ask yourself this question:

“Why am I doing this against my country?”—

Mr. GOLD. I have—

Senator WELKER. At this particular phase of your espionage?

Mr. GOLD. At that particular phase, the beginning, the question of doing it against the United States had not arisen. It was more a question of strengthening the Soviet Union.

You see, this is also part of a pattern. I realized much later that these people operated with me in the very manner that a virtuoso would play a violin. They did a superb job on me, now that I come to think of it. They knew what would appeal to me and what I would be repelled by.

For instance, as we went along, I was not a paid agent, but I paid other people for their efforts, and they would continually commend me in very indirect fashion, of course, and would sort of low-rate the people who were accepting money from us.

You see, they knew that I would feel good if I were told that I am doing this merely because I have a genuine desire to do it. They knew that money in itself would not appeal to me at all.

Senator WELKER. Mr. Gold, would you say——

Mr. GOLD. They kept——

Senator WELKER (continuing). Say that I am correct in this conclusion, that, at that time, in the early part of your espionage, you actually had an inferiority complex? Could that be true?

Mr. GOLD. I don't think I have ever had what is called an inferiority complex. I have, I think, a lot of drive. I like to get things done. And I have a sort of one-track mind, that once I get started on something, I go right ahead to the finish of it. It takes quite something to stop me.

Senator WELKER. Would you say that the Russian knew, when he paid these compliments to you, that it would make you very happy?

Mr. GOLD. Yes. I said they did a superb psychological job on me, I didn't realize it at the time.

Senator WELKER. You had never had much happiness, I take it, in your life?

Mr. GOLD. No. I have been very happy.

Senator WELKER. You have?

Mr. GOLD. That is something I would like to hammer and nail down right now. There has been such an incredible mountain, or a whole mountain range, of trash that has appeared, anywhere from saying that I got into this because I was disappointed in love—well, I haven't been uniformly successful, but anyhow, I didn't get into it for that reason—through reasons that I felt inferior, and I wanted the adulation of people.

It would take literally months to refute all of it, and it is sheer balderdash.

Senator WELKER. That is exactly why I asked the question, Mr. Gold, so that you could clarify it in your own words without my leading or suggesting any answer to you.

Mr. GOLD. I said, I was cocksure. That was my only trouble. I was always sure I was doing the right thing.

I did have qualms. I knew this much. I was committing a crime. I was fully aware of the fact that I was committing a crime. I knew that. And where we lived in South Philadelphia, it was, as I said, a poor neighborhood, but criminal deeds were looked down on.

I couldn't kid myself. I was stealing. And to add to that, I was stealing from Dr. Gustav T. Reich, who was research director for the Pennsylvania Sugar Co. And Doc Reich, well, so to speak, he sort of raised me from a pup. I started to work in the lab, cleaning spitoons, and when I finally left the Pennsylvania Sugar Co., I think I was a capable chemist.

Reich taught me a lot and made a lot available to me. He raised me from the very beginning.

I was violating that man's confidence. I was going into his files. I had keys made so that I could go into his files, and I specifically requested night shift so that I could get into those files. I was stealing from a man who trusted me. And believe me, I had qualms. I wasn't happy about it. But it seemed to me that the greater overall good of the objective merited the means, or justified the means that I was using.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Gold, I wonder if you would tell us of your particular assignments under Paul Smith.

Mr. GOLD. Under Paul Smith, very briefly, I obtained information from the Pennsylvania Sugar Co. on processes which they had, processes for the manufacture of various chemicals.

Senator WELKER. All right. Then your next avenue of espionage?

Mr. MORRIS. How long did you work under Paul Smith?

Mr. GOLD. I worked under Paul Smith for less than a year, from November of 1935 to about July or August of 1936.

Mr. MORRIS. All right. Then what was your next assignment after that?

Mr. GOLD. My next assignment was to work with a man whom I knew as Steve Schwartz. That was not his right name. Where Smith was of medium height, this man was very large. He weighed maybe 220 pounds and was possibly 6 foot 2 or 3. He was very well built and very handsome, and a little bit of a dude. He even wore spats, but he was too big for anyone to tell him about it. And I continued with him, in giving him information that the Pennsylvania Sugar Co. had, but after a while we began to run out of information. Pennsylvania Sugar only had so much, and I had been very diligent, as I said, and we had looted them pretty completely. And Paul Smith, or rather Steve Schwartz, then began to suggest that possibly I find other work. But he was not very persistent in this, and it was possibly because of this lack of persistence that I was turned over, around either late in 1937 or early in 1938, to a man whom I knew by the name of Fred, only as Fred. I have never been able to identify this man. I do know this about him. He was small, about my height, possibly a little taller. He was dark, had dark eyes and a mustache.

Mr. MORRIS. May I break in there, Mr. Gold?

Mr. GOLD. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Is it your understanding that Schwartz also worked with Amtorg, Steve Schwartz?

Mr. GOLD. I am not quite sure where he worked. I think it was at Amtorg, and I do know that he went to a number of social functions around New York City. In what capacity for the Russian Government, I don't know, because I do remember this one meeting. He told me he had just come from a cocktail party. I gathered that it was not exclusively an all-Russian cocktail party. There were evidently Americans and others there.

Mr. MORRIS. But Fred, you haven't any idea where Fred worked?

Mr. GOLD. Fred worked for Amtorg.

Mr. MORRIS. Oh, Fred worked for Amtorg, too?

Mr. GOLD. Fred worked for Amtorg. He told me that.

Mr. MORRIS. But you do not know his last name?

Mr. GOLD. I don't know his last name, but I do know this. He was the only one of all the Russians with whom I worked with whom I never got along. He was extremely arbitrary. He was very dictatorial, and to him I was just an instrument set to do a certain job, and when I didn't do the job, or didn't accomplish the job or stalled about it, then he got very angry with me, and he really let me know about it, in no uncertain terms.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, while you were working with Fred, were you still at the Pennsylvania Sugar Co.?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, I was.

Mr. MORRIS. And during the whole period of your work with him, you were at the Pennsylvania Sugar Co.?

Mr. GOLD. That is right.

Mr. MORRIS. And then you were ultimately assigned to another agent, were you not?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, I was.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us the next agent with whom you worked?

Mr. GOLD. Well, there was a little—there were a couple of events that took place in between which will keep the entire matter from getting too episodic. The first was that after I had ceased turning information over to Fred, because there was none to give him, he started this business of, possibly I ought to get another job. No "possibly" with Fred, however. He insisted that I leave the Pennsylvania Sugar Co. and get another job, and he told me where to get the job or where to try. He wanted the Philadelphia Navy Yard or the Baldwin Locomotive Works or any firm, any organization, which manufactured military material.

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, he was giving you the direction toward what job to take, but you were to take the initiative yourself and get the job?

Mr. GOLD. Yes. I had to get the job. He couldn't get it for me. But he was giving me very direct orders. These weren't suggestions.

Mr. MORRIS. All right. Now, what job did you get?

Mr. GOLD. The one job that I got that was sort of a stopgap was this business of following, of keeping tabs on certain people who were supposed to be adherents of Trotsky, Leon Trotsky.

Mr. MORRIS. That came in at this phase of your career?

Mr. GOLD. That came in right at this phase.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us about that, Mr. Gold?

Mr. GOLD. Well, it is very brief. On two occasions I was told to check on men who, I was told, were followers of Leon Trotsky. One was a man called Karl Buchman, who lived on Walnut Street, around 20th or 22d and Walnut in Philadelphia, who was a musician, although I didn't know it at that time, and more particularly, a music teacher. I have since been told that Buchman had a little greater stature than I imagined, that he was very well known among musicians as a professional tutor, a tutor to musicians, you see, and that he traveled extensively on the Continent. The impression that I got from Fred was that he was a follower of Trotsky, and all that he wanted me to do was to phone Buchman at his home at certain stated intervals and find out whether Buchman was there. That was my only job. So I carried it out.

The other was to check on a man who had a drugstore in North Philadelphia. I was simply to walk in there and buy several items and look the place over, and in particular I was told to find out when the man closed the store in the evening, if he closed it at any stated, regular time. I carried that to him.

This is all part of something else, of a much wider business in connection with Leon Trotsky, because during the period from 1937-38 to 1950, I met with Tom Black. I met him at irregular intervals, but I still continued to see him, in direct defiance of the orders I was given by the Russians. I didn't always follow them out slavishly. I met with Tom Black, and Black told me at that time that he had canceled all of his industrial espionage activities, and that he was devoting himself to one thing, and that was trying to worm his way into the

confidence of followers of Leon Trotsky and to report back to the Soviet Union.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, was your assignment directly related to the assignment that Black described to you?

Mr. GOLD. It was directly related to it, except that it was just a couple of incidents.

Mr. MORRIS. And you can testify only to the incidents?

Mr. GOLD. That is all I know.

Mr. MORRIS. And you do not know the overall purpose of your Soviet superiors in asking you to do this?

Mr. GOLD. All I can do is guess, and I would much rather not guess. It was pretty obvious, though, from what Black told me. They were going to kill Trotsky, and they were trying to get set up to do it.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, this, however, Mr. Gold, this period was an interim period—

Mr. GOLD. That is right.

Mr. MORRIS. Between your work, between phases of your work in industrial espionage, or was this the preface now to military espionage?

Mr. GOLD. This was the preface to military espionage.

Senator WELKER. I want to interrupt, counsel.

From what Black told you, that they were actually conspiring or agreeing to kill Trotsky, did that have any effect upon you, Mr. Gold?

Mr. GOLD. I wasn't happy with it.

Senator WELKER. You were not happy with them?

Mr. GOLD. I wasn't happy with it. I don't think any executioner is ever happy no matter how small his part.

Senator WELKER. Why did you go so far as to carry out a little leg work for something that might result in the death of a fellow human being?

Mr. GOLD. Well, here is what happened over a period of years. I got sick. I think it was part of this overall pattern of which I spoke before. We started off in a very innocuous fashion. What, after all, are chemical solvents? We started off in a very innocuous fashion, a very innocent fashion. But then, step by step, they advanced the tempo, they advanced the level on which we worked, or rather, they degraded the level on which we worked, because it is not a matter of going up or down. And you got used to it. It got to be a way of life with me.

It was a dreary, monotonous drudgery. If anyone has any idea that there is anything glamorous or exciting about this, let them be disabused of it right now. It is nothing but dreary drudgery. You work for years trying to get information. Sometimes you are unsuccessful. You spend long hours waiting on street corners. The success, the amount of success actually in the work is very small in proportion to the effort you put into it. And what became even more important, I was gradually losing my identity and my desire to be an individual. I was becoming someone who could be told what to do and who would do it.

Senator WELKER. In other words, you were in so deep you could not back out; is that correct?

Mr. GOLD. It was not a matter of backing out. It was a matter that I had become conditioned so—

Senator WELKER. You did not want to back out?

Mr. GOLD (continuing). That I didn't want to back out. I was set in this way. Even if I wanted, I was set in this way. It was a way of life with me.

Senator WELKER. It got to be a way of life with you?

Mr. GOLD. Yes.

Senator WELKER. Very well.

Proceed, counsel.

Mr. GOLD. A way of life in which I was actually depriving myself of normal things, things that I wanted.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Gold, before we get away from this phase of industrial espionage, I wonder if you will mention for the record a few of the more notable things that you purloined from the industrial companies for which you worked.

Mr. GOLD. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. I know you are a chemist, Mr. Gold. Try to give it in a descriptive way rather than give us the precise chemical formulas.

Mr. GOLD. I obtained formulas, or rather processes, chemical processes for the manufacture of these various solvents, materials such as diethyloxylate, butylethyloxylate, and in particular a material called ethyl chloride, which is used as a local anesthetic.

But the point is this. It is not so much what I obtained as why I was told to obtain it, why I was told that it was necessary to obtain it, that really matters. You see, when I first—

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us about that?

Mr. GOLD. When I first met Paul Smith at this first meeting, he told me the following. He said that—I questioned him why—at that time I was at the point where I could question. Later on I got so that I just obeyed. But at that point I could question, and I asked him, "Why couldn't they go ahead and buy these processes from various firms? Wouldn't it be a good deal more simple than all this roundabout way of obtaining the information?"

He said, "Well, you've got to understand this." He said, "When we approach a firm," he said, "either they don't like the Soviet Union or," he said, "they won't sell to us, or," he said, "if they will sell the process to us," he said, "they will only sell us the product. They won't sell us the actual process."

He said, "Or if they will sell the process to us," he said, "they set an exorbitantly high price, so that we feel we are being swindled."

He said, "Or even if the price is reasonable in some cases," he said, "we get it over there and we find out the process doesn't work."

He said, "It has been sabotaged again by someone who didn't like us." He said, "Now," he said, "we have you." He said, "You go and get the process as it is worked." He said, "You are a chemist and a chemical engineer." He said, "You tell us exactly; give us the complete details of the process as it is worked in the United States."

And I found that they were very, very slavishly addicted to processes as they worked, as they were in actual operation. In fact, they told me, if a process is good enough to make profit in competition in the United States, "then that is what we want."

Mr. MORRIS. They were not particularly interested in the theoretical formulas?

Mr. GOLD. They weren't interested. They were interested in building up. They told me they had much rather—on several occasions, I proposed processes which were only in the developmental stage, but

which were far superior to existing processes—they told me then that they didn't want them.

They said, "We would much rather have a process that works at 80 percent efficiency, but which makes profit for the man who runs it, than one which works at 99 percent efficiency but which is merely in the theoretical stage. We want things which work."

And that is what I got for them, processes which worked, so that they could duplicate them and set them up in the Soviet Union.

Mr. MORRIS. All right.

Will you tell us of your transition into the stage where you performed military espionage?

Mr. GOLD. That began in 1938, when I was ordered by Fred—

Mr. MORRIS. Fred was an employee of Amtorg Trading Corp.?

Mr. GOLD. Yes. I was ordered by Fred to locate in Cincinnati, Ohio, and to attend the University of Cincinnati, partly for the reason that they wanted me to obtain my degree, which I didn't have. I just had a diploma in chemical engineering. But the principal purpose was to obtain information from what I was told was an important Government official there.

This was a man whom I came to know as Ben Smilg.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you spell that, please, for the record?

Mr. GOLD. Yes; B-e-n, the name Ben, Benjamin; Smilg, S-m-i-l-g.

Now, I tried for 2 years unsuccessfully to obtain information from Smilg, and he was adamant. He just refused to give me anything. In fact, at first he refused to acknowledge the fact or recognize that I had been sent to obtain information from him. And I never obtained one scrap of information from Smilg.

This culminated in an actual attempt at blackmail. I said, we started off in a very innocent fashion, and we went down—in an actual attempt at blackmail, when I was given copies of receipts which Smilg had submitted for money he had been paid, allegedly for tutoring, but there were substantial sums, up around \$300 or \$400 apiece, plus copies of reports. It took a couple of weeks to get these copies. So I believe they probably came from the Soviet Union. They weren't available here in the United States. But they had saved them. And this is again part of this pattern of which I spoke, because in some of the Smilg business, these people helped Smilg through the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was—

Mr. MORRIS. His Soviet superiors aided him?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, these people. They helped Smilg. He had a scholarship, but they helped him through MIT, because his family had no income at that time. Then they demanded payment for it. The payment was to be information from Wright Field, the air developing center at Dayton, Ohio.

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, that was the quid pro quo?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, and I was the one who was sent to collect that payment. It was a long buildup. Smilg went to MIT somewhere in the early thirties. I didn't get out to Cincinnati until 1938. I stayed out there for 2 years, unsuccessfully. I said this work was a weary drudgery at times.

But the point is that they thought—they built work with a very long-range plan in mind, and again, part of this pattern of which I spoke was this matter of a buildup for the big kill.

In my case, it came with Klaus Fuchs. In the case of Ben Smilg—but he resisted—in the case of Ben Smilg, it was to be at Wright Field. They were perfectly prepared and content to wait years. I don't think they anticipated that I would ever meet Fuchs. But they did prepare me so that I was a very—well, I will brag a little and say it—I was very accomplished at my secondary trade. I knew about—

Senator WELKER. How were you first notified about Klaus Fuchs?

Mr. GOLD. I was first told about Klaus Fuchs in late December of 1944—no, 1943, let me get the date exactly straight. Right. Late December of 1943 or in January of 1944.

Senator WELKER. Who told you about him?

Mr. GOLD. I was told about Fuchs by a man I know only as Sam. Sam was the Soviet espionage agent with whom I had the most contact. My contact with most of them was really relatively brief, not much over a year or a year and a half. I worked with Sam for a period of 4 years, almost, which was a little unusual.

He was the most American of all of the Soviet agents. That is, in New York City he would very well pass for a native New Yorker. His accent, if you listened to it, was a little off.

Mr. MORRIS. That was Semenov, was it not?

Mr. GOLD. I have since identified this man as Semen Markovich Semenov.

Mr. MORRIS. Spelled S-e-m-e-n-o-v?

Mr. GOLD. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. Did he also work for Amtorg?

Mr. GOLD. He not only worked for Amtorg. He was by profession a mechanical engineer, and he actually bought, legitimately, equipment, particularly oil refinery equipment, from large firms.

I remember at one time he told me of meeting the late Mr. Pew, Joseph Pew, I believe, in Philadelphia, in connection with signing a contract for cracking equipment to be sent to the Soviet Union. This was in 1943. And he said, "I hate to admit it"—a little grudgingly—but he said, "He has a very regal manner about him."

Semenov was the one with whom I got along best and the one whom I knew the most intimately and the one who eventually led to my introduction to Klaus Fuchs.

Senator WELKER. All right. Tell us about your meeting with Klaus Fuchs.

Mr. GOLD. At that time, in late 1943, I was trying to get information from two people, Alfred Dean Slack, who was at that time located at the Holtsland Ordnance Works at Kingsport, Tenn., and had previously worked for—that was a subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Co.—he had worked for the Eastman Kodak Co. in Rochester—and Abe Brothman, in New York City.

At that time I met with Semenov, and he told me to completely drop these two contacts, to have absolutely nothing to do with them.

He said, "Forget them. Forget everything you ever knew about them. You are never to see them or meet them or have anything to do with them again."

He said, "Something has come up," he said, "and it is so big and so tremendous," he said, "that you have got to exert your complete efforts to carrying it through successfully."

He said, "You have got to concentrate on it completely." He said, "Before you make a single move," he said, "in connection with this," he said, "you are to think, think twice, think three times."

He said, "You cannot make any mistakes in connection with this."

He said, "It must be carried through."

Mr. MORRIS. Tell us what happened.

Mr. GOLD. And in fact, he even asked me—and maybe this was again part of playing me like a violin—he asked me, Did I wish to accept this assignment? I had never been asked before. I had been told what to do. He said it was extremely dangerous.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, how was the assignment described to you? As a dangerous one?

Mr. GOLD. He told me it was dangerous.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, what else did he say about the assignment?

Mr. GOLD. He told me there was a man recently come to this country from England. He said he was going to work with a group of American scientists in the New York City area, that this man would have information on the construction of a new type of weapon. I don't think he called it an atom bomb, but he did say it was a new type of weapon, a completely new and devastating type of weapon, and that I would meet with this man and would obtain information from him.

It was when I met Klaus Fuchs that he explained to me just what the weapon was.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, when did you meet Klaus Fuchs?

Mr. GOLD. I met Klaus Fuchs shortly thereafter. It was in either late January or early February of 1944.

Mr. MORRIS. Tell us the circumstances.

Mr. GOLD. It was near the Henry Street Settlement, on the East Side.

Mr. MORRIS. Who arranged the meeting?

Mr. GOLD. The meeting was arranged by Semenov. That is he gave me details on where to go.

Mr. MORRIS. Suppose you tell us precisely what instructions you received in connection with meeting Fuchs.

Mr. GOLD. I was to carry an extra pair of gloves—it was cold, you see, and—

Mr. MORRIS. You were to carry an extra pair of gloves?

Mr. GOLD. An extra pair of gloves. I was wearing one glove, and I was to carry an extra pair in one hand. In addition to that, there was a book involved, I believe, which I was carrying. The man whom I was to meet was to carry a tennis ball, in January, on the New York City streets.

The place had been very well chosen. I often thought, I said, whoever chose that place did a good job. I don't know if it was Semenov, but whoever did it chose it well. It was in an area where a lot of tenements were being torn down and replaced by housing projects. It was near this Henry Street Settlement but the settlement was closed. There was an empty playground across there.

Mr. MORRIS. That was the meeting in 1944?

Mr. GOLD. That is right. In fact, there was a big fence across the street surrounding an excavation where a building was to be put up. Well, there was no one on the street. It was beautifully deserted. It

was ideal. I mean, no one would think anything of two people walking toward each other.

Mr. MORRIS. One with an extra pair of gloves and one with a tennis ball?

Mr. GOLD. One with a tennis ball.

I met Fuchs. We had dinner that evening, something at which he later demurred, because he said it wasn't customary practice. I realized that I had made a mistake, and I also realized—

Senator WELKER. Let us go back just a little bit.

Mr. GOLD. Yes, sir.

Senator WELKER. Perhaps I missed this. Who was the man carrying the tennis ball?

Mr. GOLD. Fuchs carried the tennis ball.

Senator WELKER. You met, then, with your extra pair of gloves, and Fuchs had a tennis ball?

Mr. GOLD. Yes.

Senator WELKER. Did any conversation happen after you saw the man you were supposed to meet?

Mr. GOLD. There may have been a recognition signal as far as conversation went.

Senator WELKER. Then what did you do. Did you go to eat?

Mr. GOLD. Then we went and had dinner, yes.

Senator WELKER. Where did you go for dinner?

Mr. GOLD. We went to Manny Wolff's restaurant. I remember that. It is a steak house up on Second or Third Avenue in New York City, in the high forties.

Mr. MORRIS. It is Third Avenue and 49th Street, isn't it?

Mr. GOLD. Is that where it is?

Mr. MORRIS. Third Avenue and 49th Street.

Mr. GOLD. I could find it if it is still there.

Mr. MORRIS. And what happened at that dinner?

Mr. GOLD. We didn't do very much talking at dinner, except for the fact that Fuchs rebuked me, in a way, and said that it was not too good an idea to meet in restaurants.

And I realized that he was right.

Senator WELKER. Did you suggest that you meet in a restaurant, Mr. Gold?

Mr. GOLD. No. I had suggested going to this restaurant.

Senator WELKER. I see.

Mr. GOLD. Or rather I had taken him there. I hadn't actually suggested it.

Senator WELKER. Now, he told you that was a bad place to meet, in a restaurant?

Mr. GOLD. In a restaurant. And after a little speaking with him, I realized that this man had been involved in espionage, himself, before.

Mr. MORRIS. You mean, he told you that?

Mr. GOLD. He knew his way around. He could pick out flaws in my own technique.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, did he tell you what his project was and what your role in that was to be?

Mr. GOLD. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Would you tell us what he said to you and what you said to him under those circumstances?

Mr. GOLD. I can only give the gist of the thing. What it amounted to was, he told me he was working around the Wall Street area with a group of American scientists. He may have also mentioned that he was working around Columbia University, but I don't recall that now.

It is so vague in my mind. I do remember saying that he worked down in that area. He gave me the names of some of the people he was working with, prominent people, who were in what I later found out was the Manhattan project. I think he told me it went by the name of the Manhattan project.

He gave me, as far as he knew verbally, the general overall picture of the setup, and told me that when he next met me, he would give me a complete written account of just who was working on the project and the general physical makeup of it, just how far it had progressed.

As much as he could possibly obtain and find out, he was going to put on paper.

And at this next meeting with him in New York City, I did obtain this information.

Mr. MORRIS. How did you obtain that information?

Mr. GOLD. It was merely handed to me in a large, oh, like this legal paper here, all folded up and in a very large bundle.

Mr. MORRIS. I wonder, Mr. Gold, if you would give us the concrete circumstances—

Mr. GOLD (continuing). So that it could fit into an inside coat pocket.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us the concrete circumstances surrounding your obtaining that? Whom did you obtain it from? How did you meet the person from whom you obtained it?

Mr. GOLD. On the nights, because it was almost always in the evening, the nights when I obtained information from Fuchs, we worked, as I think, as smoothly as possible.

For instance, on one occasion he was walking down Lexington Avenue, going north. I came up behind him. He was walking deliberately at a slow rate. We both turned together into a side street. Or was it Park Avenue? I guess it would be Park Avenue, because we turned off on Fifth Avenue, yes.

We turned into a side street leading toward Fifth Avenue. He passed the information to me. There was no one on that side street. It was, we will say, around 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening, and still pretty cold.

We separated, he went one way; I went another way. Ten or fifteen minutes later, I met a Russian for about 10 or 15 seconds. I turned the information over to him, also on a side street, and again I went my way.

Mr. MORRIS. Was that second meeting by prearrangement?

Mr. GOLD. That was also by prearrangement.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us how that second meeting was prearranged?

Mr. GOLD. That was prearranged—you see, I would meet the Russian and give a complete account—this was also part of a pattern—whenever I met with a primary source of information—

Mr. MORRIS. That was Fuchs in this case?

Mr. GOLD. Fuchs, in this case. But it applied to others. Whenever I met him, whether I was successful or not, I gave a complete account of what occurred. I gave it in a double fashion.

First I wrote a report which I turned over at the following meeting, and then, as in all cases when reports were turned over, there wasn't much conversation. We would separate so that there would be no danger of someone intercepting it. Then there would be a subsequent meeting at which I would give an oral account of what had been in the report so that we could discuss it and discuss any change in the procedure or tactics, and then to arrange—then there would be a meeting after that, possibly, to arrange for a further pickup of information to be turned over to me.

Mr. MORRIS. You were still working for Semenov; is that right?

Mr. GOLD. I was still working for Semenov. But at the time—no. This must be made clear. I never turned any information on atomic energy or any atom bomb over to Semenov. I turned that information over to a man by the name—whom I knew as John.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, who was John?

Mr. GOLD. John was a man that I have since identified as Anatoli Antonovich Yakovlev.

Mr. MORRIS. Do you spell Yakovlev, Y-a-k-o-v-l-e-v?

Mr. GOLD. Y-a-k-o-v-l-e-v.

Mr. MORRIS. Anatoli Yakovlev?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, Anatoli Yakovlev.

Mr. MORRIS. What was Yakovlev's assignment?

Mr. GOLD. I had thought all the time that I worked with him that he, too, worked for Amtorg, because so many of the others had worked for Amtorg. I have since been told by the FBI, when I identified him, they said, "Did you know that this man was vice consul in New York?"

I did not, not at the time that I met him.

Mr. MORRIS. Vice consul of the Soviet Embassy in New York?¹

Mr. GOLD. That is right. At the beginning of the time I met him, as I understand, I did not understand he was vice consul, but while I was meeting with him regularly, he became vice consul.

Mr. MORRIS. And you say this Mr. Yakovlev, the man who also became vice consul of the Embassy, that he was the individual to whom you turned over the secrets that you obtained in a clandestine manner from Klaus Fuchs?

Mr. GOLD. That is right. All of them went to Yakovlev.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, I wonder if you would tell us for our record, Mr. Gold, how one of these meetings would be prearranged. Now, did Semenov make the prearrangements?

Mr. GOLD. The meetings were usually—they usually took the initiative, but on some occasions, when I thought they had made a poor choice of locale or something like that, I would make suggestions, and we might change it. Usually the meeting times—also, there was a matter of availability. You see, I was working full time. I was working at my job as a chemist for the Pennsylvania Sugar Co., and it was a job that took all of my time. And I deliberately worked overtime for the Pennsylvania Sugar Co. so that if I should ever have to be off during the week, the middle of the week, or have to go on any trips, in regard to any espionage that I did, there would be no questions asked.

¹ Yakovlev was listed as vice consul in New York before 1950 (New York Times, June 16, 1950, p. 1). The Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress advised the subcommittee that Yakovlev had left the country by 1950, and that a check of diplomatic lists of 1947, 1948, and 1949 for Yakovlev's name did not show him listed as vice consul in any of those years.

It would just be that "Harry Gold is feeling tired; he worked for a couple of days in a row, now, 17 or 20 hours a day, and he is tired and is taking a couple of days off."

I deliberately set it up that way. I took my whole life and I didn't realize at the time I was taking my whole personality, my entire soul, and I was turning it over to these people. I didn't realize how far it was getting.

Mr. MORRIS. Well, now, I wonder again, to get back to it, Mr. Gold, did Semenov tell you of the hour and the place of the meeting?

Mr. GOLD. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. And did he tell you that Yakovlev, the man you knew as John, would be approaching in the opposite direction from which Fuchs was approaching?

Mr. GOLD. No. You, see, I met—I was introduced to Yakovlev by Semenov. That was the last time that I saw Semenov, you see, and Fuchs himself never knew Yakovlev, never knew of Yakovlev's existence. One of reasons, or I imagine the reason I was told never to see Tom Black again, was, they liked everyone to work in very tightly closed compartments, so that if any one individual were picked up, the chain would be broken right there. I could carry it no further.

You see, I didn't know these individuals; I didn't know who they were or where they lived. I only knew that they were Russians.

Mr. MORRIS. And did you know that the information that Fuchs was giving you came from the Manhattan project?

Mr. GOLD. Yes; I did.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, on how many occasions did you meet with Fuchs under those circumstances?

Mr. GOLD. I met Fuchs about, oh, I would say, at least 6 or 7 times in New York City, that is, in the area of New York City. There was 1 meeting in the Bronx and there were at least 1 or 2 in Queens.

Mr. MORRIS. Was there a meeting anywhere else?

Mr. GOLD. One in Brooklyn.

Mr. MORRIS. Were there any meetings other than in New York City?

Mr. GOLD. Yes. About July or August—July, I would say—of 1944, Fuchs did not show up for a meeting in front of the Museum of Art, the Brooklyn Museum, on Eastern Parkway. And I lost complete contact with him and did not pick it up until almost—did not see him again until almost—a year later in Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Senator WELKER. Now, we are going to suspend for just a moment. All those desiring to leave for lunch, will they do so now, so that they will not disrupt the proceedings? There are other people outside wanting to come in, and anyone desiring to leave can do so now.

(Short recess.)

Senator WELKER. We will have order, please. You proceed, counsel.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Gold, did—

Senator WELKER. Just a moment.

Very well, now. Let us have quiet in the hearing room. Proceed at once, please. Photographers, if you have finished your work, please stand aside.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you have any understanding of the nature of the information that Fuchs was giving you to be turned over to Yakovlev?

Mr. GOLD. Only as a chemist, I had a very vague knowledge of the subject of nuclear fission. I mean, I knew some of the fundamentals

connected with it, or at least what the objective was. But I am no nuclear physicist. But I knew the potentialities of it.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, did you meet with Fuchs anywhere outside of New York City?

Mr. GOLD. Yes. I met Fuchs, Klaus Fuchs in Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, this is other than the 6 or 7 meetings that you described in New York City?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, at least 6 or 7.

Mr. MORRIS. What were the circumstances of your meeting in Cambridge?

Mr. GOLD. I met him in Cambridge at a rather complicated pre-arranged affair. You see, I lost contact with him in about July of 1944. Eventually, Yakovlev obtained for me—and I tried to find out where he had gone. I even took the risk of going to Fuchs' apartment at 128 West 77th Street, and inquired of the superintendent where he had gone. And I just lost complete contact with him. I knew I was taking a risk trying to go there, because I didn't know who might be watching the place.

Finally, Yakovlev obtained for me the name of Fuchs' sister. She had come into the matter once before. Mrs. Heinemann, Mrs. Crystal Heinemann.

Mr. MORRIS. How had she come into the matter?

Mr. GOLD. She had come into the matter as part of the general pattern of which I spoke. On one occasion, Fuchs spoke to me after we had met several times, and he told me that his sister was also living in the United States in Cambridge with her husband, and that there was a possibility that these two might separate, and he asked for permission—asked for permission, or rather asked me to ask for permission for him—that if his sister came to New York City, that they could live together, that is, so that he could be with his sister. He was very fond of her and thought she might be upset by a serious emotional break of that nature.

Mr. MORRIS. And he had to obtain permission for that from Semenov?

Mr. GOLD. Yes. He had to obtain permission, or felt he had to obtain permission.

Mr. MORRIS. From whom?

Mr. GOLD. The permission was to be obtained from a Russian, Yakovlev, specifically.

Mr. MORRIS. From Yakovlev, specifically?

Mr. GOLD. But again, not Yakovlev, specifically, because I gathered during the years that I worked, the 11 very active years that I worked for the Russians—I gathered that decisions were not made on a one-man level or by one man, particularly decisions as to the evaluation of a person's character or his potentialities as a source of information, that they were not made by one man, that they were made by a committee or a board who received these psychological evaluations that I spoke of before, the one that I handed in the very first night that I met a Russian in 1935.

Mr. MORRIS. In other words—

Mr. GOLD. He asked me for my complete background.

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, this committee that you described wanted to know all factors about your personality and the personality of the other agents?

Mr. GOLD. Yes. It was a personality evaluation, a psychological evaluation, which resulted in a precise method of dealing with an individual so as to get him to furnish the maximum amount of information. That was the purpose.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, will you proceed then? Was permission obtained by Fuchs?

Mr. GOLD. Permission was obtained by Fuchs.

Mr. MORRIS. And you never met Mrs. Heinemann?

Mr. GOLD. No. Apparently it was patched up, and she never came to New York City.

Mr. MORRIS. It was a contingent permission?

Mr. GOLD. It was a contingent permission.

Mr. MORRIS. And the matrimonial difficulties were patched up and there was no need of that permission?

Mr. GOLD. Apparently it was, because I visited the Heinemanns' home on several occasions in 1945 and 1946, and there didn't appear to be any unhappiness.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, this is all by way of preliminarily telling us about your meeting with Fuchs in Cambridge?

Mr. GOLD. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you proceed with that, sir?

Mr. GOLD. I visited the Heinemann home on 2 or 3 occasions in the fall of 1944. That is correct. And the last time that I visited there, around October of 1944, I was told by Mrs. Heinemann that her brother—she had information about her brother, Klaus, that he was working somewhere in the Southwest. She was very vague about it. She said that he had been transferred on his job somewhere in the Southwest. She didn't know the location of the place. She thought it might even be Mexico, that is, out of this country. But she did say that he had written her that he was coming home for Christmas; he was very fond of the Heinemanns' children, little Steve, and there were two others, an infant and a little girl, and the children became very fond of me.

In any case, I left an address, a phone number, rather—this was a phone number that I had been given, a phone number in Manhattan, which Fuchs was to call when he arrived in Cambridge.

Mr. MORRIS. By what name did he know you?

Mr. GOLD. He knew me only as Raymond.

Mr. MORRIS. That was the name that you gave him?

Mr. GOLD. I gave him.

Mr. MORRIS. Was that by prearrangement, or did you improvise that?

Mr. GOLD. I improvised that. They allowed me great freedom in the choice of my aliases.

Mr. MORRIS. Proceed, now. Will you tell us what happened after that?

Mr. GOLD. Fuchs was to call this phone number in New York City, and then I was notified by Yakovlev that I was to meet him. That was one of the very rare occasions he actually called my home, one of the very few occasions he ever got in touch with me at my home. He called my home.

Mr. MORRIS. Yakovlev did?

Mr. GOLD. Yakovlev did, and said that Fuchs was now in Cambridge. This was in either very late December of 1944 or early Janu-

ary of 1945. It was right around the Christmas holidays or the New Year's holidays, and that I was to go there.

I went there and I met Fuchs, and I obtained information from him. And I also obtained information about the setup, where he was located, where the work was being carried on on the atom bomb, at a place known as Los Alamos, a place I had never heard of.

Fuchs told me, in fact, it was a converted, very fancy, private school for boys, a military school of a sort.

Mr. MORRIS. And it had been converted into the nuclear area?

Mr. GOLD. The nuclear area, because of its remoteness.

Senator WELKER. You say you received information from him when you met him there at this time?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, I received a huge bundle of information.

Senator WELKER. A huge bundle of information?

Mr. GOLD. Yes.

Senator WELKER. Now, how did Fuchs know that you were to meet him or you would meet him at Christmas time in Cambridge?

Mr. GOLD. What happened was that Fuchs was transferred very unexpectedly before one of our meetings, transferred to a place whose distance I didn't know. I didn't know anything about it.

Mr. MORRIS. And this accounted for the breakoff in your relations?

Mr. GOLD. This accounted for the breakoff, yes.

Mr. MORRIS. He was transferred from the Manhattan Project in New York to Los Alamos?

Mr. GOLD. To Los Alamos.

Mr. MORRIS. And it happened suddenly and he did not have an opportunity of letting you know about the transfer?

Mr. GOLD. That is right. I said there was a year between when I saw him. Actually, it was a half year, because I did see him in Cambridge, at the Cambridge meeting.

Mr. MORRIS. Then you did reestablish contact?

Mr. GOLD. I did reestablish contact, and I arranged to see him in June of 1945 in Santa Fe, N. Mex. Los Alamos was located some 40 or 50 miles from Santa Fe.

Senator WELKER. How did you get to Santa Fe?

Mr. GOLD. I traveled by train.

Senator WELKER. Will you tell us the circumstances about your meeting Fuchs in Santa Fe?

Mr. GOLD. Before I went to see Fuchs in Santa Fe, I had a prearranged meeting with Yakovlev. Actually, it was 1 of 2 meetings that took place the same evening. And at that time he told me—we discussed the last-minute arrangements for the transfer of information once I got back from Santa Fe—he also told me that he wanted me to take a little side trip.

And he said there was a man in Albuquerque, who also worked at Los Alamos and who was ready to furnish me with information.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us about that?

Mr. GOLD. Well, I protested very bitterly about this additional task. I complained that it was jeopardizing the whole matter of the information I was getting from Fuchs. It represented an additional delay, an additional period or interval in which something could happen, and I just for once got up on my hind legs and almost flatly refused to go to Albuquerque.

But I was told that this was very important, extremely vital, that I had to get this information. There was no nonsense about it. And I was told whom to pick it up from and given the arrangements for doing so.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us about that?

Mr. GOLD. I was to go to—after seeing Fuchs—

Mr. MORRIS. And receiving a large amount of information?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, prospectively, at least.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you give us generally, before we leave that, Mr. Gold, the quantity, and if possible the quality of the material you received from Fuchs?

Mr. GOLD. I can't say anything about the quality. As I said, I am not a nuclear scientist. I only got a couple of occasions to look at any information that Fuchs gave me, and one of these was when I took it from Santa Fe back to New York City. I did glance at it.

Mr. MORRIS. That was not this occasion?

Mr. GOLD. That was this occasion.

Mr. MORRIS. All right.

Mr. GOLD. I did get a chance to glance at it, and the information I also picked up in Albuquerque, I also got a chance to look at that on the train.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, would you describe the volume of it?

Mr. GOLD. Fuchs' material was, well, it might have consisted of anywhere from, oh, 50, 60, or 100 pages of that type, very close—

Mr. MORRIS. Yellow pads?

Mr. GOLD. Yellow pads, sometimes white. And he had a very small, grabbed hand, and it just contained everything, from what I could see by looking at it. It not only contained a tremendous amount of theoretical mathematics, but it contained the practical setup.

I think that as much as any one man knew about the progress of the atom bomb, except possibly those at the very top of the project, Fuchs knew, and was in position to give. Possibly he knew even more than those, because he was in intimate contact with it, in daily contact with it, you see.

Mr. MORRIS. And then you took this material, which you described, with you to Albuquerque, or did you go directly back to New York?

Mr. GOLD. No, I took it with me to Albuquerque.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, tell us about meeting at Albuquerque.

Mr. GOLD. I had originally intended to get the information from the man, a man by the name of Greenglass, I have been told.

Senator WELKER. Let us have that answer again. What was that?

Mr. GOLD. I had been told to get information from a man who lived, or who would be, in Albuquerque. I wasn't told that he lived there. I was told that he worked at Los Alamos, but that he would be in Albuquerque on this particular Saturday night, early in June.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, who told you that?

Mr. GOLD. That was told to me by Yakovlev, and that it was vital that I pick up information from him.

I went to the home, or the place where I was told that he lived, and I was told that he was out, or rather that they were out.

Mr. MORRIS. "They" meaning husband and wife?

Mr. GOLD. Husband and wife.

Senator WELKER. Where did they live?

Mr. GOLD. They lived in Albuquerque on the other side of the railroad tracks. It might have been a street called High Street. I have since identified the street. And I would know it again if I ever saw it.

Senator WELKER. All right. After going there and finding out that they were out for the evening, what next did you do?

Mr. GOLD. I stayed in Albuquerque over night.

Senator WELKER. Then did you go out to Greenglass' home the next day, or the next evening?

Mr. GOLD. Yes. I spent a very uneasy night in Albuquerque because I had this huge mass of information from Fuchs, and the following morning I went out to Greenglass', because I was very anxious to get it over with and get out of Albuquerque.

Senator WELKER. All right. Did you find Greenglass at his residence at that time?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, I did.

Senator WELKER. What sort of contact, if any, did you make in identifying yourself to Greenglass?

Mr. GOLD. He lived upstairs in a very small apartment, a couple of rooms, in the house, and I was told by the landlord or an old man downstairs that they were in.

I walked up this steep flight of steps and I knocked at the door, and this young man answered, a dark-haired young man. And I almost fell down the steps, because I was shocked. He was wearing Army pants, and I could see behind him on the wall there hanging an Army sergeant's uniform, or a noncom's uniform, anyway. It may not have been a sergeant's uniform. I had expected a civilian. I had never dealt with an Army man or a military man before.

But I went through with the recognition plan, the recognition signal.

Senator WELKER. What was the recognition signal?

Mr. GOLD. It was, "I bring greetings from Julius."

Senator WELKER. "I bring greetings from Julius"?

Mr. GOLD. "Julius."

Senator WELKER. Now, the man that you have identified here orally as Greenglass, do you see him in the hearing room today?

Mr. GOLD. Yes. He is right there.

Senator WELKER. And he is seated two chairs from you?

Mr. GOLD. Two chairs away from me.

Senator WELKER. Very well. What transpired after you first met David Greenglass, as you have related? What happened? You gave the identification signals to each other. And then what transpired?

Mr. GOLD. Well, part of the identification signal was the cut-out part of a Jello boxtop.

Senator WELKER. A cut-out part of a Jello boxtop?

Mr. GOLD. Yes.

Senator WELKER. What did you do with that?

Mr. GOLD. We matched these parts so that they fitted together into the original whole top.

Senator WELKER. All right. Then after you did this bit of matching of the Jello boxtops, what then next transpired?

Mr. GOLD. What happened, essentially, was that I asked Greenglass for the information he was supposed to have.

His wife was there, by the way, and he told me that he didn't have it quite ready in complete form; it needed a few touches, and he would give it to me in the afternoon.

I was again anxious to be off, but I had to wait. I had gone so far, I had to carry through with it.

'I remember they offered me some milk. Mrs. Greenglass offered me some milk that morning, at breakfast, which I refused.

I gave—I am just trying to think of the exact time—I am not sure whether I gave Dave approximately \$500 that morning or in the afternoon. It may have been the afternoon.

Senator WELKER. Where did you get the \$500?

Mr. GOLD. That was given to me by Yakovlev.

Senator WELKER. And in addition to the expense money that you used?

Mr. GOLD. The expense money that I used was partly given to me by Yakovlev and partly put up by myself. In the period of about the 11 active years of which I have spoken, I estimate that I spent, put out, anywhere from \$6,000 to \$7,000, and of that, as close as I can estimate from receipts and records of loans and so on, I must have furnished about \$3,200 of that myself. The rest was put up by the Russians.

Senator WELKER. All right. Now, going back to David Greenglass, when you gave him \$500, then what next transpired?

Mr. GOLD. In the afternoon, I met him very briefly and picked up the information. But what happened that morning and what upset me quite greatly and made me wonder about the entire business with Greenglass was his extreme naivete.

One of the first things he said to me was, he said, "You know, there are several men at Los Alamos who might also be willing to furnish information." He said, "I can go right ahead and talk to them."

And I said, in effect, "The devil you can." And I really ripped into him and asked him what in the world he meant by even thinking of such a preposterous thing. You just don't approach people like that and say, "Say, can you get me information on the atom bomb?" We didn't even approach people for industrial information in that fashion. It took careful preparation and careful buildup. You had to be completely sure.

Senator WELKER. What was Greenglass' reply to your admonition given to him?

Mr. GOLD. He seemed a bit subdued. He seemed very much subdued. He realized that he had said the wrong thing. It seemed to me that he realized he had said the wrong thing.

But I was struck by two things. One was his extreme youth, and the second thing was, he just seemed so naive. I said, "I wonder who in the world ever got this guy into this business? Does this poor baby know what the heck he is fooling with? Does he know what he is doing, even?"

And when I returned to New York City, I told Yakovlev about it.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, before you go back to New York, Mr. Gold, will you tell us what Greenglass gave you?

Mr. GOLD. He gave me a number of sheets containing at least 2 or 3 sketches and a few pages of explanatory material.

Mr. MORRIS. And you took with the material that Fuchs gave you and proceeded back to New York?

Mr. GOLD. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you go by train or did you fly?

Mr. GOLD. I went by train.

Mr. MORRIS. And when you returned to New York, what did you do with the material?

Mr. GOLD. Wait, now. I've got to get this straight. Some of these—you see, I was over this about 6 years ago. The events actually happened 11 years ago, and there is a tendency to blur.

What I want to say now is my present recollection. I want to say, as I recall it now, it is certainly not going to be an exact duplication as far as the minutest details go. I am just trying to think, how did I get out of Santa Fe that particular time? That particular time I went by train. I hated waiting, but I went back by train. I am trying to remember. I remember why I didn't fly. I was running short of funds.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, did you have a prearranged meeting with Yakovlev back in New York?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, we did.

Mr. MORRIS. Or did you look him up?

Mr. GOLD. No. This was very carefully prearranged.

Mr. MORRIS. Tell us about that prearranged plan.

Mr. GOLD. We met out in, as near as I can remember, somewhere on Main Street in Flushing at the end of the Flushing line. There was a previous meeting at which I turned over to him information, and then there was a subsequent meeting in Main Street in which we discussed in full detail. The meeting at which I turned over the information occurred near a cemetery, I am pretty sure, in Queens, a large number in Queens, in a very deserted area, and we met, as I say, for a matter of seconds, and I turned over the information.

It was in two separate folders, by the way. One was labeled "Doctor," and the other was labeled "Other." One was for Fuchs' information and the other was what Greenglass had given me.

Mr. MORRIS. And after that, did you meet Fuchs again?

Mr. GOLD. After that, did I meet Fuchs again? Yes, I did.

Mr. MORRIS. On how many occasions?

Mr. GOLD. I met Fuchs on two more occasions.

Mr. MORRIS. Where was that?

Mr. GOLD. In Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Mr. MORRIS. In other words, you had to make another trip back to Santa Fe?

Mr. GOLD. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, how much later was that than this one you have just described?

Mr. GOLD. That was September 19, 1945, the last time I saw Klaus Fuchs.

Mr. MORRIS. And did he give you more material at that time?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, he did.

Mr. MORRIS. Again, did he receive it from Los Alamos?

Mr. GOLD. Yes. He prepared it himself.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you describe the quantity?

Mr. GOLD. It was a very substantial quantity, again. Fuchs very rarely gave me meager material. I mean, they were all bulky sheaves.

Mr. MORRIS. Again, was it in the same crabbed handwriting?

Mr. GOLD. Again, the same handwriting. None of it was ever type-written that I know of.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, what did you do after you received the material from Fuchs at that time?

Mr. GOLD. I returned to Albuquerque, and at that time I did take an early morning plane out of Albuquerque to—I got as far as Kansas City before I got bumped off. Then I went the rest of the way by coach from Kansas City to Chicago, and by pullman from Chicago to New York.

Mr. MORRIS. And then you transferred that material to Yakovlev?

Mr. GOLD. That is right.

Mr. MORRIS. According to a prearranged plan?

Mr. GOLD. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you ever meet Mr. Greenglass again?

Mr. GOLD. I never met David Greenglass again until after I was arrested. I do know this: One of the things that transpired—this sort of comes back as I speak on it—one of the things that transpired in this meeting in June, early in June of 1945, with Greenglass, was that he mentioned the fact that he might get a furlough around Christmas of 1945 and he said that he would be in New York City, and I mentioned, because I had been given instructions to that effect, in New York City, that possibly we might arrange to meet then.

That meeting never took place. In fact, when I brought the matter up later, in the fall, in the early fall of 1945, I was told in effect to mind my own business, by Yakovlev, and not worry anything about this Greenglass, because I had done my job with him, and to forget it. He said he was being adequately taken care of by other people, adequately handled.

I mentioned it again before Christmas, and I was rebuked even more sharply.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, Mr. Gold, was the transmittal of that particular batch of material from Fuchs to Yakovlev in 1945—was that your last act of espionage?

Mr. GOLD. That was my last act of espionage, in which I actually transmitted information.

Mr. MORRIS. You had other assignments after that, did you not?

Mr. GOLD. I had one other assignment after that.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us about that assignment?

Mr. GOLD. And that was to visit Fuchs' sister, Mrs. Heinemann, in Cambridge, Mass., several times in the late fall of 1945 and early, up until February, of 1946, in an effort to determine when Fuchs was again coming that way, because one of the things that happened at this last meeting with Fuchs—he told me that relations between the British and the Americans were becoming rather strained, that each was trying to withhold information from the other, and it was very apparent that sooner or later they would each go their own way on atomic energy.

One of the things he told me was his surprise, to a certain extent, because when I first met him, when he was working on the Manhattan project, he told me that he didn't think that the whole thing could be finished in time; he said that the war will be over long before we ever get this job done, and later he admitted to me, at this last meeting in Santa Fe, that he had completely underestimated the American

industrial potential and the ability to get a job done. He said, "I sadly underestimated it."

Anyhow, he told me they were coming to a parting of the ways, and that he very likely would be transferred to England to continue his present work. But he said a problem had arisen in addition to the problem of how he was going to continue to furnish information for the Soviet Union, and that was the problem that involved his father.

He said his father knew of Fuchs' activities as the leader of the Communist students at the University of Kiel during the early days of Hitler's rise to power, and how he fought the Nazis in the streets of Berlin—streets of Kiel—and the fact that he barely escaped from Germany.

His father had been left behind, but the old man was a Unitarian minister, I believe, and very much respected.

Fuchs told me, however, that he thought his father was getting a little foolish, and that was just what he was afraid of. He said:

"The British, in an effort to reward me and compensate me, have told me they are going to bring my father to England so that I can be with the old man in his remaining years." He said, "But if they do," he said, "he is bound to prattle about my activities in the Student Communist Party." He said, "And then people will begin to wonder about my background, and once they begin to pry," he said, "you know what will happen."

He said, "So how in the world am I going to keep them from doing this presumed kindness to me," he said, "without again arousing suspicion?" It was a bit of a quandary.

But here again was this business of, he, just as I did—we just completely took our personalities, our entire souls, and put it at the disposal of these people, because I am sure that Klaus Fuchs is an essentially kindly person. I got to know him quite well.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Gold, what was your last act of espionage, now?

Mr. GOLD. That was the last act of espionage.

Mr. MORRIS. The assignment to Cambridge did not eventuate, then; is that right?

Mr. GOLD. No. There were several visits there, but I never did see Fuchs, because early in 1946 the Russians broke off complete contact with me. I went to all kinds of emergency meeting places, and nothing ever happened. It would just come a boom.

Mr. MORRIS. What was your last contact, espionage contact?

Mr. GOLD. There was a lag of fully, I would say, 2½ years, from February of 1946, or January of '46—no. I have got it wrong. There was another contact in '46, late December of '46. Right.

Mr. MORRIS. Tell us about that.

Mr. GOLD. I met—Yakovlev called me. I recognized his voice over the telephone. He called me when I was working for Abe Brothman in New York City, and he said, "This is John. Have you been well?"

I was not actually too surprised at all, because several weeks before that I had received a couple of tickets in the mail, tickets to a prize-fight in New York City, or maybe it was a theatrical attraction in New York City. And those tickets were part of a prearranged meeting, part of our method of getting in touch with one another, because it meant that so many days after the date on the tickets—that is what

counted, the date on the tickets—I was to be at a prearranged place at a prearranged time.

However, the letter was misdirected. It was sent to 6328 instead of 6823 Kensey Street in Philadelphia, and time had caught up with me. It was too late to go to this meeting place. So I was not too surprised—

Mr. MORRIS. The meeting place which would be revealed to you by the ticket?

Mr. GOLD. Which would be—it was part of a prearranged meeting place. It had been arranged over a year ago. But I had a record of it. I knew where it was.

That meeting never took place, but Yakovlev did call me. He said, "This is John. Have you been well?"

That was again part of our code system of trying to make things seem normal and everyday. It meant, had I been under surveillance. I told him I had been all right, and he said that, "We will"—he gave me to understand by what he said that I was to meet him at the Earle Theater in the Bronx. It was near the Yankee Stadium in New York City. This was, as near as I can recall right now, also a prearranged meeting place, one of the prearranged meeting places.

I went to the Earle Theater. He didn't have to mention time or anything, because that had all been set before. I went to the Earle Theater, and I was met there, but I was not met by Yakovlev. I was met by a quite large and rather tough looking character. I don't know. I met him for just minutes, actually, but he gave me a sort of tigerish impression. He moved very lightly, sort of on the balls of his feet, as he came toward me in this lounge.

Mr. MORRIS. By what name did you know him?

Mr. GOLD. He said—he actually sort of grunted—he said, "I am Paul."

Mr. MORRIS. Powell?

Mr. GOLD. Well, that is all I could get out of it, was "Paul." It sounded sort of like the way a Russian would say "Paul." And the first thing that he asked me for—"Give me what you have from the doctor." That is what he wanted, in essence.

Mr. MORRIS. And who was the doctor?

Mr. GOLD. The doctor was Fuchs. I told him I didn't have anything. He looked very disappointed. In fact, I thought for a minute he was going to tear into me. He looked extremely—sort of enraged.

However, he gave me the signal to go to another meeting place, which was a good distance away, 42d Street and Third Avenue, outside of a saloon there, on the southwest corner.

Mr. MORRIS. And whom did you meet there?

Mr. GOLD. There I met Yakovlev.

Mr. MORRIS. Yakovlev was there?

Mr. GOLD. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, was this fellow Paul with you?

Mr. GOLD. No, he wasn't.

Mr. MORRIS. He left?

Mr. GOLD. He left.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, have you been able to identify for the FBI "Paul"?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, I have.

Mr. MORRIS. Who was Paul?

Mr. GOLD. Paul was a man I since identified as Pavel, P-a-v-e-l, Fedosimov, F-e-d-o-m—

Mr. MORRIS. F-e-d-o-s—is it not?

Mr. GOLD. May I have a piece of paper? I will write. I can't spell. There it is, F-e-d-o-s-i-m-o-v.

Mr. MORRIS. Do you know what his occupation was?

Mr. GOLD. I didn't, at that time. He looked to me like a strong-arm man. He looked like a thug, physically.

Mr. MORRIS. After identifying him for the FBI, have you found out what his occupation was?

Mr. GOLD. Yes. I understand that he was a chauffeur at the Soviet consulate in New York City.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, did anything eventuate from that meeting at 42d and Third Avenue, the southwest corner?

Mr. GOLD. Yes. What eventuated was that the Russians dropped me for up until July or August, the summer of 1949.

Mr. MORRIS. Why did they drop you?

Mr. GOLD. The reason they dropped me was that I began to work for Abe Brothman, and had disclosed my true identity to Abe Brothman. Before that, he knew me as Frank Kessler.

Mr. MORRIS. Frank Kessler?

Mr. GOLD. Frank Kessler, yes.

Mr. MORRIS. K-e-s-s-l-e-r?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, that is right. And occasionally he called me Kepler, but that didn't matter, because my name didn't matter. It wasn't my name.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, you were working for him in what capacity?

Mr. GOLD. I was working for him in his laboratory. He had a firm which was trying to develop chemical processes.

Mr. MORRIS. I see.

So when you say you were working for Brothman, you meant your employment, for which you drew money, was for Brothman?

Mr. GOLD. That is right.

Mr. MORRIS. And because of your employment which you had taken up, Yakovlev dropped you?

Mr. GOLD. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, what was your last Soviet contact?

Mr. GOLD. In fact, Yakovlev told me very heatedly that I had wrecked 11 years of preparation by this foolish move.

Mr. MORRIS. By whom had you been employed previous to your employment with Brothman?

Mr. GOLD. I had worked for over a 17-year period, that is, I had always been under leave of absence from the Pennsylvania Sugar Co. Even when I worked in Jersey City, I was laid off, but they recorded it as a leave of absence, a general layoff.

Mr. MORRIS. And then you took up employment with Brothman's firm?

Mr. GOLD. That is right.

Mr. MORRIS. And that caused Yakovlev to take the action that he did?

Mr. GOLD. Yes.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, what was your last Soviet contact?

Mr. GOLD. My last Soviet contact was a man whom I actually knew by no real name. I don't think he ever gave me a name. He may have given me the name John. But when he did come to my house in September of 1949, after a couple of prearranged meetings had not come off—I received the signals in the form of, one, a letter, and another, of tickets, but I must have gone to the wrong meeting place, or he went to the wrong meeting place, because the meetings never came off. There was a foulup with this 2-year interval, you see.

Mr. MORRIS. You did meet with him, however?

Mr. GOLD. I did eventually meet with him, or rather he sought me out at my home.

Mr. MORRIS. When was that?

Mr. GOLD. That was in September of 1949.

Mr. MORRIS. Can you think of what date in September?

Mr. GOLD. It was late in September of 1949. I can't get the exact date.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, have you been able to identify him for the FBI?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, I have.

Mr. MORRIS. Who was he?

Mr. GOLD. He was a man who I have identified as Sarytchev.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you spell that, please?

Mr. GOLD. Yes.

(The witness writes the name "Sarytchev.")

Mr. GOLD. His first name may have been Vladimir, but I am not sure. But I am certain of this.

Mr. MORRIS. S-A-R-Y-T—

Mr. GOLD. C-H-E-V.

Mr. MORRIS. And what did he do?

Mr. GOLD. He gave me—

Mr. MORRIS. What did he do? What was his employment? What was his cover?

Mr. GOLD. Oh. He worked with the Soviet delegation to the United Nations, I believe in a more or less menial capacity, but his level of ability and his background was not that of just a chauffeur. He was no Pinocchio. You only had to talk with the man for a few minutes to realize that you were dealing with a highly intelligent individual. He may have acted as a chauffeur. I don't know.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, did he give you an assignment?

Mr. GOLD. He gave me no immediate assignment. He wanted to know what had happened, from me. The very first thing he did—this sort of repeated itself—was, he wanted to know, did I have any information from Klaus Fuchs, you see, because there were supposed to have been meetings with Fuchs in the interim, meetings which never took place, and Fuchs presumably might have left some information for me with his sister, although she wouldn't know about it, but just left something for me.

Mr. MORRIS. And you say he gave you no assignment?

Mr. GOLD. He gave me no assignment at that time.

He wanted to know about me, however, all about me. He wanted to know what had happened in the intervening period. He was particularly interested in my testimony before a Federal grand jury in New York City in 1947, the summer of 1947.

Mr. MORRIS. And you had been recalled by the grand jury in New York?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, I had.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you answer questions?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, I had.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you tell the truth at that time?

Mr. GOLD. I lied, every bit of it.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, did you ever have occasion to see Julius Rosenberg?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, I have.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you ever meet with Julius Rosenberg?

Mr. GOLD. I never met with him.

Mr. MORRIS. But you did see him?

Mr. GOLD. I did see him. I didn't know whom I was seeing.

Mr. MORRIS. Will you tell us the circumstances?

Mr. GOLD. Yes. There were three meetings, all called with Sarytchev, the first of which he came to my home; the second meeting, a little while later, in Forest Hills, in the general Forest Hills area in Queens; and the third meeting, which took place at the Bronx Park Zoo, or started at the Bronx Park Zoo, anyhow.

This third meeting, I can recall the date quite accurately by something that occurred in connection with that, the matter of associating things. That night, after the meeting was over—the night was, I believe, the night of the 23d of October 1949—the reason I feel precise, I am precise about it: After I left Sarytchev, I bought a newspaper, the New York Daily News, which contained on the sport page an account, an account of a professional football game between the New York Yankees of the league which is no longer in existence, and the San Francisco 49ers, and I remember particularly a couple of phrases from that account, to the effect that New York's 2, the Yankees 2 huge tackles, one of whom was Arnie Weinmeister, these 2 tackles had kept breaking through the San Francisco line and spilling Joe Perry, the San Francisco halfback, the 49er halfback, and Frankie Albert, the quarterback, for consistent losses. Perry, before he could get started running, and Albert before he could start his fancy hipper-dipper stuff.

Mr. MORRIS. Excuse me, Mr. Gold.

Mr. Chairman, at this point, after we took Mr. Gold's executive session testimony yesterday, we were rather interested in his description of this account. Overnight I asked Mr. Mandel if he would obtain from the Library of Congress the Daily News of October 24, 1949.

Mr. GOLD. The 24th? Excuse me.

Mr. MORRIS. That would be the following morning.

Mr. GOLD. That is right. That was the night of the 23d.

Mr. MORRIS. That was the night of the 23d.

Mr. GOLD. That is right.

Mr. MORRIS. I wonder if you would just read the first two paragraphs, Mr. Mandel, the story under the headline, "Yanks Riddle 49ers, 24 to 3."

Mr. MANDEL. This is the Daily News of October 24, 1949, page 42:

The victory was the fourth in a row for the locals and tied them with the idle Cleveland Browns for first place in the All-America Conference. Frisco, by losing, plummeted from the top to third.

The crowd, which was announced at 36,197, shuddered with the crackling line play of the mighty monsters up front, particularly the tremendous tackling of

Martin Ruby and Arnie Weinmeister, a pair of 250 pounders. These rocks, along with the other usually unsung boulders in the line, held Frisco to only 49 yards gained on the ground.

They were particularly vicious with Joe Perry, the league-leading scorer—

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, I think that is enough.

Senator WELKER. I think that is enough.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Gold, did you ever meet a man, or did you ever hear of a man named Alexander Svenchansky?

Mr. GOLD. I heard of Alexander Svenchansky, but I did not know of him as Alexander Svenchansky.

Mr. MORRIS. Did you know a man named Shura Swan?

Mr. GOLD. I knew of Shura Swan. I never knew Shura Swan.

Mr. MORRIS. Who was Shura Swan?

Mr. GOLD. Shura Swan, or my knowledge of Shura Swan—it is very sketchy—it comes down to just this: I began to work with Abe Brothman in the fall of 1941, to obtain information from him for the Soviet Union. About a half year after that, he mentioned to me on one occasion that he had been introduced to Soviet espionage through a man by the name of Shura Swan, a friend of his.

Then there was a second occasion when, this time, possibly a year or so later—I am very vague about the actual dates, except that it was about a year or so later, let's say—he complained bitterly to me about the treatment that Shura Swan had received at the hands of Amtorg, and he told me that Shura Swan was working as a clerk for Amtorg, the Russian trading corporation, and that he had been laid off, and that he was very loyal to the Soviet Union, and he said that others who glibed at the Soviet Union had been kept on at Amtorg, that is, American employees.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, did—

Mr. GOLD. On a third occasion, I remember that Abe told me—

Mr. MORRIS. That is Abe Brothman?

Mr. GOLD. Abe Brothman told me that he had met Shura Swan through his wife, that is, Abe's wife, Naomi.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, did—

Mr. GOLD. That is all actually that I know of Shura Swan.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, we introduced into our record previously a statement by Harry Gold on October 29, 1953, in which he stated in there:

Brothman said it was Shura Swan who had introduced him to Soviet espionage.

Do you remember making that statement in 1953?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, I do.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, was that an accurate statement?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, it was.

Mr. MORRIS. And are you testifying here today that Brothman told you that Shura Swan introduced him to Soviet espionage?

Mr. GOLD. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, I might like to point out at this time that Alexander Svenchansky was a witness before this committee at a time when he was employed as an American citizen at the United Nations.

We asked him, among other things—the question was put to him by counsel here:

Do you know a man named Abraham Brothman?

Mr. SVENCHANSKY. Sir, I plead the privilege. I refuse to answer on the grounds of possible self-incrimination.

Because of that answer and because of other answers that Alexander Svenchansky gave at that time, he was dismissed by the United Nations Tribunal. At a time subsequently, however, the Administrative Tribunal, of the United Nations, overruled Trygve Lie and awarded Alexander Svenchansky, who incidentally acknowledged in the testimony that he was known as Shura Swan, an indemnity of \$20,000, in spite of the fact that he acted as I have described his behavior before the Internal Security Subcommittee when presented with this statement of Mr. Gold.

Mr. Svenchansky is today the manager of a package express company, and as far as our knowledge is concerned, is still uncooperative with the FBI or with the Internal Security Subcommittee or any authorities with respect to the knowledge that he possesses.

Now, I wonder, Mr. Gold, if you would tell us of your evolution or your detachment from the Soviet espionage network.

Senator WELKER. Prior to going into that, may I ask a question, counsel?

Mr. Gold, you met me for the first time when I was investigating conditions of Federal penitentiaries, for another subcommittee of Judiciary that I happen to be on. That was at Lewisburg, Pa., some time last December; is that correct?

Mr. GOLD. That is correct.

Senator WELKER. I had never seen you before yesterday, since that time.

Mr. GOLD. That is correct.

Senator WELKER. Mr. Gold, at that time, in my cursory remarks to you as to how you were being treated and how you liked the institution and how it was being run, and so forth, I interrogated you with respect to certain of your activities prior to your arrest. You mentioned something to me that has been on my mind since that time about your stealing some secrets for the Russians having to do with photographing, photographing equipment.

Mr. GOLD. That is correct.

Senator WELKER. You have not mentioned that today.

I think you told me last December that the photographic process was among the most valuable things that you had ever stolen from the United States Government? Is that true?

Mr. GOLD. Yes. It came about in this way. The material was given to me by Al Slack. But the point was this. The material could not be duplicated anywhere else in the world but in the files of Eastman Kodak and in the processes of Eastman Kodak, but the plant, the Eastman Kodak plant, or at least the one that manufactured the emulsion for color photography, was run in a manner quite different from the fashion in which chemical plants are ordinarily run, where the men are instructed specifically as to what they are doing. Here they were only told, instead of taking 1,200 gallons of acetone and mixing it with 200 pounds of any particular chemical, they were told, "Take 1,200 gallons of chemical B, or chemical 106-A." In other words, the man conducting the process merely carried it out in mechanical fashion and never knew what he was actually doing.

The people who carried out the research on the various sensitizers and developers used in the production of these various types of color film, particularly the groups of film that are used in aerial photography for detecting camouflage, those people worked in separate departments from the way Slack explained it to me, from the men who actually carried out the work, so that the only place that anyone—and none of this material was ever published in the literature—it was one of the very rare occasions. Usually people take out patents; firms take out patents. But in this case, on certain critical materials, vital to these processes, I don't believe that Eastman took out patents.

They tried, as far as possible, to keep them as industrial secrets, you see. This material was not available anywhere else in the world, and there was no way in the world that the Soviet Union could duplicate this material except in 1 or 2 fashions: Either they had to steal it from Eastman Kodak or, No. 2, start an organization fully as large, if not larger than Eastman Kodak's, with any number of superbly trained organic chemists—and those you don't come by overnight—to produce these materials himself and to duplicate work which had already been done.

I trust I have made the value of these things clear. It is an immense undertaking.

Senator WELKER. As I recall our conversation in Lewisburg last December, you told me, in conversational tone, of all the damaging things you had done to the United States of America, that was probably one of the most damaging.

Mr. GOLD. I consider it the most damaging because of the fact that it could not be duplicated.

You see, eventually, once it was known that the atom could be split, anyone could do it with sufficient technical and industrial potential. Given the time and the potential and the equipment and the industrial background for it, it could be done eventually; it would be done eventually. There is no question about it, because the theory was known. Everything that had to be known had already been published in the theoretical journals.

The background was there. But this is something where there was no theory. It was just a matter of know-how, a matter of very, very specialized know-how on minutiae, very, very little things, but things which might take 2 or 3 years to find out. It might take a man 2 or 3 years to develop a particular sensitizer.

Senator WELKER. And it would do a tremendous—

Mr. GOLD. And the process of making some of these photographic emulsions, I understood from Slack—some of these photographic emulsions had 6 or 7 layers of colored emulsions. So it is a tremendous job, speaking purely as a chemist.

Senator WELKER. And it would absolutely do away with any protective camouflage equipment or apparatus that our country might possess; is that correct?

Mr. GOLD. That would be one of the effects, yes.

Senator WELKER. One of the effects. Can you name any more?

Mr. GOLD. I didn't think of it in that way at that time. That is just it. It was to be used—the one point, part of the pattern that I spoke of, I said that these people did a superb job of psychological evaluation on me—they must have—and they worked on three prin-

cipal themes. The first was the matter of anti-Semitism. It would take a long while to go into that, even as it affects one individual, me, with any degree of completeness. But they did point up—Vera Kane pointed up—Tom Black pointed up in the very beginning—mind you, this is 1933—they said to me, “The only country in the world where anti-Semitism is a crime against the state is the Soviet Union.”

That is the one thing that the Russians whom I subsequently met kept hammering away at. Then we came to 1933 and the Soviet Pact, the Soviet-German Pact, the Soviet-Hitler Pact. I met with little Fred and I said, “What in the world goes on?”

And he said, to put it briefly, he said, “You fool. Don’t you understand what is happening?” He said, “We need time.” He said, “We will buy time from the Devil if we have to, and the Devil in this case is Adolf Hitler.”

He said, “We need time to get prepared.” He said, “In the meantime, you get busy and get us and buy us things with that time; get us things with this time that we are buying; get us information that we need, military information,” he said, “And when we are ready,” he said, “we will strike,” he said, “and we will wipe Nazism from the face of the earth.”

He said, “It will disappear forever.”

Well, there was just one mistake in that calculation. Hitler struck first. He had the same idea. He was buying time, too.

But anyhow, they hammered at this subject of anti-Semitism.

The second point that they hammered at, that they treated very, very well—they told me, Semenov, in particular, told me—he said, “Look. I am a chemical engineer and a mathematician.” He said, “You are a chemist. You know,” he said, “we don’t belong in this business. What are we doing running around begging people for information, cajoling them and threatening them?” He said, “I want to design things.” He said, “You want to work in a laboratory.” And he said, “And boy,” he said, “some day the happy day will come,” he said, “when you can do just that,” he said, “because inevitably you are going to get caught.” He said, “You know, you can’t stay in this thing forever.”

And that was a nice touch in itself, too. He said, “You can’t stay in this thing forever. The trick is to get out before they do catch you.”

As I said, they played me very shrewdly, and I worked on this thing on the basis that we were doing a dirty, disgusting, miserable job, one which we had no pride in and no liking for, but that we had to do it. It was one of the many unpleasant things which you have to do in this life.

He worked on that, too. And then there was the idea of helping the people of the Soviet Union, helping these people live a little better than they had before.

Senator WELKER. Very well. Now will you answer counsel’s last question, as to when you started to defect from the espionage and spy work that you were doing?

Mr. GOLD. I had doubts, as I have said, all along. There were first these doubts about violating the confidence of the man for whom I worked. There were doubts when I was asked to recruit people, which I never did. I could see myself getting into this thing, but I couldn’t see myself involving anyone else.

There were doubts that arose all along. And then, after 11 years, mind you, 11 years of very steady work for these people so that it became a way of life, there came this hiatus, this lull of 2 years or so, in which I didn't see anything, and I had a chance to think. I looked, and all I saw was a mess, a horrible, hideous, evil creation. I looked at what was happening in the countries that the Soviet Union was taking over. I thought I was helping destroy one monstrosity, and I had created a worse one, or helped strengthen another one. That is what I had done.

And even more than that, I came to realize—the thing that hit me deepest was that I had completely lost my free will; I had actually turned over my complete personality, my complete soul, and everything. I wasn't living the life of a normal person.

I wasn't married. I had been deliberately instructed not to marry, because they felt that a wife was a hindrance.

Mr. MORRIS. A hindrance to your espionage work?

Mr. GOLD. To my espionage activities. In fact, they even told me to try and break my family ties.

Mr. MORRIS. That was your mother and father?

Mr. GOLD. My mother and father and brother. They felt that I was too closely knit with my family and I wasn't likely to take chances.

They wanted someone like Tom Black, an orphan, with only two old-maid aunts around, completely loose and free in the world, who would take any number of chances, who would deliberately live the life of an eccentric so that some of his more serious goings on—no one would pay any attention to some of his more serious goings on, you see.

That is what they wanted. Black represented to them the ideal espionage agent. They wanted someone that they could take over completely.

You are just not human if you come to realize that you have to be ensnared to that extent, willingly, mind you, and ensnared to that extent, and not rebel against that.

I think—I know I have done damage, a tremendous amount of damage. We just spoke about Eastman Kodak and the matter with Klaus Fuchs and with Abe Brothman and so on, all of that.

It is true. But actually, I wonder if the biggest damage, the greatest damage, wasn't the damage that I did in completely turning over myself to these people.

We are free. We should be free. A person should be free. It is his right. It is what has been given to him by—

Mr. MORRIS. How did you turn those strong feelings of yours into action?

Mr. GOLD. That was just the point. There was no action that could be taken, except to hope that they wouldn't get in touch with me later on, and that the whole matter would blow over.

I at one time considered marriage, and the girl in question told me at one time that she didn't think I was really in love with her; she felt that I was too cold. What she didn't know was that what made me cold, all over, and especially down here, what really made me cold was the thought that if we were married and we did have children, and suppose this thing did come to light, what then?

So the only thing to do was to talk to her and tell her about it. I couldn't do that because she was a thoroughly honest person. She would say one thing: "Go to the authorities and tell them about it."

I couldn't do that. I will tell you frankly I was scared. All right. We are not all noble. I was scared. I was scared of what would happen, and I was particularly frightened, especially frightened, of what people who trusted me, the people with whom I worked at the Heart Station in the Philadelphia General Hospital, the people who knew me, my intimate, close friends, my own family, especially; what would they think about it if something like this ever came to light?

So I thought I would see Father Mahoney at Xavier University in Cincinnati. I kept postponing the trip to Xavier. I felt that I could talk to him. He was a friend of mine, and I knew I could talk to him in confidence. I am not a Catholic, but I knew that whatever I said to him would be in confidence.

But I knew what his answer would be, also. It would have been the same thing.

So I did what fallible, human people do. I kept putting it off in the hope that it would never come to light. Well, it did, inevitably.

Mr. MORRIS. Tell us about that.

Mr. GOLD. The exact circumstances I suppose, begin with my testimony before the grand jury in 1947, when I lied, at Abe Brothman's instructions, and covered up the true facts of my involvement in Soviet espionage. I tried, and I think very successfully, to give the impression of a small, scared individual who had been involved just on the fringe, possibly, who had been approached about Soviet espionage, but who had gotten frightened and possibly never even committed an overt act and had never done anything. But that was the beginning.

On May 15, 1950, I was visited by the FBI at the Heart Station in the Philadelphia General Hospital. They told me they wanted to speak about Abe Brothman and my testimony before the 1947 grand jury.

Well, that was all right. I felt a little at ease.

But when they said, "And other things," then I knew what was coming, because none of the meetings had taken place with the Russians, none of the emergency meetings, and the whole thing, my whole exposure, was inevitable.

I had built up this huge, flimsy, house of cards. It was a horribly tangled skein. All you had to do was take one thread and pull it, and the whole thing was going to come apart.

Every time I went to New York on a trip, I would lie to half a dozen people, my family and the people I worked with. The whole thing had to come apart. I knew that. I couldn't cover up. But I lied for a week, and I lied very desperately. I lied for only two reasons.

First of all, I had to figure out how I was going to tell my family. I couldn't figure out how I was going to break the news.

The second thing was that I wanted to complete as much of my work at the Heart Station in the Philadelphia General Hospital as possible. There were a number of projects which had been carried almost to a finish and needed just a little more work, and I wanted to leave things in as good shape as possible.

The night before my house was to be searched, at my request, because I was trying to put up a front of a completely and totally innocent individual—I wasn't hiding behind anything; they had made a mistake; they had the wrong idea—the night before, or the day before my home was to be searched, instead of being in there and actual-

ly tearing the place from top to bottom, looking for anything that might in any way be incriminating, I was at the Heart Station in the Philadelphia General and over at the University of Pennsylvania's Medical School working all day, when I should—also, I had the problem that I couldn't start to go through my home for any incriminating material because my brother and father, who knew nothing of it, would wonder what in the world was going on.

So I spoke to the FBI for a week, in the Widener Building. The Philadelphia headquarters is the Widener Building. The agents had come down from New York City, actually. And I lied desperately for a week.

I covered up as well as I could, and at the same time, tried to give the appearance of cooperating.

Mr. MORRIS. Of cooperating?

Mr. GOLD. Of cooperating, yes, and wanting to clear up the mistake.

Then came the search of my home and a couple of things turned up. There was a book by Paul de Kruif, Microbe Hunters, a 25-cent reprint, and it had in the corner, Sibley, Kerr and Lindsey.

Well, the two FBI men didn't know until later. They said, "Well, what is this? A price tag?"

Well, Sibley, Kerr & Lindsey are a department store in Rochester, N. Y. I had bought that on one of my visits to obtain information from Al Slack.

There were a couple of other things. But there was nothing there—you see, I had made a search after my father and brother left for work. I said I had to work at home that day. I hadn't let them know that anyone was coming. And I was aghast at what I saw there. Apparently what had happened was that I had this revulsion against the work that I was doing. On a number of occasions, I received material which became outdated and material which was superseded by more recent stuff. And I just took that material and threw it into my desk.

And once again, when I—you see, when I went on a job to obtain information, I set myself to go in one direct fashion, just like turning a switch. I went right for that objective. I obtained information. Nothing was going to stop me. And I turned it over to the Russians.

Then I came back to Philadelphia and I turned that switch again and I became Harry Gold, the hard-working chemist—"Isn't it a shame to work overtime all the time? He works overtime all the time."

And I completely forgot everything. I was aghast. There were railroad schedules, train schedules. There was all sorts of stuff there that if anyone dug deeply enough, it was bound to tie me in.

Well, the search was conducted, and what turned up, what really got me, from behind a copy of Walker, Lewis & McAdams, Principles of Chemical Engineering, one of the agents produced a travel folder which contained a map of Santa Fe. On the cover of that—

Mr. MORRIS. The travel folder with a map of Santa Fe?

Mr. GOLD. Yes, that is right. On it, it said either "New Mexico, Land of Enchantment," or "Santa Fe, Land of Enchantment."

Yep, "Land of Enchantment." And marked on that folder was the Alameda Street Bridge over the Rio Santa Fe, in Santa Fe. That was the first place where I met Fuchs, early in June of 1945.

I had deliberately picked up this folder at a museum in Santa Fe, quite an historical spot—it is the oldest capital city in the United

States—they have a museum there, and I picked up this map, because it would direct me to the street without my having to ask individuals as to how to get to this little bridge.

And when I saw that, I asked for permission—well, the first thing that I did, I was so startled that I said, "Where in the world did that come from?" Of all the things that were there, I had totally forgotten about this map.

As I said, I turned a switch and just put the map away behind this book or in this book, because I never thought it was there. And then I asked for a minute in which to think. And in that minute, I thought of many things.

I knew that I might be able to fight this thing, because everything was circumstantial. There wasn't anyone, at least at that time, immediately available, who could stand up and say, Fuchs was in jail in England, and could they extradite him here? Extradition of a prisoner from one country to another? A man already in prison? That was a question.

Also, he apparently hadn't said very much about me, or they would have just come down and picked me up.

I knew that I could fight this thing and put up a pretty good battle, but I knew that inevitably if they started to pull at this tangled skein, it would all fall apart, and I knew if I started to fight it and if I yelled that I was being persecuted and was being picked out for persecution, that they had a totally innocent person here, that all my friends, people who thought I was a good man would flock to my aid: My family, people with whom I worked, and my friends whom I knew, my lifetime friends.

They would all rally around me. And how horrible would be their disappointment and the let down when finally it was shown who I really was.

Senator WELKER. Mr. Gold, at that time, did you ever think about the fifth amendment?

Mr. GOLD. Did I ever?

Senator WELKER. At the time you were giving this moment's thought to how you could escape, did you ever think of using the fifth amendment?

Mr. GOLD. No. I have never thought of anything like that for a reason that may not be too clear. It is to me very clear. And that is this: I am a chemist. I am a scientific man. I deal with facts in a laboratory.

We try certain things or we do certain things; we obtain certain results and we note them. We don't deal with fantasy. And even when we discover things which are disagreeable and may not jibe with what we had previously theorized, we note them, and we act accordingly.

We don't try to hide; we don't try to conceal. That is one of the reasons I felt I was so cocksure; I felt so fine about this scientific method which I used in my daily work.

Senator WELKER. Now, proceed.

In this deliberation that you were having at your home when the FBI had found the map, and when you thought the house of cards was about to fall upon you, what else did you think about?

Mr. GOLD. The only thing that I thought about—it occurred to me at that time that I would take the entire blame, that what I would do

was, I would admit what I had done with Fuchs, but I would cover the rest of it up.

You have to realize that all through these 17 years, as people, we are complex. We are none of us the result of single, direct motivations and single, direct actions. We are all the result of a number of forces. As we say in mechanics, we are the result of a number of forces pulling us one way and another. And I felt—well, I knew, actually, knew, that as a scientist, as a technical man, that I could not go on forever lying and covering up; I also felt an extreme repugnance and horror about being an informer.

I would like to explain just one instance. Many here may have seen *The Informer*, with Victor McLaglen. There was a scene where he was waiting in the British Army Headquarters, when the British soldiers have gone to pick up Frankie Phillips, his buddy, on whom he had informed. The news comes in over the phone. The British officer picks it up, and he says, "Yes, he has been shot. He has been shot. Very well. That is all." And he hangs up the phone.

Then he takes his swagger stick, and on that table is some money, and he pushes the money with his swagger stick, as if it were something unclean, over to the other end of the table where McLaglen is sitting.

That burned very deeply into me. As I said, I liked Fuchs. I liked Klaus very much. But he had already been apprehended.

But I liked Semenov. Of all the people that I had been associated, there was only one whom I felt any dislike for, and that was this man Fred. And I could not see myself turning them in, you see. And yet at the same time, I knew that I was going to turn them in.

So I tried at first to cover up. For instance, I gave a very accurate description of Slack, a physical description, a completely accurate physical description of Slack, at first, the first few days after my apprehension, and then I placed him in an entirely different locale. I placed him in Syracuse, N. Y., instead of Rochester, N. Y., knowing all the time that eventually I was going to tell the truth about him. It took a while. It took, I would say, about 2 months before I got it all down as it had occurred.

Then, of course for a period after that, I kept associating events, remembering little details on various occurrences.

Mr. MORRIS. You have now made full disclosure of everything you know to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, have you not?

Mr. GOLD. Completely, sir.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, at the suggestion of the chairman of the committee, I have spoken with the Federal Bureau of Investigation about the witness here this morning, and I have been assured that he has been completely cooperative for a long period of time with that particular agency.

I might point out, too, Senator, that the testimony here this morning, in strong contrast to the testimony of most witnesses we have had, is most revealing.

Senator, the one thing I would like to point out is that this is the first time you have ever testified fully, is it not, Mr. Gold?

Mr. GOLD. This is by no means a complete statement, by no means.

Mr. MORRIS. Yes, I realize that.

Mr. GOLD. But I have testified before several grand juries and in several trials.

Mr. MORRIS. I see.

Now, your testimony at a public trial, for instance, has been for a limited purpose, has it not?

Mr. GOLD. Oh, yes.

Mr. MORRIS. It was confined within the area of the particular prosecution?

Mr. GOLD. Of that particular investigation. You answer whatever questions are asked on direct examination and then you are cross-examined, and you can't answer except specifically what you have been asked. You can't elaborate. You must be very precise.

Mr. MORRIS. Now, your testimony before a grand jury certainly is not available to the Internal Security Subcommittee nor to the public at large. So, so far as the Congress of the United States knows, your only public utterances have been the limited utterances before the public trials that you have described here today.

Mr. GOLD. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. So that your testimony here is almost the first opportunity—and then not a complete one—for you to tell the story fully in detail; is that right?

Mr. GOLD. That is correct.

Mr. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, the reason I point that out is that, at the present time, there are forces at work in the United States that are trying to present the story told by Harry Gold as an incomplete story. I think in executive session we pointed out some of these things.

Did any of these come to your attention, Mr. Gold, in executive session here yesterday or today?

Mr. GOLD. Well, there is so much that you would have to literally spend months, months and months, to try and refute, as I said before, the whole mountain of trash. It would be absolutely impossible, I mean, to just single out one item.

All I can do is give facts, actually. I could take some of these books that have been written. They are not available, you know, to me. I live in a penitentiary, and libraries in penitentiaries, while this is a very good library, still they make it a point to keep anything connected with any individuals in the penitentiary, out of the library.

So material of this nature is just not available. I have read book reviews occasionally, but I have never seen any of this material prior to yesterday. It would take a long while to go through it all.

Apparently what has been done is to take things totally out of context, and where that wouldn't work sufficiently well, they have just taken material—they have just told outright lies. That is all.

And I was even shown one thing, a statement by Bertrand Russell. I spoke before of the cocksureness that I had when I started in this business, the fact that it is a trait that many scientific men have. We get good in one particular field, and we think that, well, we can get equally good at others, without studying it or without knowing too much about it. And, well, you just can't. That is all. You have got to know facts. Any time, you have to know facts or you are just dealing in fairy tales.

Mr. MORRIS. And that statement of Lord Russell was an instance of what you have just said?

Mr. GOLD. Yes. I am amazed that a man, a mathematician, yet, the queen of the sciences, the one really rigid science, a man who was a mathematician, should go so completely and totally astray.

MR. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, in connection with this testimony, there was, at one point in the chronology, a point where he made a jump of several years. I was wondering if at some later time—I do not propose we do it today or tomorrow, Senator, because we are pressed for time—but I wonder if at some later time we may be able to go back and cover that for the record. We did not cover it fully in executive session.

In our chronology this morning there was a break, I noted, Mr. Gold. Did you not?

MR. GOLD. Yes.

MR. MORRIS. Of about 2 years?

MR. GOLD. Yes.

MR. MORRIS. And there was some important material therein, was there not?

MR. GOLD. Yes, sir.

MR. MORRIS. I have here, Mr. Chairman, a handwritten account under the heading, "The circumstances surrounding my work as a Soviet agent: a report by Harry Gold, October 11, 1950, Philadelphia, Pa.," with the notation, "Delivered to me by Harry Gold, October 19, 1950, John Hamilton," your lawyer.

Now, I was wondering, do you think, Mr. Gold, that this chronology, written on that date, in other words, so close to the time when you broke off with these people—do you think that would help the sub-committee if this were placed, in the record in telling the story that we have to know in carrying out our obligations?

MR. GOLD. I think it would. It is considerably detailed.

MR. MORRIS. I see.

And the difference is a difference of 6 years in point of time?

MR. GOLD. Yes.

MR. MORRIS. Is there any difference in your attitude now from what it was then?

MR. GOLD. No. It has only been strengthened.

MR. MORRIS. It has only been what?

MR. GOLD. It has only been strengthened.

MR. MORRIS. Strengthened.

In other words, the statements and the conclusions here are strengthened by the passage of time?

MR. GOLD. Yes.

I would like to say just one thing in connection with John Hamilton. One of the things that hastened my completely revealing what I had done was the appointment of Hamilton as my court-appointed attorney. He worked very hard, extremely hard, and he was not a young man at this time, right through the heat of summer, in the Holmesburg Prison. He saw me day after day, and accumulated a whole mountain of material, and gave as good a presentation of the background, mind you, the background, just the background, that led to my being involved and my being involved in this entire business.

He is a fine man, and I have a tremendous amount of respect for him.

Some scurrilous things were noted in these books, and they are just plain out-and-out lies.

MR. MORRIS. Mr. Chairman, may I offer that chronology for the record, together with the chronology of work for the Soviet Union, which was prepared, I believe, on June 15, 1950.

Is that right, Mr. Gold?

MR. GOLD. Yes.

MR. MORRIS. Did you prepare that?

MR. GOLD. Yes. That was 4 weeks after I was picked up.

MR. MORRIS. May they both go into the record?

MR. GOLD. What is the date on that?

MR. MORRIS. June 15, 1950.

MR. GOLD. No. The other is around September or October.

MR. MORRIS. October 11.

MR. GOLD. That is about right.

MR. MORRIS. May they go in the record?

The substance of the statements in here is true to your knowledge?

MR. GOLD. Absolutely.

SENATOR WELKER. It is so ordered.

(The documents referred to were marked "Exhibit No. 280" and "Exhibit No. 279" and appear at the conclusion of Senator Welker's statement following.)

MR. MORRIS. I have no more questions of this particular witness at this time, Mr. Chairman.

SENATOR WELKER. Mr. Gold, time alone will show what damage you have done to your country. Time alone will show what damage you have done to yourself.

You alone appreciate that more than anyone else. The American people are very prone to forget. But as I have sat here for these hours listening to your testimony, I have wished in my heart that the American people could be here as a jury to weigh your testimony and to see whether or not in their minds they felt that you were telling the truth.

I note that you were here not surrounded by a battery of attorneys, which is your constitutional right. I further note that I met you while I was on an entirely different subcommittee last December. I know something of the cold life that you are living behind those grey walls of Lewisburg, Pa.

I observed you in your activity when you did not know that I was even there. I wanted to know whether or not you were a good and decent prisoner, whether or not you were trying to repent for those terrible crimes you have done. You have lied; you have cheated; you have stolen; you have been a spy, an espionage agent; you have been a man who could be convicted of a conspiracy to murder.

Maybe some of the things that you have done will bring about mass murder.

As I say, as one member of this committee, I am not the man to judge. I do so appreciate, Mr. Gold, the fact that you have seen fit to come before the Internal Security Subcommittee of the United States Senate and tell us under oath your shocking, vicious story, as I say, of lying, of espionage, of sabotage, of everything that is distasteful to a red-blooded American.

At the same time, I say to you that you realize and you were admonished by me this morning, notwithstanding the fact that you have to serve a tremendously long time in Lewisburg, if you have overstepped

your bounds today and committed willful perjury, you, better than anyone else, know that that would just insure you spending the rest of your life behind those cold, gray walls at Lewisburg.

Mr. Gold. In conclusion of this terrible, distasteful hearing, I know, for you, before the subcommittee of which I am honored to be acting chairman this day, I am wondering whether or not you would tell me, was it worth it all? Was it worth it all?

Mr. Gold. It was a horrible mistake from the very beginning. I almost can't conceive how, knowingly and willfully, I went through all these years doing these things. If I could only take it back, but I can't—

Senator WELKER. If you could only take it back——

Mr. Gold. Yes.

Senator WELKER. But you have not that power. I doubt very much if many Americans will read your testimony today. I wish many Americans knew you as I know you. I know you to be a very capable chemist in a very great profession. You have sinned; you have sinned wrongfully against your country, your fellow man, and as I said at the outset of this concluding remark, time alone will show the extent of the terrible criminal—which is a minor name for people that have done things like you—that you really are. But I believe that, maybe after I have gone away from the Senate, and maybe after you have passed away, that there will be a shaft of light thrown upon the life of Harry Gold. I know that you know what I am referring to, and I know that you know I am going to respect the confidence that you have placed in me, not anything that you have asked for. It is something that you have asked me not to say. I am concluding my remarks with that statement.

Mr. Gold. Thank you very much, Senator.

EXHIBIT No. 279

CHRONOLOGY OF WORK FOR SOVIET UNION

(June 15, 1950)

1. Name: Paul (Smith)—probably initial organizer of industrial espionage in United States.

Time: November 1935 to March 1937.

Information: Processes relating to the manufacture of various industrial solvents, used principally in formulating varnishes and lacquers. Examples: Diethyl oxalate, butyl alcohol, butyl acetate, amyl acetate, ethyl acetate. Also process (experimental and impractical) for manufacture of *absolute ethyl alcohol* (pharmaceuticals).

Source: Files (Dr. Gustav T. Reich's) of Pennsylvania Sugar Co. and subsidiaries (Franco American Chemical Works and Pennsylvania Alcohol Co.). I never actually visited Franco American—in Carlstadt (near Rutherford), N. J.

Gold's function: Obtained information, usually operating reports and blueprints, turned them over to Paul and, most often, the data were copied and I returned these to their proper place.

2. Name: Steve (Schwartz)—giant of a man, 6 feet 3 inches, 220 pounds; easygoing; wore spats.

Time: September 1936 to September 1937.

Information: Process for manufacture of ethyl chloride (a local anesthetic), also cleanup of data on solvents. Some effort, not intensive, to obtain names of prospective recruits and of periodicals (thorough reports on these).

Source: Pennsylvania Sugar Co. and subsidiaries.

Recruits: Made up names.

Journals: Public library.

Gold's function: Obtained technical data from Pennsylvania Sugar Co. files. Looked up journals in public library.

3. Name: Fred—small, dark man with moustache, dictatorial manner.

Time: October 1937 to August 1938 and November 1938 to March 1940.

Information: (a) Details of experimental process (Dr. Reich's) for recovery of carbon dioxide from flue gases (dry ice—soda fountains). I was in charge of the work on this process and an article has been published by Dr. Reich crediting this.

(b) False information on various prospective recruits—Daniel Kline (imaginary). All a delaying action.

(c) One effort to check telephone number of a person, "C. B.," possibly a Trotskyite, living in Philadelphia.

(d) Check on Ben Smilg in Dayton, Ohio—the occasion of Fred looking me up in Cincinnati.

Source:

(a) Carbon dioxide recovery process—my own notes.

(b) False information on recruits—invented by me to stall Fred until I could go to college and get my degree. I was then in love with Shirley Oken and wanted to marry her.

(c) Isolated event, done at request of Fred—the only purpose was to check whether the man with this name lived at this address.

(d) Smilg—I was threatened with exposure at Xavier University if I did not do as Fred requested; i. e., just keep an eye on Smilg.

Gold's function:

(a) Carbon dioxide process—turned over my own notes and recommendations.

(b) A dreary attempt to ward off Fred re false recruits.

(c) Check on "C. B."—an errand for Fred in Philadelphia.

(d) Smilg—I was a means of checking on Ben. Also, this was a means of continuing to hold on me.

I last saw Fred in the late winter of 1940 (say, early March). In late April of 1940 (possibly early in May), I went to New York (from Cincinnati) at Fred's request and met my fourth Soviet agent, a man of about 5 feet 9 inches, about 155 pounds, with sunken cheeks and a sallow complexion; he complained of gastric illness. He gave me \$100 to \$150, for final expenses at Xavier—I loaned a part to other students.

Man met at Hotel New Yorker in late April 1940. This person has been positively identified by me—and I am told that this identification has been verified.

4. Name: Sam—since identified by me as Semen Semenov, an MIT graduate and the most American appearing of all the Russians.

Time: August 1940 to February 1944—one lapse from March 1941 to September 1941.

Information: (a) Al Slack; September 1940 to October 1944:

(1) Data on Kodachrome, both film manufacture and developers (sensitizers). Also use of Kodachrome in aerial photography.

(2) Data on nylon—obtained by Slack from Howard Gochenaur at Du Pont plant in Belle, W. Va. Later, this information was edited by Slack and Gold, 1941.

(3) Data on prospective recruits—Paul Starchet and John Humphries, both working at Charleston, W. Va., plant of Carbide & Carbon Chemicals Corp. Nothing was ever done about this. Date, 1941 or 1942.

(4) Data on highly nitrated explosive from Holston Ordnance Works (RDX), 1943 and 1944.

(b) Ben Smilg—an effort to get him to cooperate with me so as to obtain information; unsuccessful. Time: February 1941.

(c) Abe Brothman; October 1941 to June 1943.

(1) Data on design of mixing equipment—essentially all Brothman's own design. Obtained while Brothman worked for the Hendrick Co.

(2) Data on production of Buna-S, synthetic rubber. The information was probably given to the Hendrick Co. by either the United States Rubber Co. or Standard Oil of New Jersey.

(3) Data on manufacture of magnesium powder (for flares) and Aerosol spray and containers (for insects). Both of these were developed while Abe was a partner at Chemurgy Design Corp.; the Aerosol spray composition, however, was a Department of Agriculture idea. Neither of these projects were ever turned over to Sam as he did not want them, because of his contempt for any of Brothman's own work.

(d) Klaus Fuchs—initial meeting with Klaus in February 1944.

Source: (a) Slack—September 1940 to October 1941.

(1) Kodachrome—Eastman-Kodak, Rochester, N. Y.

(2) Nylon—DuPont, Belle, W. Va., 1941 (October 1941).

(3) Recruits—Charleston, W. Va., 1941 or 1942.

(4) Highly nitrated explosive—Holston Ordnance Works, Kingsport, Tenn., a part of Tennessee-Eastman. Time: October 1943 to October 1944.

(b) Smilg—nothing accomplished. I was very reluctant about this business but was commanded by Sam. I probably did not go to Smilg's house in January 1941, but told Sam I did so.

(c) Brothman:

(1) Mixing equipment—Brothman's own design but used by Hendrick. Brothman's firm, Republic Chemical Machinery, was a part of Hendrick. Time: Fall of 1942.

(2) Buna-S—information given to Hendrick by United States Rubber or Standard Oil of New Jersey but the design work was Brothman's own. Time: March 1942 (continuous process).

(3) Magnesium powder—idea was Henry Golwynne's, Abe's partner, and I do not know whether it was ever used in the United States; it may have been intended for Australia.

Aerosol dispensers—manufactured by a Mr. Heilig of the Regal Chemical Co. in Brooklyn. Abe was supposed to share in the profits. The design of this particular dispenser (there were others) was Abe's.

(d) Klaus Fuchs—I was told of this most important of all jobs by Sam. Was warned to think twice and three times before I ever made a move.

Gold's function:

(a) Slack—courier.

(b) Smilg—effort to get him to work for Soviet Union so I could act as courier for aeronautical information.

(c) Brothman—courier.

(d) Fuchs—established contact so I could act as courier.

5. Name: John—since identified by me as A. Yakovlev (Anatole Antonovich Yakovlev).

Time: March 1944 to November 1945 and one meeting December 1946.

Information:

On December 26, 1946, just prior to meeting Yakovlev, I met a tough, savage individual at the Earle Theater in the Bronx of New York; he is the one who told me to see Yakovlev at Third Avenue. I saw this unknown man for less than a minute.

(a) Al Slack—probably passed on information on highly nitrated explosive to John; that is, this work was initiated with Sam and was concluded with John, probably in April 1944. Nothing further was done with Al.

(b) Klaus Fuchs—obtained information on atomic energy. I thought at first that this was merely a project to separate the isotopes and really did not immediately grasp the terrific destructive power which was finally unleashed. Fuchs, especially, did not believe that the weapon would be completed in time before the surrender of Germany and Japan. There were 8 or 9 meetings:

(1) 5, possibly 6, in New York (Manhattan, Queens, the Bronx, and Brooklyn). The dates are February 1944 to July 1944. (At this time I lost track of Klaus when he was transferred to Los Alamos.) I received information on two occasions and turned this data over to John in a matter of 15 or 20 minutes. Possibly there were three passages of data.

(2) One meeting in Cambridge, Mass. The date is early in January 1945. This was at the home of his sister, Mrs. Robert Heinemann. I received information and turned it over to John.

(3) Two meetings in or near Santa Fe, N. Mex. These meetings were in early June 1945 and about September 19, 1945. I received information on both occasions and turned this data over to John. A tentative agreement was made to see Klaus in Cambridge about Christmas 1945; also, an arrangement was made should he return to England.

(4) I only once looked at the data (in New York); it consisted of mathematical equations. Undoubtedly it was very complete as far as Klaus's own work went, but his knowledge of the entire Manhattan Project was far from so. He initially at least, did not know of the existence of either Oak Ridge or Los Alamos and had no concept of the United States industrial potential.

(c) D. J.—since identified as David Greenglass of New York City. In June 1945, on the occasion of my first visit to Santa Fe, I met this man at his apartment in Albuquerque and received from him information for which I paid him

\$500 (so his wife could continue to stay with him). The money was given to me by John. I turned the data over to John. Earlier, I have said that I believed the information to have been unimportant but I have since learned that it was highly valuable.

(d) Visit(s) to Cambridge—I made one visit to Cambridge in late January or early February 1946. There I met Mr. Heinemann. Klaus was still in New Mexico. Also, I may possibly have made an earlier visit in November 1945, but I rather doubt this.

(e) Meeting with John in December 1946. He apologized for not having seen me; demanded information from Klaus (I did not have any); I told him of the story of Klaus's arrest in England; John's horror when I told him of my working for Abe and his precipitate departure.

Sources: (a) Al Slack's data and samples on nitrated explosive—Holston Ordnance Works. Time: April 1944.

(b) Klaus Fuchs—Manhattan Engineer project and Los Alamos. Principally Klaus's own work plus any other details (fragmentary) that he may have had knowledge of. Fuchs, however, knew a great deal, and I believe he was present at the first explosion of the bomb at Alamogordo, July 16, 1945.

(c) David Greenglass—information on his own work at Los Alamos. Greenglass was a machinist and I have been told that he worked on a very important phase of the bomb assembly. I believe he also gave written information on possible recruits.

Gold's function: With Al Slack, Klaus Fuchs, and David Greenglass I acted as a courier. At Mrs. Heinemann's, in January or February 1946, I performed my last mission for the Soviet Union—in trying to get in touch with Klaus Fuchs.

6. Name: Unknown. Complete description given to FBI.

Time: Early July 1949 and September and October 1949.

Occasion: I received a letter from John (so signed) in early July 1946. This was intended as a signal for a rendezvous. This I kept, but no one showed.

Then in October 1949 I was visited at my home by the unknown man. This was on a Saturday evening. The following occurred:

(a) Regards from John.

(b) A bawling out for not keeping appointment on receipt of letter in July 1949.

(c) A request for information (data) from Klaus Fuchs.

(d) A request for the story of my appearance before the grand jury in July 1947.

(e) An arrangement proposed by him for meeting every 2 months, plus an emergency arrangement.

(f) Two meetings in New York: one in Forest Hills and near the Bronx Zoo.

EXHIBIT No. 280

THE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING MY WORK AS A SOVIET AGENT—A REPORT

By Harry Gold

October 11, 1950, Philadelphia, Pa.

This report is an amplification and, I believe, a very essential one, on the first statement submitted on July 20, 1950. There is discussed here a particular phase of the prior report, that is, the matter of how I became a Soviet agent, with special emphasis on these points:

1. The early background, i. e., the events that led to my being in a receptive mood to the proposal of Tom Black and Paul Smith that I work for the Soviet Union. The years are 1920 to 1935.

2. The circumstances and motives that actually impelled me to begin the espionage with the Soviet agents. The year is 1935.

3. My attitude and state of mind on these missions.

4. The doubts that arose during the active period of obtaining information for Russia—the years are 1935 to late 1945; and the later doubts, which came in the time after the cessation of spying for the Soviet Union—the years are 1946 to 1950.

5. My relationship with various Soviet agents, including Semen M. Semenov, Thomas L. Black, and Klaus Fuchs.¹

6. Finally, my reactions during three very vital periods:²

(a) Prior to my arrest.

¹ See p. 51.

² See p. 67.

- (b) During the time of voluntary custody.
- (c) After the appointment of counsel.

I deem all of the above matters to be extremely pertinent, and not just a rehash of what has been said before. And most emphatically, I wish to hammer home the point none of this material is contrived, artificial, or, in any sense, manufactured; no, above all, it is intended as a sincere testament of my beliefs during the years which are covered. This narrative shall be written as if intended, which it actually is, to clear away all of the morass which had existed in my mind. It shall be told frankly and openly as to two friends: my attorneys.

There will be a certain unavoidable amount of overlapping in this story with the history given in the first report, but partially this will be deliberate, because it is desired to make the events related here stand as an integral and cohesive unit. To repeat, this will deal with three principal matters:

- A. Why I became a Soviet agent.
- B. Why, once I had become a Russian spy, did I continue this work.
- C. My reactions before and after apprehension.

Now, take each of the categories detailed on the first page in their proper and, roughly, chronological order:

First, the early background in the years from 1920 to 1935. It is realized, of course, that unlike as occurred with the mythological Cadmus, upon his planting of the dragon's teeth, when the soldiers sprang fully armed from the earth, I did not in a day, a year, or even 5 years, come of such a frame of mind as to be willing to engage in espionage. The fertilized soil had to be already there for me to have been receptive, and not only to yield to Black's entreaties, but to actively desire to work with Paul Smith. Thus, going back to the very beginning, there are three significant points:

One, the matter of anti-Semitism.

Here I shall relate three incidents:

The first occurred when I was about 12; at that time I made regular trips to the public library at Broad and Porter Streets, a distance of about 2 miles. On returning from one such journey, I was seized by a group of about 15 gentle boys at 12th and Shunk Streets and was badly beaten—the 2 other boys with me fled. As a result, my father, with my not too unwilling consent, began to "convoy" me every Saturday night back and forth from the library; and he would wait patiently for as long as one-half hour, outside, while I obtained books. But, glad as I was to have it, I was very much ashamed of this protection and sought to conceal it from the other youngsters in Phillip Street. After 2 years of this, Leon Coltman, a neighbor's boy, began to accompany me, and Pop's escort was abandoned; Leon and I would chart a course which took us past any gangs which might be waiting in ambush, and eventually I lost my fear and would make the trip alone.

The second event happened in the period from 1918 to 1925. At that time the 2600 south block of Phillip Street (and the surrounding ones) was the objective of periodic surprise sorties by the "Neckers" who lived in Stonehouse Lane; this area, the Neck, was a marshy section south of the city dump, and Stonehouse Lane was a winding continuation of Third Street, below Oregon Avenue—the inhabitants there lived under extremely primitive conditions and, amid the mosquitoes and filth, raised hogs and did a desultory sort of produce farming. The general target of these lightning raids was the comparatively civilized section of paved streets north of Oregon Avenue, but their special hatred was directed at the Jews (forming some 70 percent of the families) in these brick-throwing, window-smashing forays.

The last of these facets has to do with my father's difficulties at the Victor Talking Machine Co. (since 1926, the Radio Corporation of America). When Pop first began to work for the Victor firm in 1915, the job was one which at that time had the designation of "lifetime." The company was run on a benevolently philanthropic basis, with a high wage rate, assistance if needed in buying a home, and gifts (such as turkeys, food baskets, and watches) at Thanksgiving and Christmas. The workmen were of a good, solid substantial type and their main criterion for judging the respect of a fellow employee was his ability at his job. But, in 1920, things began to change. There was a mass influx of immigrant Italian workers, such as were needed in the changeover from the old craftsman technique to large-scale production. These newcomers were crudely anti-Semitic, and made Pop, one of the few Jewish workers, the object of their humor; they stole his chisels, put glue on his tools and good clothes, and in general made life intolerable for him. There was no point in protesting to the foreman, because that worthy was also full of hatred for Jews. When Pop finally did strike one such tormentor, it turned out that the man, though much larger than Pop, had

a bad heart, and so Pop almost lost his job in the ensuing commotion. After this he just patiently put up with it all. Actually, I would never have known any of this for Pop carefully refrained from mentioning any of these wretched going-on to me, but Mom dropped sufficient hints and, during the passage of years, I overheard enough for me to construct a dishearteningly accurate picture.

And, there is a sequel to the foregoing incident. Beginning about 1926, my father came under an Irish foreman at RCA, a man who was more bitterly intolerant than anyone Pop had yet encountered. He told Pop, "You Jew son-of-a-bitch, I'm going to make you quit," and so put him on a specially speeded-up production line, where my father was the only one handsanding cabinets. Then Sam Gold would come home at night, with his fingertips raw and bleeding and with the skin partially rubbed off. This is no exaggeration. And Mom would bathe the wounded members and would put ointment on them, and Pop would go back to work the next morning. But he never quit, not my Pop. Nor did he ever utter one word of complaint to us boys, in fact, he always tried to conceal his fingers from us.

Many other such instances could be described (such as the snowball fight with the boys at the Mount Carmel Parochial School, in which I was clipped with one missile containing a rock—my head rang for 2 days) but the pattern was there, a scheme of things to which I piled up a tremendous resentment throughout the years and built an overwhelming desire to do something active to fight it, to combat it—something on a much wider and effective scale than by smashing an individual anti-Semite in the face.

Two, my belief in socialism: I recall clearly in the early twenties, my mother's fascination with the unwavering character of Eugene Debs and his advocacy of Socialist principles. One of our papers in the home was the Jewish Daily Forward, and during these years it also espoused the theory of social cooperation—and along with the various humorous stories of "Kovner" and the stirring "Romanen" (novels), in both of which I used to delight, I also got a fairly steady diet of propaganda regarding the rights of labor. Late in my high-school years, and through till 1933, I became a great admirer of Norman Thomas; he seemed a very wonderful man indeed. Bolshevism, or communism was just a name for a wild and vaguely-defined phenomenon going on in an 18th century land thousands of miles away. Also, many of the boys at Southern High had Socialist leanings; we were exposed to a dreary subject called civics, which seemed to bear no relationship to the actualities of 39th Ward politics as practiced in South Philadelphia in the days of the Vare regime. But communism—no. I can still vividly remember the scene, as I sat with Izzy Abrams and Milt Mayer in the tiny public square at Fifth and Ritner Streets during an early fall evening in 1928, and incredulously heard that Davey Zion had become a Communist and was actively engaged in making speeches and in distributing literature. "A Communist," I was horrified.

"Well, don't be too harsh," said Iz, "after all, if he believes in it, that's a great deal. And its a hard life he's leading, as a party member." But still that feeling of revulsion was there—a Communist.

And so in late 1932, after leaving the University of Pennsylvania and returning to work at the sugar refinery, I still was convinced that Norman Thomas was a great man. In my enthusiasm, I expressed these beliefs before a group of pipe-fitters and my coworker, Tom Ferguson, while I was working in the company's distillery division. Whereupon, Fred Stetson, the superintendent, rebuked me sharply, and said that he wanted to hear no further talk of socialism in the plant; he was right, of course, but, as might be expected, this only made me the more obdurate. But I shut up—this was the depression.

One final item regarding this matter of socialism. It may be significant that Tom Black and Al Slack were also Socialists, initially—in fact, Slack, even as I, never became a convinced Communist.

(3) My meeting with Tom Black and Vera Kane. In December 1932, just 10 days before Christmas, I was laid off from my job as laboratory worker and plant operator at the Pennsylvania Sugar Co. But the reason was not my preaching of socialism. This was a mass discharge of some 25 men; Stetson, an insecure character, was resentful and suspicious of the fact that I was "Dr. Reich's man" and had been placed in the distillery over his objections. (When I had to leave Penn in March of 1932, Dr. Reich, my friend and former employer, was unable to restore me to the former position in his laboratory, and so did the next best thing in finding a job for me during those dreary years.) Thus, though, all of the other names on the pink sheet were in alphabetical order, mine, like Abou Ben Adhem's, headed the list. Then it was that Ferdinand (Fred) Heller, a research chemist in the main lab, suggested that I should take my family to

the Birobidjan area of Soviet Russia. He was serious, too. This was, to me, nonsense of course, because as bad as things were here, I still considered this my home, and liked it very much—here were the sports of football, baseball, and basketball; and Morton Downey, Bing Crosby, and the team of Stoognagle and Budd on our radio; and here were Iz Lieberman, Abe Sklar, Danny Gussick, Frank Kessler, Leon Coltman, and Sam Haftel, all my loyal and worried friends; and then there was the familiar and beloved neighborhood of South Philadelphia and Phillip Street. But here was also the disgraceful specter and the deep ignominy of charity. And the first thing that followed my firing from work was the necessity for returning our new parlor suite (the first in 16 years, and which was Mom's joy) to Lit Bros.—that \$50 refund was so vital and loomed so large.

I shall digress on this matter of charity. Mom was opposed to it—violently so. Most of the families living in the 2600 south block of Phillip Street during the twenties lived on the wages earned by the head of each home; but there were a few who, on account of the death of a father or a protracted illness, existed on the subsidy of various charitable organizations—and some found the affair rather to their liking, and would soon consider this a God-given right. Mom despised these people. However, such was not my particular friend, Izzy Lieberman, one of the "gang" with Danny, Abe, Frank, and I. Iz was the eldest of 11 children—his father was tubercular and his mother worked to help support the family; the rest of necessary income was made up by a Jewish charity. At this time it was the custom for the various "neighborhood centers" to give baskets of food at Thanksgiving and Christmas to all the needy who applied. And it was also the custom of many families to go and collect as many of these baskets as they could, whether they actually needed them or not—"After all, it's there so why not take it?" So Mrs. Lieberman, in all kindness and sincerity, said to me one morning, "Why don't you go along with Izzy and Louie and the girls and get a basket, Harry?" Whereupon, I drew myself up in the full snobbish righteousness of 12 years and, with the blunt cruelty which only a child is capable of, stated, "My mother says that in our family we do not take charity." Mrs. Lieberman, deeply hurt, naturally told Mom about this and I got soundly walloped, to teach me not to offend people in the future.

Also this: I was quite frail and underweight during my grammar and high school days, particularly in the former period. At this time, it was the practice of the public schools to send the most sickly and undernourished children for a 10- or 20-day stay at the summer camp operated by the Christian Association of the University of Pennsylvania at Green Lane (some 50 miles northwest of Philadelphia). My name was put on the list, but when I told Mom about it, she demurred—it was charity. Finally, I talked her into going to the Sharswood Grammar School and seeing Mrs. Biernmaster; and this teacher told a white lie, saying that this summer camp was really part of the public school system and was in no sense a charity affair. I do not believe that Mom ever swallowed this story but, inevitably, her concern for my health triumphed, and she did permit me to go to camp for two glorious summers, when I was 12 and 13. I gained from 5 to 7 pounds on each occasion, learned to love spinach (and I still do), played soccer, shivered wonderfully on the huge boulders around the campfire while the counselors (all university athletes) told ghost stories, and, best of all, developed a fabulous appetite, one which has stayed with me till the present—as Abe Brothman once said, "Harry will eat anything that will stand still long enough, or won't eat him first."

But to get back to the main stream of this history. I looked for work frantically during 5 weeks in December and January. Then Fred Heller came to see me; he said jubilantly that a certain Tom Black, a friend and a former classmate of his at Penn State, was leaving his job at the Holbrook Manufacturing Co., a soap firm in Jersey City, and could possibly arrange for me to take his place. Black was accepting a better position at the National Oil Products Co. in Harrison, N. J. (near Newark). And so it turned out; one cold night a week later, I was called to the phone at the Coltman's and Fred excitedly told me that he had just received a telegram saying that I must be in Jersey City that night (the actual wording had been "Gold must arrive tonight," and it was not till later that Tom began to realize why the clerk in the Western Union office had looked at him so queerly—this was during the period of the gold embargo). Mom hurriedly and anxiously packed the same worn brown cardboard suitcase that I had used at Green Lane, and I borrowed \$6 from Frank Kessler as well as a jacket which closely matched my pants, and then my friend bundled me off on a Greyhound bus. I arrived in Jersey City about one in the morning and finally found my way through the snow to the Corbin Avenue apartment where Black, and Ernie Segresemann, his roommate, lived. Every event of that night remains clear and

sharp. The bundled up laborer who directed me as I was trudging along, but who, when he learned that I was here for one of those precious jobs, snarled, "Better go back home boy—enough people out of work here." Tom was waiting for me in the hallway downstairs; I can still see the huge, friendly, grin in that freckled face crowned with those untamed reddish curls and the bearlike grip of his hand. We ate and then stayed up till 6 a. m. while Tom briefed me on soap chemistry and, in particular, on the "complicating circumstances." It appeared that the Holbrook Co. was owned by two venerable and gentlemanly brothers, Franklin and Stanton Smith, but it was operated by a superintendent named MacIntosh; and MacIntosh, according to Black, was very anti-Semitic and would never consent to hiring a Jew. So I would have to say that in spite of my name, I was really not Jewish, since my grandfather had become a convert when he married a Gentile girl; this was the concocted and jumbled story that I must tell.

And, added to all this confusing mess was one important item—Tom told me very frankly that he was a Communist Party member, and that Heller had purposely sent me to Black at Jersey City because, as a Socialist, I was a likely recruit to the more militant organization. And, during a fair portion of the 5 hours, I was subjected to a steady barrage of "facts" to prove: that capitalism was doomed here in the United States, that the only country to which the working-man owed allegiance was the Soviet Union, and that the only reasonable way of life was communism. The next day I got the job. It was kindly old Franklin Smith, the president of the firm, who hired me and afterward steadily defended me against the attacks of MacIntosh. I am certain no one was taken in by the fable of my not being Jewish. Tom was correct about Mac, though, because the latter often told me what a wonderful man Hitler was, and once, how "All the Jews in America should be put on ships and the goddam boats sunk in the middle of the ocean." But I took this, because that wonderful \$30 every Saturday kept our family off relief; I spent \$11 every week: 3 for room rent, 4 for food and 4 for the round-trip train fare (the special Pennsy weekend rate at that time) to Philadelphia—and Mom and Pop and Gus lived on the remaining 19. We went further into debt to Coltman, the butcher, and Shiffrin, the grocer, and our landlord, the attorney, Karl J. Schofield, but we were not ever on charity—and, eventually, all of these people were repaid. And I was grateful to Tom Black, very much so.

From the very first Tom insisted on taking me to Communist Party meetings in Jersey City. I went to three. There I met such assorted characters as: Joe MacKenzie, the seaman, a young man with gaps in his teeth (due to his penchant, when drunk, for slugging it out with Jersey City's uniformly outsize police); an earnest old Pole who was an ex-anarchist; and a volatile Greek barber who once, in petulance at a meeting which had drearily degenerated into a discussion of Marxian dialectics, declared, "The hell with this stuff—give me five good men and I'll take Journal Square by storm." These were at least sincere, but there were others, people who frankly were in it only for the purpose of gratifying some ulterior motives: a whole host of despicable bohemians who prattled of free love; others who obviously were lazy bums, and would never ever work, under any economic system, depression or no depression; and, finally, a certain type, very adequately described in the Swiss dialect as "Plodersacken" (endless, boring talkers), and to whom no one but this weird conglomeration of individuals would listen, if even they did. Nothing was ever accomplished at these meetings—they were interminable, and never wound up before 4 a. m.—and, in spite of Tom's unrestrained enthusiasm, the whole dreary crew seemed to be a very futile threat to even the admittedly unsteady economy of the United States in early 1933. And, 17 years later, I still think so.

Tom wanted me to join the Communist Party but, much to my relief, he said that first I must be adequately prepared before I did so. Therefore, he suggested that I study the various Marxian textbooks, and that I should enroll in some of the evening classes for "workers" run by the Communist Party in New York (in the area of their 12th Street headquarters, just off Union Square). I did go there one early summer evening, very timidly it must be confessed, and bought two pamphlets and made some inquiries of several very suspicious men, who obviously thought I was a police spy. There is still evoked the picture of that room, with its walls plastered with those drawings of workmen, all brawny and upright and in overalls (and with upraised arms, with the fists clenched); and capitalists, with fat cigars and bellies, sitting on huge piles of coins.

Then in September came the NRA, the Blue Eagle, and the opportunity to return to the Pennsylvania Sugar Co. and Dr. Reich, this time in his own lab, on shift work at night in the sugar refinery; though the wage was the same as at the

Holbrook Co., I accepted, for I would be saving the expense of living in Jersey City—and, better yet, I would be reunited with my family. And then, there was the great feeling of relief at the realization that now I would be freed of Tom's importunings to join the Communist Party.

On the night before my departure I met Vera (Veronica) Kane. Fred Heller had driven up from Philadelphia in his rattletrap, but serviceable, Chevrolet and had picked up Tom and Ernie Segressemann at the Prudential Apartment, the huge development where they lived in Newark; then these three surprised me just as I was packing in my room on Ravine Avenue, near the Palisades, in Jersey City. "We're going to Vera's," they announced. And we did, to an all-night party in Greenwich Village at Miss Kane's apartment on Ninth Street. She was then a woman of about 30, and was divorced from her husband; there was an 8-year old son back home in up-State Utica. Miss Kane (her maiden name) was an attorney, and worked in Wall Street for the legal firm of Frazier, Speare, Meyer & Kidder. Apparently, Tom and Ernie and Fred had known her for a long time. In appearance she was very graceful, of medium height and build, with straight black hair framing an oval face, an attractive smile (almost a grin), and a pleasant and direct manner; to Tom and Ernie, in particular, she behaved somewhat as a mother hen with those bachelor exponents of the random life.

A note on Ernie. He was an immigrant from Switzerland who, as many Swiss boys (and my Pop), had found that picture-postcard country an impossible place as regards earning a living. He had at that time been in America some 10 years, was a graduate of Cooper Union (the free evening College in New York City), and was at present taking his master's work— evenings and Saturdays—at Columbia University. It was Ernie who had obtained from Tom the job at Nopco (National Oil Products Co.). Segressemann was then about 32, with a shambling walk, an oddly enough graceful hang to the frazzled clothes on his lanky frame, and a quizzical smile on his somehow careworn face. As far as I know, Ernie, though a Socialist in principle, never became a Communist. He came of a careful race, one with an ingrained respect for "Das Gesetz" (the law), and he was of the onlooker's and not the participant's character. His principal diversion was joining various hiking clubs and taking long and arduous jaunts on Sunday mornings, and at hours which horrified the night-owl—the late-sleeping—Tom.

I have used the phrase, "all-night party," but this was in no sense an orgy. We just sat around and ate spaghetti and fried eggs and oysters and drank the cheap wine of the neighborhood; and we talked. Oh boy, we talked. Vera read some incredibly funny stories by Thurber from the New Yorker and some rather surprisingly good ones from the New Masses (the literary, as opposed to propaganda, journal of the Communist Party) and we talked. Somehow an argument (and a heated one) started on the subject of how superior was the Soviet way (or rather, lack) of family life as contrasted with that of the decadent United States. To me this was the worst sort of heresy, and I hotly defended the concept of a happy and closely knit unit of parents and children. Probably, I was specially articulate because there was the added incentive of, that very day, returning to my home in Philadelphia. And, as we made our way through the early Sunday morning quiet of downtown Manhattan to the subway, the usually laconic Ernie admitted, "You even had me believing you, Harry."

So I returned to Philadelphia and Penn Sugar and the 2500 block of South Phillip Street. And, beginning that winter, I entered the course in chemical engineering at the evening school of the Drexel Institute of Technology—I still had hopes of going to college, but I knew that the time spent here would be well worth it, even though only a diploma (no degree) was awarded.

But I was not through with Tom by any means or, I should say, the latter was not through with me; the family was naturally happy to meet the man who, in effect, had been the economic savior of us all and so, as Black kept coming to Philadelphia on visits to Fred Heller, he always made it a point to take the long journey from Olney to South Philadelphia, just to see me. Tom, with his bluff and hearty ways, quickly endeared himself to them. He did begin to propagandize Pop and Mom but then suddenly, he stopped—this was sometime in the middle of 1934. Also, just about then Tom stopped urging me to join the Communist Party in Philadelphia. Obviously, Jersey City or New York would have been bad enough, but Philadelphia would have meant disgrace to my family and the almost certain loss of the job. (It should be established here that Black's propaganda to Mom and Pop was not open—he carefully avoided admitting that he was a Communist—but it was, as he said, of the "confusing" type, tending principally to discredit any hope for the future of capitalism.) Thus, as Tom's insistence on my joining the Communist Party had increased, so did my re-

sistance, and so did the reasons for not doing so pile up: from Tom's own account (as well as my observations) the members were a shabby and shoddy lot, run through with informers and opportunists; they were great characters for putting other people on a spot, the sort of, "You go out and get your head cracked, it's only the cops," attitude. And, in spite of Tom's urging, I never made any inquiries in Philadelphia, or ever elsewhere, about becoming a Communist.

Now, on his visit here, Tom kept inviting me to come to Newark, and almost always we went over to Vera's. And it was there that a veritable, and steady, tidal wave of "facts and pictures and information and proof-positive" regarding the splendid future of communism in the glorious Soviet Union, swept over me. Tom and Vera never let up. But they were not as obvious as might be supposed. There were also the tiny sounds as the small waves of discrimination were sent slapping against the exposed reef of my mind. Here are just two incidents they related:

Tom told how his name was originally Tasso Leffingwell Black; his father, a late professor of English literature and a great admirer of the Renaissance poet Tasso, had named his only child after that famous man. But, in 1927, when Tom left State College to seek work in chemistry, he encountered considerable difficulty even in obtaining job interviews. Eventually, he did manage to get in to see the personnel man at the American Cyanamid Co. in Elizabeth, N. J.; whereupon that individual, gazing in surprise at my friend (with his bodybuild and features a 200-year throwback to those of a British peasant), said, "My God, I was certain, from your name, that you were an Italian." And a great light came over Tom—so this was why he had failed to get into so many plants; and later the "Tasso" was legally changed to "Thomas."

And Vera described a Christmas party in the offices where she worked. It was a most sedate and dignified affair, with good, rich food and the best of drink; and near the conclusion, one of the partners of the firm rose and, with the most restrained and gentlemanly benevolence, proposed a toast: "A happy Christmas to all we Christians here, for I am thankful there are no others in this firm." This, while Vera looked significantly across the table at one of the stenographers, a girl who, unknown to anyone but Miss Kane, was Jewish.

However, what is far more pertinent is that it was in that apartment of Vera's on Ninth Street, very early in 1935, Tom disclosed to me that he had (and, I believe, through Vera Kane) met a man who worked for Amtorg, the Soviet trading company in America. And this man, Black joyously announced, was desirous of obtaining—"stealing" is the more accurate word—a variety of specialized information and data on certain chemical processes, as they were carried out industrially in the United States. In particular, this vaguely described man wanted such specific items as those manufactured by Nopco: paper "sizes" (filler materials), vitamin D concentrates (from fish oils), and sulfonated oils (synthetic detergents) for textiles—it can readily be seen how avidly such materials would be welcomed in the field of education, as food, and for clothing (and the fish-oil residues could be made into soap); a tremendous boon to a country which was, industrially speaking, back in the 18th century (in spite of some localized advances). But Tom and Vera said that so much more was needed—and, among the required products, were those such as: the various industrial solvents used in the manufacture of lacquers and varnishes (such as ethyl acetate, butyl alcohol, butyl propionate, amyl acetate, etc.); certain specialized chemicals as ethyl chloride (used as a local anesthetic); and, in particular, absolute (100 percent) alcohol (used to blend, i. e., extend, motor fuels). All of these the Pennsylvania Sugar Co.'s subsidiaries (the alcohol distillery and the Franco-American Chemical Works at Carlstadt, near Rutherford, N. J.) made, and all of these could go toward doing much to make the harsh life of those who lived in the postrevolution Russia a little more bearable. Would I agree? This brings us to:

Second; the phase of this report that deals with the circumstances and motives that influenced my coming to the decision to work with Tom Black and Paul Smith, and then the succession of other Soviet agents; possibly the word "influenced" should be replaced by that of "impelled," for at this point, I wish to emphasize that my agreement was by no means passive.

To repeat, "would I agree?" I said that I would think it over, but actually I had already formed my judgment. Yes, I would, in fact, I was even to a certain extent eager to; it has been stated above that this agreement was by no means passive. Why? Why was this? Here is really the crux of the whole long story, the story that had its culmination in my deeds during 1944 and 1945; the whole 11 years of lies and falsehoods and deception and thievery—practically my whole adult life. Why?

I have noted in the first report that there were two reasons: (1) gratitude to Tom Black for having saved my family from going on relief; and, (2) a genuine desire to help the people of the Soviet Union to be able to enjoy a measure of the better things of life. But these were really overt circumstances; they were present it was true, but there were also some underlying ones which undoubtedly exerted far more power in the making of my decision. These points are five in number:

Point 1. The one matter that Tom and Vera had dinned away at was the fact that only in the Soviet Union was anti-Semitism a crime against the state; and look, here it could get a man elected to public office. And there, in Russia, stood the one bulwark against the further encroachment of that ever-growing monstrosity, fascism. To me nazism and fascism and anti-Semitism were identical. This was the ages-old enemy, the evil, bloody stench of the Roman arena, of the medieval ghetto, of the Inquisition, of pogroms, and now, of the concentration camp. Anything that was against anti-Semitism I was for, and so the chance to help strengthen the Soviet Union appeared as such a wonderful opportunity.

It might be asked, why didn't I try to fight anti-Semitism here in the United States, feeling as strongly about it as I did? Frankly, this seemed to me like a pretty hopeless business. It has always looked as though the only people who attended plays which preached tolerance, or who read books pursuing the same line, were those who were already tolerant, and who needed no proselytizing; those who needed it most never went. Apparently, once a person became an anti-Semite, he stayed that way. The only possible approach to combat racial hatred in America, and which appeared at all reasonable, was a long-range program starting with the children, but, unfortunately, it was these same children's very parents who would incubate the virus of hatred.

And it is a most sardonic turn of events that I, who so much wanted to do something constructive to combat the hatred of Jews in America, have now done so much more to aid in its spread—more than Fritz Kuhn, or the various "shirt" and "front" organizations ever did. I say no more.

Point 2. A certain basic lack of discipline seems to run as a thread through my life. This statement can best be illustrated by two incidents:

The first occurred during the last week of my senior year at Southern High. At that time, my English instructor, and the head of the department, was a man called Dr. Farbush. He had just that year come to Southern from Frankford, a school with a student body which was, on the average, definitely a cut above ours in intelligence, and an institution located in an area on a somewhat higher economic plane. Dr. Farbush had the quaint concept that we should, at the very least, be able to express ourselves well in English, and he proceeded to raise veritable hell with the students. I recall that he once told Art Morrow, at present a sportswriter for the Philadelphia Inquirer and who even then reported schoolboy sports for the Public Ledger, that Art had "the literary ability of a chimpanzee." A good part of the senior class in my section (Art was not in this group) was flunking and, as a final reprieve, Dr. Farbush gave a quiz on Shakespeare's Macbeth; it was a relatively easy exam, involving only some 20 or 25 questions which required merely 1 to 3 words of factual answer. But, all through the hour, low moans of despondency and frustration could be heard through the room.

I stood quite well in the class, but even then I was surprised when the instructor asked me to remain when the quiz was over; then, handing me the papers. Dr. Farbush said that I could help him out of a difficult situation by grading them for him that night; as I remember it, he had some meeting to attend and a host of other papers to mark. I agreed, but unfortunately Joe Blum saw me take the quiz sheets, and when I left the room I was overwhelmed by a group of boys all pleading, "Please make me pass, Harry, please." So I took the examination home and sat up till after 5 a. m. filling in answers, erasing wrong ones, and substituting the correct ones, and even faking some 25 different types of handwriting. And when I was through, everyone had passed, every single boy. That morning I handed the papers in to Dr. Farbush; and that afternoon he met me in one of the school's halls. He merely said, with a gentle sarcasm that still rankles and burns, "The class did very well, did they not, Harry?" And he turned his back and walked away. Yes, the memory of this is so goading that, on several occasions in the past 22 years, I was on the point of looking up Dr. Farbush, so as to apologize to him and try to explain why I acted as I did. But this last point was the real stumbling block—why had I done this for a group of stupid, lazy dolts to whom I had no responsibility and no allegiance?

The second event is much more recent in origin, and has to do with a series of experiments carried out by the research group at the heart station of the Phila-

adelphia General Hospital. These experiments were called hepatectomies, and involved the extirpation of the liver from a dog, and then an attempt to follow a variety of chemical and physiological changes in the experimental animal until its inevitable death (a major organ was removed); in particular we were interested in the potassium level, so closely associated with muscle action. The work had been suggested by Dr. Bellet, the director of the research project, and it met with universal opposition from the medical residents and we in the lab. It was not so much the tremendous amount of work involved (6 people were tied up for a day, and the laboratory for 3 days, and we often started at 5 or 6 a. m., which required my coming in at 3 a. m.), but these 2 facts which generated the objections: first, the removal of such a major organ as the liver also affected, say, 4,000 other variables, in addition to the few we were investigating and, from that point alone, the work seemed scientifically unsound; second, at the time, early in the year, when these experiments were being carried out, there were a large number of nearly completed projects, all of them of solid, substantial, and basic value, and all awaiting just a little work, either in the lab, or merely assembling the data and writing up the work, and all these were sidetracked while the hepatectomies went on. We all objected, but Dr. Bellet was adamant, and so these experiments were continued.

I brooded over this and took it much harder than almost anyone else, even to the extent of asking other research men about the hospital to intervene with Dr. Bellet. But it was not till I spoke to Dr. Bill Polis and stated that if Dr. Bellet did not discontinue this work, at least until the prior research was completed, then I must leave the heart station. I was that discouraged and desperate. It was Polis who brought me back to sanity by saying: "After all, Harry, granted that all you have said about the futility of the hepatectomies is correct (and I do not know that it is, for after all, they are a basic experiment in physiological chemistry, and much valuable data has been uncovered by means of them), granted that you are right, still Dr. Bellet is in charge of the research at the heart station and is responsible for the progress of its work. Even if he is making a mistake, he has the right to do so, for no one is more anxious than he to do an outstanding job; and remember too that in almost 2 years this is the first time he has ever insisted on anything—until now the residents and the lab have been given a free hand. So bear with him a little. And keep in mind, Harry, he thinks so very highly of you—don't hurt the man by saying anything you will later regret." This brought me back to my senses and in particular, I recalled that, in order to do cardiological research, Dr. Bellet was working for a pittance and was giving up at least \$25,000 in income from patients, which, as an outstanding practitioner of internal medicine, he could easily have earned.

And, eventually, Dr. Bellet did discontinue the hepatectomy work and we went on to finish the back projects and to begin more fruitful pursuits.

Thus I believe that these incidents, more than anything, show my almost suicidal impulse to take drastic and, if need be, illegal action when I believed a situation required it. Looking back now I can only too easily see the errors in reasoning (perhaps a better word would be "emotion") which led to such foolish action in one case, and from which I was barely saved in another. I do not clearly understand the drive that was there, but certainly it was present.³

And so, in just such a manner, I began to work, outside of the laws of this country, for the benefit of the Soviet Union. For I never tried to fool myself in this matter, I knew I was committing a crime, but it seemed that the greater overall good of the objective justified this action.

Point 3. There is involved also the very important fact that there must have been in my makeup a definite lack of faith in democratic processes. This, I have discussed in the first report, but it is so fundamental to an understanding of what occurred, that it must again be considered. For, through all of these years of work with the Russian agents, I still unswervingly thought of myself as an American citizen, though an American working illegally and underhandedly, it is true, for the Soviet Union; and here I was unwittingly fooling myself—for no truly convinced American could have done what I did. This is so apparent, yet I did not see it then. Because if I had ever thought that my actions might in any way harm the United States, I would never have gone ahead. And this is not a banal and futile attempt to seek an alibi.

³ There should be added to this lack of discipline facet the point that, though I have always believed in God, I did not deem it necessary that I go to synagogue regularly (I have not been there in 15 years, that is not till I arrived at Holmesburg). In other words, I took it upon myself to make such a decision, even while realizing that it was against all the rules of normal human behavior. For a truly religious man, one who went steadily to church, or who underwent any form of a confessional act (be it to a cleric or just a direct expiation to God) could never have done what I did.

To elaborate on the subject of a lack of faith in democratic processes. In 1933, and in the years just following, there were many things badly awry in America. This is an incontrovertible fact, of which anyone who lived through that period need not be convinced. But there was actually nothing basically wrong. For, all that was needed was for the necessary measure of social cooperation to be instituted, a cooperation between Government and capital and industry and labor. And this has been done. I shall brashly undertake to explain in brief, by means of just five items:

(a) Savings bank accounts are no longer the hazard they were in 1929 and 1930—they are insured up to \$10,000. And shenanigans on the stock market are at least fairly effectively controlled by the twin guardianship of the Securities Exchange Commission and the self-policing of the various exchanges.

(b) Earnings from salaries and wages are expected to top \$139 billion for this year (based on the income received till July); this is an all-time high. And Henry Wallace's 1946 goal of 60 million jobs is now more than an actuality; at the last count it was 62,300,000 and was expected to go even higher. Corporation earnings are fantastic. As of May 1950, the Commerce Department reported that they were 12 percent higher in the overall than over the same month a year ago. Individual firm profits are even more fabulous: "Combined first-half profits for 17 United States steel companies totaled \$327.6 million, a gain of over 17.6 percent over the 1949 half. Big Steel alone chalked up a 28 percent gain for a net of \$119 million. (Time, August 7, 1950.) And this is a basic industry. Plus "Radio Corporation of America, \$20.9 million, up 107 percent" (same source). And General Motors "in the last quarter smashed its own record (for United States corporations) with profits of \$272.8 million" (again, the same source).

An excellent summary of what has been so recently achieved is given in the Life editorial for July 31 of this year, and aptly called "Five Fecund Years."

(c) To continue, regarding homebuilding, a subject always dear to my heart. July of 1950 was the best housebuilding month in United States history. A total of 144,000 new homes were started in this month, and the total for the first 7 months of this year is an incredible 893,000. This is from the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

(d) In respect to the matter of discrimination, the Army has begun to train the Fourth Infantry Division at Fort Ord, Calif. This is a pioneer project in which white and Negro troops will be trained together, with exactly equal treatment and no attempt whatever at segregation. And, I have mentioned in the first report the fact that the major leagues now have such excellent Negro players as Roy Campanella, Jackie Robinson, Larry Doby, Luke Easter, Hank Thompson, Monte Irvin and Sam Jethroe—who would have thought this possible, as little as 5 years ago. There is still a long way to go, but the significant thing is that we are bowling along on the highroad.

(e) The old bugaboo of insecurity in old age has been conquered by a combined effort on the part of both Government and industry. Not only have social security benefits recently been increased, and the number of eligibles widened, but we have, just a short while ago, witnessed such instances as the liberal Wilson-General Motors plan and that of the Ford Co. And the concept of a guaranteed annual wage is making fine headway.

And much more than this has been done. But in 1933 and in 1935, I lacked faith. I must have, even though I did not realize it then.

Point 4. This has to do with the part of my nature which, when I am confronted with a desperate situation, causes me to immediately react by taking a positive action. Thus it has been in chemistry. When, once I dropped a desiccator (dryer) containing 22 crucibles and a week's work, I did not sit down and cry; nor did I go out and get drunk, as much as I wanted to—no, I just worked all that night and for most of the following 2 days and nights, until the analyses were repeated. And this inborn desire to do something about a disheartening set of circumstances is a trait which, as I have said, has been especially noticeable in my chemical work, and which has accounted for whatever success I have had in that field. For I have long known that I am not endowed with a brilliant mind, far from it, but must accomplish things slowly, the hard (but, oh so enjoyable) way of a steady and persistent attack on a problem. And this methodical approach, the true basis of all good research work (as opposed to the "one-shot" genius technique), has inevitably led me to open the right door in the so-many which confront an investigator, and which, for a time, all seem to lead to a dead end.

Undoubtedly this motivation to participate in aiding the Soviet Union by doing something, and not just being an idle bystander, had a great influence.

Point five, and the final item regarding the hidden motives which made me so readily accept the offers of Tom Black and Paul Smith. This bid gave me an easy way out for putting an end to Tom's ceaseless entreaties—that I perform the disagreeable task of joining the Communist Party, an organization in which I had no faith, whose activities seemed so futile, whose bohemianism repelled me, and whose too-black and too-white characterizations—particularly as a technical man, accustomed to dealing with facts—appalled me. And still I could feel that I was paying back my debt for what Tom had done for my family.

To summarize then, there were, in addition to the previously named factors of gratitude to Black and an honest desire to help the Soviet Union, the just-under-the-surface impulses of: The fact that by helping Russia, I was aiding the one country that was opposed to fascism (a term to me identical with nazism and anti-Semitism); the matter of a basic lack of discipline; a lack of faith in democratic processes; an impelling drive to do something about a bad situation; and last, I was free, once and for all, of the most unpleasant task of joining the Communist Party.

This note should be inserted before the third category of this narrative is taken up. I did not immediately begin to work with a Soviet agent in 1935, I refer here to my assenting to Black's proposal (that I help Russia) early in that year. There was an interlude of about 7 months, until November, during which time we fumbled about with the formidable matter of how we could go about copying the data in Dr. Reich's office. Most of this was in the nature of blueprints of equipment and voluminous plant operating records, and we soon found (Vera made the inquiries) that the photocopy costs would be prohibitive—none of us had such money. And copying by hand was too impractical—it took too long, and I could not risk removing the material too often. We were earnest enough, but we just stumbled amateurishly around. Then, in the late fall, Tom came to Philadelphia, and excitedly told me that all of this random effort was over—we were now to be provided, by Amtorg itself, with excellent facilities for getting information copied. All we would have to do would be to bring the material to New York City, and it would be returned to us in a few hours, at the most. Best of all, the man who was so generously providing all of this service, a Russian engineer from Amtorg, was very anxious indeed to meet Harry Gold, having heard so much of good about that individual. And so I rushed to meet Paul (Smith, Pedersen, Peterson?) who, whatever his original nationality, was very likely not even a Russian. Thus, we come to the phase of this history which is:

Third; my attitude and state of mind while I was engaged in this espionage work.

It has been stated before, in the first report, that this was a relatively innocuous beginning, in that no military secrets were involved, only industrial spying, and that on matters which merely served to better the lot of the people of Russia. But even here there was present inescapably so, the hard fact that I was stealing, even if temporarily, material from a man whom I respected and who trusted me, Dr. Gustav T. Reich, the director of research at Penn Sugar. This did him no harm, true, but it must have hurt me, for it resulted in an initial letting down of the strong barriers against deceit and trickery and thieving, which Mom had built up in me over so many years.

But, more than anything, I was immeasurably aided in continuing in this work by one very simple factor—this whole existence became a way of life: The planning for a meeting with a Soviet agent; the careful preparations for obtaining data from Penn Sugar, the writing of technical reports and the flitching of blueprints for copying (and then returning them); the meeting with Paul Smith or Ruga or Fred or Semenov, in New York or Cincinnati or Rochester or Buffalo; or going to a rendezvous with Al Slack in Tennessee or Klaus Fuchs in Cambridge or Santa Fe—and the difficulties had in raising money for all these trips mentioned above; the cajoling of Brothman to do work and the outright blackmailing of Ben Smilg for the same purpose; and the many lies I had to tell at home, and to my friends, to explain my whereabouts during these absences from home (Mom was certain that I was carrying on a series of clandestine love affairs, and nothing could have been further from the truth); the weary hours of waiting on street corners, waiting dubiously and fearfully in strange towns where I had no business to be, and the uneasy killing of time in cheap movies (gazing unseeingly at the screen while my mind was fretting about how affairs were proceeding outside)—all this became so very deeply ingrained in me. It was a drudgery and I hated it; anyone who has an idea that this work was glamorous and exciting is very wrong indeed—nothing could have been more dreary. But here remained this one curious fact.

When, beginning in February of 1946, my activity ceased, after a while, I actually began to miss it, as ludicrous as it sounds. And, even after 1948, when I

fell in love with _____, and my mind was constantly occupied with thoughts of marriage and a home and children, yes even then, I would still get an occasional twinge of regret. Once I discussed this with Black (this was fairly recently, in the past few years) and he said that it was really a mistake that he had got me into espionage work, since I had such strong family ties, and exposure would mean so much more to me than to a completely unattached person such as he. "But you know, Tom," I said, "in some funny manner I still long for that life which now seems over and dead and, we hope, is buried forever in the past."

And Black replied, "It's peculiar, but I too feel some lingering regret, even though it's caused me so much grief and disaster in the last 14 years." But let there be no mistake, once and for all, I was through, absolutely done with this work. I had had enough, far too much, in fact, and I only hoped that no one would begin to pull at the labyrinth of lies and trickery and concealment which constituted practically all of my life as a grown man. All they had to do would be to select one thread out of the snarl, and it would soon come entirely unraveled. And this is exactly what occurred.

There is another factor which enters into this business of what went on in my mind, while I was sneaking around doing espionage. This has to do with my notoriously one-track mind, a fortunate circumstance indeed from the viewpoint of the Soviets. Here is how it operated. When on a mission, I just completely subordinated myself to the task at hand: whether it was delivering data I had myself obtained, or a report I had written; or whether it concerned getting information from a person such as Klaus Fuchs or Al Slack or Abe Brothman. Once I had started out on a trip, I totally forgot home and family and work and friends and just became a single-minded automaton, set to do a job. This was really so. Probably this attitude was partly unconscious, but it was certainly present and, above all, it was most effective. And when the task was completed and I returned home, the same process again took place, but this time in reverse. I would return to work and would become completely absorbed in it, a very easy and natural affair for me, and I would cast away and bury all thought and all memory of everything that had happened on the trip—so perfect was my effort to forget, and so successful was it, that the best illustration can be found in the fact that the FBI has turned up in my home a whole mass of incriminating data relating to this work: blueprints (not submitted because they were later replaced by more recent ones); rough drafts, in my handwriting, of reports; street maps of cities and purchases of books relating to such towns as Santa Fe and Rochester; railroad and plane schedules to such places as Boston and Chicago; instructions on small white (now yellowed) memo cards, notes regarding procedures and questions for certain people, all given to me by the Soviet agents, and all in my rather unique script; and much, much more, all deadly damning evidence, and damning to many others in addition to Harry Gold. Some of this I knew existed (I was apathetic and made only a desultory effort to destroy various bits), but I had no idea as to the extent and huge volume of this material.

The FBI agents have jokingly referred to the mass of data as my "Fibber McGee's closet" (which that radio character is always going to clean out, but never does). Also, it has not occurred to me, until recently, that the occasional heavy drinking that I did during this time was a not-quite-realized effort to aid in forgetting, and in helping to release the tension. Indubitably, too, my effort to bear a part of the expenses of these trips was not wholly motivated by a desire to save the people of the Soviet Union some money (as I at that time intended), but it may also have been an expression on my part to somehow, in this manner, attempt to mitigate the feeling of guilt associated with the crime.

And then there was this factor. After I began to work with Paul and the others, I was still, naturally, always engaged in making a living in chemistry. And, as I have stated before, it was always my practice to make up for shortcomings in ability, for any lack of progress (fancied or real) in the work, plus an ever-present desire for perfection and achievement, to strive for all of these objectives by working long extra hours at the job. In addition, during a good deal of this period, I was attending night school, either at Drexel, or in other courses aimed at increasing my knowledge of chemistry. These long hours had a twofold effect, both phases of which were (mostly) unintentional: First, I was perpetually tired, and this kept me from brooding and thinking too greatly either on the deeds I had done, or on their possible consequences to me—should they be disclosed; second, I would pile up such a huge amount of overtime, that it was very easy for me to get time off for a trip—no questions were asked, nor was any suspicion attached to my absences. Thus the Soviet Union work and my legitimate pursuits all too nearly complemented each other.

One final item on this subject of attitude. As I have noted, the beginnings of this work were comparatively innocent (as regards the nature of the crimes), but from that point on, there was a steady progression of evil, with the virulence of the infection increasing all the time. It may even be that, considering this and all of the items discussed under "attitude," I actually did not spend too much time thinking about these matters and the doubts which inevitably arose—which latter I shall treat in the following section. Now, there is this very vital point that for 11 years, until early 1946, I was steadily engaged in espionage work; then, when Yakovlev deliberately broke contact with me, for the next 4 years there were only 2 widely separated efforts to again meet with me (1 in December of 1946, and the other in the fall of 1949). During this period, for the first time, I had the opportunity to reflect at length and to evaluate the damage that I had done, the full implications involved in this spying, and to come grimly to the horrible and sickening realization that it had all been such a tragic and irremediable mistake. Now to deal with the phase of this narrative which is:

Fourth; these doubts, just mentioned above. They may be divided into two categories, early and late; the early ones refer to those that arose while I was actively engaged in working with the Russians from 1935 to 1946; the later ones came as I had the leisure to reflect in the years from 1946 to the present, as has just been pointed out above.

First, then, to consider the early doubts, and how they were answered and eventually put aside; there were six main ones:

Doubt No. 1. The ruthless persecution of Catholics and the extermination of their religion in the Soviet Union. From the time I first met Tom Black and Ernie Segressemann and Vera Kane it was all too obvious that they were not only completely atheistic, but were militantly and bitterly opposed to all religion, and to Catholicism in particular. This was readily apparent in their crude jokes at the expense of the Pope and priests and nuns, plus their jibes at religion as "the opiate of the masses." This, literally, would make me sick to my stomach and I would say so to these scoffers, citing the sincerity of the belief of my lifelong friend, Morrell Dougherty, and speaking of the many good deeds of his mother and father, both prominent Catholic lay people. And though I was answered that these too were poor deluded fools, still this did not satisfy me. Besides, there was the uncomfortable realization that if one religion (Catholicism) could be persecuted, so could another (the Hebrew), plus the thought that Birobidjan was actually nothing but a mammoth concentration camp for those Soviet Jews who persisted in clinging to their beliefs.

Later, when I began to work with Paul Smith and Ruga and Fred, I stated these objections. Paul and Ruga ("Steve") both said that the severe measures were necessary because of the unrelenting plotting of the Catholic hierarchy with all of the world's reactionary elements, and that when this ceased, the Catholics would be permitted to worship in peace. They both added that the freedom of all religions and nationalities was an integral part of the Soviet constitution, and quoted to me from dissertations by Lenin and Stalin on this subject. And these two both emphasized the fact, which had so intrigued me at first, that the only country in the world where discrimination was a federal offense was Russia.

Fred, and later Semenov, pointed out that they were both Jews and had enjoyed the greatest possible opportunity in the Soviet Union.

But, after the wonderful manner in which I was received at Xavier University in Cincinnati, and the total lack of bias that I encountered, my doubts became even more intensified. It was so inescapable that these people were good of heart and utterly sincere (and this last criterion was to me so tremendously important in judging others). Two incidents: I desired to refresh my knowledge of the calculus because, though I had taken courses twice before, they were so far in the past. The regular class was then taking the second half of the subject, integral calculus, and so a special class was arranged by Father Butler for 8 a. m., a full hour before instruction was normally scheduled; and there were just two students, Roger Winterman and I. Just try to get this done at a large university. And when I graduated in June of 1940, I was awarded my degree summa cum laude, since my scholastic average merited it. Surely, no discrimination here.⁴ At Drexel, however, though my grades had easily warranted it, I gained no honors and, in fact, two of the men I had tutored got them.

When I would tell Fred of how well things were going at Xavier, he would agree that the Jesuits were fine people and much to be admired for the obvious honesty of their convictions; the argument I had expected just never materialized.

⁴ Nothing has caused me as much anguish as this; my method of repaying these kindnesses was by continuing in my great crime—this is one of the most torturing of all thoughts, the besmirchment of the people at Xavier University.

Further, when Russia was attacked by Germany, on June 22, 1941, there came a period in which very many "white" Russians rallied around their native land, regardless of prior bitter differences, and a number of orthodox Russian churches were again opened in Moscow and elsewhere; and this made me very happy.

Doubt No. 2. I have spoken before of our closely knit family and of my dismay at the Soviet concept of the separation of a child from its mother, with the former being raised in a nursery while the mother worked. Paul and Fred were very close mouthed about their personal lives (and I had been taught not to pry); but Ruba and Semenov and Yakovlev all spoke with great pride of their wives and their children, and would elaborate and go into detail on the fine plans for the future of their young ones—in fact, one of the items that helped identify John as Yakovlev, was the fact that he had once let slip that he had a little boy and a girl, and that the latter was called Vicki, short for Victoria, in honor of her being born on the day that Von Poulus surrendered at Stalingrad. Also, the earlier ideas (circa 1933) of free love and easy divorce were admitted to be fuzzily impractical notions and, instead, stringent restrictions were put into effect, which made the separation of a man and his wife very difficult.

Doubt No. 3. The backwash of my mother's constant pounding away (in my youth) at the fact that a thief could "not look God in the eye, nor at himself with any respect," troubled me no end. However, I was regularly reassured by the Russians that the data I obtained could be secured in no other way. I shall speak of this again in the discussion of my relationships with Paul and Semenov and Fuchs and Black. It should be inserted here, that this question, why these processes could not be purchased openly, had come up in the very beginning—with Tom and Vera. I was told then that such had at first been attempted, but that four obstacles had arisen to block this honest and direct approach: First, the prices were set exorbitantly high by the United States industrialists who hated and feared Russia; second, these men would simply refuse to deal with Amtorg; third, when processes were purchased, often the information furnished on the manufacturing data was false and inaccurate, with the deliberate intent of sabotage; fourth, the money saved in purchasing processes could be used for other purposes which would benefit the people of the Soviet Union—accordingly, the fear that the material I at first contributed might not be valuable enough, was another contributing factor to the circumstance that I deliberately contrived to avoid accepting full expenses for my trips.

So I stifled this doubt described above, in the horribly mistaken idea that "the end justified the means."

Doubt No. 4. This particular business bothered me more than any of the other six. It had to do with the Soviets' seeming lack of initiative in chemical engineering research and their utter horror at any pioneering efforts in that field. From the very first, in 1935, Paul instructed me that what was specifically desired were processes already in successful operation in the United States. And Paul, and the others who followed him, candidly admitted that they not only preferred, but absolutely insisted upon, having the details of only such a plant as was in proved operation in America, as compared to another which, though it might promise to be far superior, still was just in the experimental stage. On several occasions, when I made efforts to submit material which represented work not yet in full-scale production, I had my knuckles smartly rapped; but I wondered. When there is added to this their absolute veneration of American technological skill, I wondered again. To me, this lack of adventurous spirit in research was a terrible heresy. For everywhere I had worked, at Penn Sugar and at the Holbrook Co., I was always given a free rein as regards the direction of any investigation. And so completely were my interests absorbed in chemistry, that I began to be troubled more and more. But I was told that the Soviet Union was so desperately in need of a chemical industry, that they could afford to take no chance on a plant which might not work; thus, it was far preferable to have a process which operated at an 80 percent efficiency, and did so day after day, to a problematical one, which might work at 95 percent of theoretical—but might also yield only 15 percent. Further I was assured that this was only a surface condition in the Soviet Union, because there the search for basic data was pursued on a far vaster scale than in the United States, where the emphasis was solely on making profits. I was told, "Here in America, the so-called pure research (in which the only objective is to obtain data, regardless of its present or future utility) is just carried out in obscure laboratories in universities, or in research centers in a few widely scattered Government agencies; but in Russia, the program for building up a backlog of such data (without which no research at all is possible) is part of a vast and unrelenting overall plan, and it is looked on as the most highly prized form of all scientific effort" (which it should be).

Doubt No. 5. It has been related in the first report that I was much upset by two historical events that occurred in the period from 1939 to 1941: These were, of course, the matter of the attack on Finland by Russia, and then the signing of the Nazi-Soviet pact. Both are of a pattern, and so were the answers that I received to my objections.

The first, the invasion of a small country by one infinitely superior in size and war-making potential, was countered thusly: Baron Mannerheim, the Finnish leader, was actually of the German Junker military class, and was a terrible Fascist; it was unfortunate that the war had taken place, but the Soviet Union really had no choice if it was going to protect its future welfare. But the second item, this embracing of Hitlerism by means of a nonaggression pact. What the hell. And Semenov laughed uproariously when I told him that this was entirely too much; tears of mirth actually stood in his eyes: "Look, you fool, don't tell me that you too have been taken in by the frantic blathering in the press. See here, what the Soviet Union needs more than anything in the world is time, precious time to really build up our military might, time to get ready. And when the proper hour comes, you'll see, we'll sweep over Germany and Hitler like nothing ever imagined before, and the Nazis will be obliterated once and for all." But in June of 1941, Hitler, fully as realistic, and having gained for himself precisely what the Russians had bargained for, struck first.

Doubt No. 6. As a frustrated athlete, the Soviet preoccupation with mass calisthenics was irksomely repugnant to me. To the boy and the man who lost no opportunity to worship Babe Ruth, Lefty Grove, Dizzy Dean, and Hank Luisetti, or to sit in the stands and cheer for Penn, to Harry Gold, this Russian ersatz method of physical athletic endeavor was a joke. This could never make me happy. I am far too much of an individualist to ever get joy out of raising my arms and kicking my feet in unison in a stadium—I far preferred to sit in the stands and yell hoarsely, while Mose Grove came in with the bases loaded and struck out the side (3 men) on 9 pitched balls, or when Penn upset Wisconsin, 27 to 13, in 1931. The Soviet system might build better bodies, but it seemed that, even more so, it would result in more perfect automatons. This was never answered to my satisfaction.

One last incident should be recounted before we pass on to the matter of the later doubts: Once, in the fall of 1942, I did waver. Things were going very badly. I had lost contact with Al Slack (he had gone to Chattanooga to work at the Atlas Powder Co. plant in training for his duties at Kingsport); matters were proceeding very badly with Brothman (a series of promises to produce the long-delayed report on mixing equipment had not been kept); I was still despondent over my rejection for military duty; also, my increased absences from home had begun to disturb Mom even more than usual, and I was much concerned—the whole damned business seemed very futile. To top it off, on that evening in New York, the usually ebullient Semenov had been very subdued because of some failures of his own, and so, after I left him and went to Penn Station, there arose in me the determination to be through with this work once and forever; I felt that I had done enough. There were some 15 minutes 'til my train to Philadelphia and so I sat down to read a paper in the smoking room.

Thereupon, I was approached by a swaying drunk who proceeded to vilify me as a "kike bastard," a "sheeny," a "yellow draft-dodger" and as a "lousy money-grabber," and a series of far more awful epithets. Even though he was so obviously drunk, I would have smashed him—hard—but I withheld because I could not afford to be involved in a scrape in New York, where I had absolutely no business to be. So I just walked away. But as I did, so went my resolution to quit espionage work. It seemed all the more necessary to fight any discouragement and to work with the most increased vigor possible to strengthen the Soviet Union, for there such incidents could not occur. To fight anti-Semitism here seemed so hopeless.

Now to the category of the doubts that arose since 1946. I have said before that only in this period, when for the first time I was free of the constant weariness and toil of espionage work, did I really begin to think on these matters. And I want to assert that this is in no sense a belated and apocryphal affair, constructed with the intent of gaining sympathy, so as to minimize my punishment—the terrible damage caused by the very facts of my espionage is sufficient to insure that. These doubts that I shall discuss all originated in the years from 1946 till 1950. All that I have done here is to assemble them in a roughly coherent form. After all, while I was busy at the Philadelphia General Hospital (PGH) and concerned with my love for _____ and the possibility of marriage, it could not be expected that I would sit down for an extended period and reflect on these mat-

ters—I sometimes did so but, inevitably, the insidious skeleton of the possibility of exposure and arrest would intrude itself, and I would then try to obliterate from my mind all the mess I had made in more than a decade. But here at Holmesburg, with my mind perfectly calm and at rest, having disclosed every last event and particle of evidence, I can now think clearly—one thing about prison, it is a great place in which to organize one's thoughts and to express them exactly. To begin, concerning these more recent doubts; there are five:

One—again concerning catholicism: After the war, the much hoped for rapport never occurred and the situation only got worse. The persecution of the Catholics was stepped up, as was the destruction of their churches; and this was not only in the Soviet Union, but in all satellite countries such as Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary.

Two—and regarding the above countries, the invasion, political and military, of such lands, was a horrifying spectacle. And such events were always followed up by the setting-up of a police state, with the attendant concentration camps and torture chambers and executions for "spying for the reactionary capitalist countries." All that had to be done was to change some names, and this was the identical pattern of Hitler and nazism. And no talk of buffer states could blot out the terribly frightening picture that took shape—the realization that I had worked for the very cause I had tried to fight.

Three—the farcical trials and abject confessions, particularly in the various countries bordering the Soviet Union, absolutely terrified me. This had troubled me before, when it had occurred in Russia, and is really a part of my early doubts, but its reoccurrence in these other lands made it all too apparently a part of a general technique. I actually would tremble when reading of eight people being convicted by a "People's Court" in Bulgaria, with six being executed and two sentenced to life at hard labor (and often the victims were so young or had in the past performed such excellent work for their native lands). Yes, I shook, for here was I in almost exactly the same situation—except that I am guilty as the devil, and I am getting the fairest of treatment and the best of legal representation. But my heart went out to these unfortunates; that quarter column or so on page 7 of the newspaper, would come all too hideously alive to me.

Then there was the remarkable incidence of cardiac deaths among Soviet generals, a year or two ago. It was very fishy, and I do not jest about such a grimly earnest affair.

Four—from the very first, I was entranced with the notion and the objectives of the United Nations. At the early meeting (was it 1944 or 1945?) in San Francisco which led to the formation of this organization, I can recall the enthusiasm with which Yakovlev and I discussed the matter. We both thought that it was such a great thing. Then came the obviously obstructive tactics of Gromyko, Malik and Vishinsky. And, as a technical man who deals in facts, the constant mouthing of obvious lies and reiterated vilification made a mockery of what had once seemed as such a wonderful idea. Added to this, there was the previously noted too-black and too-white reporting of the Russian press. I have mentioned this before in regard to the Daily Worker. I realized that this was all for home consumption and that the Russians thought that they had to put it on thick, but as Clarence Spratt, with whom I worked at Penn Sugar, once said, "Enough is enough, even of a good thing"—and this was not a good thing, far from it, for it just went against the facts, as I knew them, in respect to events in America.

Five—finally the ghastly shackling of all of the arts to Soviet ideology was a monstrosity as great as any that was ever perpetrated by Hitler. Thus: the abject groveling of a great artist such as Prokofiev, with his recent "Children's Opera" and its praise of "Stalin, leader and friend of children all over the world" (the quotation is not accurate, but the sense is there); the criticism, in the Russian press, of Soviet dramatists and movie-makers as being too much influenced by "decent western ideas" is an absolutely exact parody of Josef Goebbel's words; and lastly, the effort to foist on the world the bogus Lysenko theory, regarding the influence of environment on biological phenomena, just because it agreed with Marxian economic and social ideas, was too much. This brings up now the next phase of this history, and the one which is:

Fifth; this has to do with my relationships with the various Soviet agents, with Klaus Fuehs, and with the Americans with whom I worked. It might be asked why I deem this important, but it is, in fact, it is most vital. If for no other reason, there is the fact that I wish to show that these were completely and utterly sincere people (and I have stressed my veneration for sincerity as a human characteristic), for had they not been so, it could not have been concealed from me for 11 years. I could have been fooled for a while, but not for that long.

First, to deal very briefly with the three Soviet agents who initially appeared on the scene: Paul Smith, Ruga and Fred. They were extremely dissimilar types, physically and mentally, but they had one thing in common—a determination to do their job well. Paul was a very suave and articulate man and had a definitely cosmopolitan background; very likely he was the original organizer of the industrial espionage setup in the United States (and possibly in other countries). We got along wonderfully and, to be truthful about it, now that I can reflect a bit, he played me as one would a violin—he was that good a practical psychologist.⁵ Ruga was a huge man, some 6 feet and 3 or 4 inches in height and with a heavy-weight boxer's build and carriage. But, for all that he was gentle and shy and had an inborn liking for flowers and for art which (as his English improved) he could discuss with good knowledge—it was he who first introduced me to the world of Cezanne and Van Gogh and Monet and Degas and Grant Wood, and all of the other great masters. Fred was a small, dark man with a mustache and he was a fanatical martinet. I hated him—he was, in fact, the only Soviet agent with whom I never got along, and the only one who ever threatened to expose me (when I refused to work with Ben Smilg, the aeronautical engineer in Dayton, Ohio). But still, as with the other two, I had to respect his zeal to get results (in this dirty work)—however, very grudgingly, in his case.

Now to the man I consider the most important of all the Russians, Semen M. Semenov, whom I knew only as Sam (though on several occasions I heard him use the aliases of George and Simon). He was about my height, but had a much heavier bone structure, and was not fat. He had a swarthy complexion, almost Mexican-like in texture, black dancing eyes, and a really warming and friendly smile. Semenov was the only one of the Soviets who could have passed for an American (possibly on account of the length of his stay in this country) in the manner in which he spoke, dressed, and acted—and especially in the way in which he wore his hat; for some reason or other foreigners never put hats on their heads as Americans do, even though these hats are purchased here, somehow or other they do something to them. Sam was an erudite and cultured man, a mathematician and mechanical engineer by profession. He had read widely in the English literature and was thoroughly familiar with the works of Charles Dickens, Fenimore Cooper, Somerset Maugham, Sinclair Lewis and Thomas Wolfe and (the poets) Wordsworth, Browning, Sandburg ("a mediocrity and a bit of a faker," he said), Frost and Edgar Lee Masters; he knew these well and I can still (hear) his discussion of Browning's "My Last Duchess." On some occasions, when he was very weary, he would complain of the nasty job he was doing and, in particular, would be severely critical of the paid agents with whom he worked—apparently there were many such, for Sam was indeed an active man.

Also, it was soon evident—and I knew Semenov from July of 1940 till February of 1944—that he was a very homesick man, one who longed to be back in his native land. At every opportunity he would go to the ice-hockey games at Madison Square Garden and then would remain for the ice-skating afterward; and he would tell me how much joy he had got out of skiing in Russia, and how he regretted that he was too busy to take advantage of the few opportunities here. It has been made clear that this work was a drudgery for me, but it was even more so for Sam. His whole life was a succession of waiting apprehensively on street corners in New York and various other cities, waits which were often futile and sometimes extremely dangerous, eating in cheap, out-of-the-way restaurants, and cajoling, pleading with, and threatening various people. The FBI has agreed with me in this estimate and, as I do, they believe that Semenov was a sincere and a very able man (they have intimated that they have had other confirmation of this, in addition to my statements). But, as I have said, for the most part Semenov's was a happy and ebullient nature and, over the years, we accumulated a store of memories and private jokes concerning our past trials and difficulties with a variety of people—just as two good and very close friends often do.

And Sam would worry about me: once, very early in 1941, I came to New York City four times in a single week—in a fruitless effort to obtain a report from Abe Brothman on the synthetic rubber, Buna-S (Abe kept assuring me that the data was ready, but actually he had not even begun to write the report). The last trip was on a Friday night, and I met my Soviet superior afterward and said,

⁵ Possibly there was more to the stricture imposed by Paul (at our very first meeting), the admonition that I never read the Daily Worker or any other Communist Party literature, a reason beyond the obvious one of a precautionary measure taken so that I might never be identified as a Communist. It may well be that Paul, and the agents who succeeded him, realized that I would be so repelled and disgusted by a steady diet of this arrant blather so as to eventually regard the objectives of the Soviet agents with suspicion as well. This is verified by the fact that they would sneer at individual American Communists and would ridicule the party in general—when, on rare occasions, such matters were discussed.

"Abe absolutely promised to have the report complete tomorrow; let's make the arrangements to meet." At this Semenov flew into the worst rage that I have ever seen: "Look at you," he said, "you not only look like a ghost, but you are one—you're positively dead on your feet and exhausted. What must your mother think? You goddam fool, let me not hear one more word about coming to New York tomorrow, or for several weeks to come—go home and spend some time with your family. This is an order. Listen, I'll bet you that son-of-a-bitch Brothman has not even started this report and is merely stalling for time. He is heartless, and does not care how often you take trips to New York; you are good company and you listen well to his bragging, so of course he is glad to see you. The hell with this Buna-S and everything—even if it means Moscow will fall tomorrow (which it will never). I am forbidding you to come to New York Saturday." All this was said in one explosive breath. Then Sam calmed down. "Come," he said, "we will go to the Ferris Wheel Bar (in the cellar of the Henry Hudson Hotel at 57th Street and 8th Avenue) and have a few double-Canadian Clubs and some sandwiches, and then I shall put you in a cab and personally see that you get on a train to Philadelphia; better, I shall buy you a parlor-car seat and a few Corona-Corona cigars." So it was. And Sam was right—it was not till 2 months later, plus a prodigious amount of prodding and work on my part, that the Buna-S report was readied by Brothman.

One more incident. Sam would periodically fret about the fact that I was so often away from my family and, most especially, from my mother. And when Gus left for overseas service, Semenov became particularly anxious and tried in every way to cut down on my trips. But his greatest concern seemed to be over the fact that I had no wife and family of my own. "I realize that it's because of this work," he said, "but it's not natural or good. You are not an ascetic and you have normal instincts and desires. We must find some solution to this problem. Obviously, you cannot take on the responsibility of marriage and still do this work; and do not think that our people fail to recognize the sacrifice you are making. So, as soon as it is possible, you will once and for all close dealing in this lousy business and will completely forget it all. But entirely. And you can then go ahead and run around with girls every night in the week (even as your mother thinks you do now); and then pick out a nice one, and get married, and have children." And Sam would go on, saying that I could not continue in espionage work indefinitely—he said I had already been in it too long—because not only was it too much of an ordeal, but inevitably a slip would occur, possibly not even one of my own making, and then exposure would follow. How right he was. It is likely, too, that this repressed longing for a family is the one that caused me to tell both Brothman and Mrs. Heineman, Dr. Fuchs's sister in Cambridge, Mass., that I was married to a red-headed woman and was the father of twins named Davey and Essie. Ironically enough, this was the clue that first led the FBI to me—even if Mrs. Heineman had forgotten the names of the fictitious children. Originally, the purpose of this lie was to instill confidence in both Abe and Klaus Fuchs's sister—Semenov and Yakovlev had separately instructed me that I should appear as a married man, for the dual purpose of concealment of my true identity and to give the evidence of stability which a single man could not.

And Sam would continue: "The obtaining of information in this underhanded way will not always be necessary. You'll see. After the war is won, there will come a great time of cooperation between all nations, and people will be able to travel freely back and forth through all nations. You will openly come to Moscow and will meet all of your friends—they'll be so glad to see you again—and we'll have a wonderful party and I'll show you all around the city. Oh, we'll have a great time." Even now, I do not believe that Semenov was trying to paint a picture that he himself did not think could ever exist. I have stated that he was sincere and, once again, I do not consider that this estimate of him was a mistake. By the way, he would often bring me greetings—I do not think these were fakes—from Paul and Ruga and Fred, and would say that they were well. Further, even in the matter of the doubtless carefully planned and staged presentation of the "order of the Red Star" to me, I am sure that, in spite of the ulterior motives involved (to prepare me for the coming Fuchs affair, and to insure that I would take enough money for expenses to carry out this work successfully), there was still the element of a genuine reward for a job well-done—and at a considerable risk and sacrifice, I have said that I would be frank, and possibly I am now carrying this to the point of pathological honesty. For it must be clearly understood that there is no element of braggadocio here, only an unremitting, stabbing pain that I could have caused the harm that I did.

The last item re Semenov: I saw him for the final time early in February of 1944, just after we had very carefully concluded the arrangements required for

meeting Klaus Fuchs for the first time. In May of that year, I failed to keep an appointment in New York with Yakovlev and, when I next saw John, he very regretfully told me that Semenov and he had waited for 3 hours for me to show up—they had planned that we would all have a last drink together at the Ferris Wheel Bar—as much as such a meeting was against established custom for the Russians. And on two occasions, in 1945, John brought me greetings from Semenov, messages worded so that they were indubitably from my friend. It was a real wrench, when I had to identify Sam as Semen M. Semenov, even on a 12-year old photograph, that smile and those dark eyes and full lips were unmistakable. God knows what has happened to him in the Soviet Union. Yes, it may be thought that I should want to rant and shout at those who "got me into" this present serious situation, but I cannot bring myself to think about these people without sorrow.

Just a very few words on Yakovlev: Anatoli Antonovich Yakovlev was some 4 years younger than I, and taller by some 5 inches; he had a shy, boyish grin and a lock of dark hair that kept falling over his right forehead (this he would always brush back with a characteristic motion)—I have been told by a member of the FBI, who had kept John under surveillance for a year and a half, that I had succeeded in identifying Yakovlev from a very poor photo, where this Government investigator had failed; and that my verbal description of John had a "startlingly lifelike quality" which had made identification easy. While Semenov was unequivocally "the boss," here the relationship was that of two equals.

Now, regarding those who were not Russian nationals, i. e., Al Slack, Klaus Fuchs and Tom Black:

Al was an extremely competent chemist and we spent much time talking shop, as chemists invariably love to do. He was a graduate of Syracuse University and, in a certain sense, a credit to that school, since his technical reports were extremely carefully, clearly and ably written. Even as I, Al was never a convinced Communist. Though at first Slack took money for his tasks, Somenov always told me that Al should not be looked down upon for this—he "was an exception" to Sam's contempt for paid agents; it seems the thought here was that the prodigious amount of time and effort involved in obtaining and assembling this data should be compensated for in some way. While Al, on two occasions, evinced just slight signs of reluctance in respect to continuing this work, he never openly expressed such a desire to me. When, in 1943 in Cincinnati, he introduced the man Holloway as an FBI agent (when Mr. H. was only an expeditor for Tennessee-Eastman), I did not know, until the somewhat puzzled Bureau told me later that Slack had stated that this was all an effort to scare me off. It has been declared that Slack and I had three violent quarrels in 1943 and 1944, and that eventually I had to threaten him with exposure, before he would agree to obtain the data on the explosive RDX. This is a lie. On my first trip to Kingsport, Tenn., it did appear that Al was perhaps trying to avoid me (and I so reported to the FBI fully 4 months ago), but there was never even the semblance of a quarrel.

On my last trip to Kingsport, in October of 1944, we played chess all afternoon and then, after dinner, Al and Julie (his wife) drove me all the way to Bristol (some 25 miles) as usual, to catch the northbound Norfolk & Western train, and, on parting, we agreed to meet just before Christmas. I did go to Kingsport on that preholiday week, and loaded with gifts, but Al had already been transferred to Oak Ridge. I never saw him again, but in February or March of 1945 I received a very warm and friendly letter from Al—it was postmarked Knoxville or Kingsport. On his arrest, I was very much saddened when I read that since our last meeting, Julie had given birth to two children—when I last saw the Slacks they had just about given up hope that Julie, because of an obstruction in her cervix, would ever bear children. Now these two youngsters will forever be tainted with an ineradicable stigma.

Concerning Klaus Fuchs: I have recently been asked how I would characterize this man. I replied, "There is one word, one adjective, that pretty well sums up my estimate of the man, and that is the word 'noble.'" This is not a strange statement. Hear: While Klaus was a mere boy of 18 he was head of the student chapter of the Communist Party at the University of Kiel (in Germany)—where his father was, and still is, professor of theology. Klaus, a frail thin lad, led these boys in deadly street combat against the Nazi storm troopers, in the era just preceding Hitler's ascension to "Reichskanzler"; and later, when the Gestapo had put a price on his head, he barely managed to escape to England. And I say it now, to a man of such convictions, who fought this horror of fascism at the risk of his life, I can only apply the word noble—such a person cannot help but arouse my admiration.

In Britain, Klaus resumed his studies, and later, when the Manhattan project was formed, it was inevitable as one of the world's foremost mathematical physicists, that he would be included in the British mission to this country. It was while still in England, that Fuchs somehow got in touch with the Soviet agents there, and arrangements were made to work with him on his arrival in America. I liked this tall, thin, somewhat austere man, with his clipped British accent (and the very slightest teutonic overtone), with his large horn-rimmed glasses set off from his pale features (but those photographs of him seem like caricatures), and with a mind to which only the term "genius" (a word I always use with caution) can be applied; and from the very first in his stiffly repressed continental manner, he reciprocated. In spite of our agreement at the initial contact in February, that our meetings be as brief as possible and that we should only discuss business (i. e., plans for the transfer of information) so as to minimize the chances of being seen together, still, on several subsequent occasions, we had dinner together or a few drinks on parting—albeit always in out-of-the-way spots. At our last meeting, in the hills between Santa Fe and Los Alamos, Klaus and I discussed his impending transfer back to England; and Fuchs expressed the hope that sometime, in the not too distant future, say in 5 years, we would be able to meet in Great Britain, openly as friends, and not for the purpose of obtaining information for the Soviet Union. I spoke of my longing to see the famous literary landmarks in Great Britain where Walter Scott, Bobbie Burns, Wordsworth, Housman, and Shakespeare had worked; and Klaus agreed that this impending visit was something he would look forward to.

Incidentally, contrary to newspaper and magazine reports, Klaus refused to identify me from still pictures; he finally did say that I was the man whom he knew in the United States when he was shown motion pictures of me (to which I had voluntarily agreed prior to my arrest). But even here, this identification of Klaus' took place after I had admitted, "Yes, I am the man to whom Klaus Fuchs gave the information on atomic energy." And I believe he knew that it was I all the time, yet he chose not to expose me—this last is pure surmise, of course.

To get to Tom Black, the last man, and the one who first introduced me to Paul Smith and espionage work. As I have said, Tom is a huge, bearlike man and a veritable 200-year throwback to his British peasant forebears, what with the immense bone structure, the broad, freckled face, pug nose, and a wonderful overall good nature and honest kindness to all the world. It was this last-named characteristic that doubtless led him to become a Communist. Black had been a favorite student of the late, great chemist, Frank Whitmore, at Penn State (no small accomplishment, this) and was himself one of the most remarkable chemists I have ever known. Not only was he a superb lab man, with an uncanny dexterity and ability in those big paws of his, but he had the unique quality of being able, from the very beginning to think a problem through, without making any mistakes or choosing any wrong avenues of attack—in direct contrast to my own technique of first making every possible error in the book until, by the tedious process of elimination, only the correct answer remained.

Tom was not a libertine and he was fully as repelled as was I by the prevalent bohemianism of the Communist Party members. And, just as I did, he deliberately avoided marriage (and being far more attractive to women, with somewhat more difficulty) and devoted himself wholeheartedly to the spying activities. In the first report, I have told how, during our very first meeting, Paul Smith absolutely forbade me to see Tom again—to avoid the chance of disclosing the link, should either of us ever be exposed; but, in spite of this, we continued to meet, even if sporadically and always with somewhat of a guilty feeling. Once, however, as a bonus, after the reception of news from Russia that a particular piece of information had been deemed very valuable, Paul did arrange for the three of us to meet briefly on a bench in the eighties on upper Broadway. However, there were two more mundane (as opposed to sentimental) reasons for my continuing to meet Tom: (1) I could always use the excuse of a weekend trip to Newark as a cover for my more extended journeys to obtain information—and I would always phone Tom to insure that he would be able to verify, should my family call, that I was with him; (2) Tom served as a last-resort source of funds for my trips (when I was unable to raise the money myself)—I still owe him a fair amount. And it was to Black that I went for comfort when, at the first, I was completely panicked upon reading of Fuchs' arrest on Friday, February 3 of this year. Tom was horror stricken and dumfounded when he learned that it was I who had worked with Klaus. It took me a full half hour of walking through dark downtown streets to get up the courage so that I could blurt out the fatal tale; he had suspected that my trips to the Southwest (I had wired him

for money from Albuquerque) had to do with this matter, but he had no idea that I was so deeply involved. Tom very soundly advised me to just lie low and not go near New York.

I should add that, just as Semenov and Fuchs did, Black despised our spying activities—he claimed that we were really not cut out for it by temperament, and that we were both happiest when left alone to work in a laboratory. It is submitted here that I often spent time in the Napco labs with Tom, and we complemented each other perfectly. We could work for hours without talking, and we each seemed to anticipate the other man's thoughts and desires before they were actually expressed. I once attempted to get Tom a job at PGH with the nutrition research project of Dr. Michael Wohl, and this still might have gone through, had it not been for my arrest; I can think of no more glorious prospect than working alongside of Tom in endeavoring to aid the sick.

It will doubtless be commented that I admired all of the above men very much. This was so—and it is still true, I make no bones about it—and doubtless this respect for sincere and competent men was a facet of my character which, as its terminal effect, kept me working steadily (for 11 years) at obtaining information for the Soviet Union. Surely, I thought, all of these men whom I respect so, cannot every last one of them be wrong. And thus we come to the very last phase of this report; in number it is:

Six; it has to do with my attitude and reactions during the three divisions of this final, vital period:

- (a) Prior to my arrest.
- (b) During the time of voluntary custody.
- (c) After the appointment of counsel by Judge McGranery.

So, to the events in the first section: to go back a little. I fell in love with _____ when I first met her—it was Friday afternoon, September 10, 1948. It really happened so; just like that, I knew that here was the girl I had been searching for all my life—as banal as this sounds. And as we started to go out together and I got to know her more well, this feeling only increased; and the wish to make her my wife became an overpowering drive in life. Her unassuming manner, forthright honesty, and complete lack of artificiality⁶—and her snub nose—completely captivated me. I could go on for hours here. But even in the very beginning a warning bell sounded: Suppose that the Federal grand jury investigation, in the summer of 1947, is really not the end of all inquiry into my life? And who knew better than I on what a precarious, tottering house of cards my whole life rested. From the beginning I realized, and _____ often remarked on it, that I never seemed to be totally relaxed and at ease in her presence. But she never suspected the true cause. And later, when we became much more intimate, and after I had proposed for the first time in August of 1949, _____ remarked that only once, during a walk along the upper Wissahickon, did I seem completely natural; at this time she came very close to accepting me. However, at our next meeting several days later, during a trip to the Poconos, I “froze” altogether—yes, I froze as badly as a tyro on a high scaffold; and _____ complained that I did not really love her (I only thought I did)—and cited my lack of ardor as proof. But it was not lack of ardor, it was fear of exposure; and fear not for myself, but a horror at the thought that the disastrous revelation might come after we had been married for, say, 3 or 4 years, with children and a home of our own. It might then be asked why I, perceiving all this, continued to see _____? To this I can only feebly reply that I was hopelessly and genuinely in love.⁷

Further, I knew this: What _____ fancied was lack of ardor was really also an awareness of the fact that I could never marry her without telling of the whole miserable story of my past. This I knew I had to do; I loved her far too much to be so cruelly unfair as to conceal it. But, strangely enough, I did not fear that she would turn away from me because of what I had done. No, mistaken as these deeds had been, I honestly thought that _____, if truly in love with me, would find it in her to forgive me, particularly since these acts had been so well-intentioned. Tied in with this, are the two rather strange tendencies that I have: the one, to seek excuses for wrongdoers, and the other, to transfer my own emotions to other people. I was in love with _____ and, on my part, would have overlooked anything she possibly (and very unlikely) had ever done. So, the prospect of _____ renouncing me because of my espionage did not enter into the picture; what was terrifying was the thought of exposure coming a few years later. I was

⁶ After our initial date (to see “Allegro”), _____ remarked that it was the first time she had been out with a boy in almost 2 years. Then she added, “Maybe I’m not supposed to say that.” But this refreshing honesty is precisely what entranced me.

⁷ The question of our different religions never entered into _____ refusal of me. We were both certain that this could be worked out.

desperate and cast around me for a source of advice; but this had to be a special sort of confidante, one who could keep so great a secret. The only ones I could think of were the Jesuit priests at Xavier University, and, in particular, Father Mahoney, who had done so much to open up the beautiful world of English literature to me. And sometimes I considered the tall parish priest at St. Ambrose's, near my old home at D street and the Roosevelt Boulevard—for several years straight we would speak every morning; and once I met him on the Penn campus near PGH, and promised to come and visit him. But I never saw either man. I just kept putting it off. Besides, I had the awful certainty that their counsel would only amount to one thing: Go and make a clean breast of it to the authorities.

Yet I know this: had —— ever definitely said she loved me, then I would have straightaway sought out either man (probably Father Mahoney, as I did not at that time know he was in India), and afterward would have related the whole sorry tale to ——. There would be no mistake about this; for, just as surely as I had the knowledge (as shall be described later) when talking with Judge McGranery re an attorney, that I would eventually, even if it did take a few weeks, relate to the FBI every last particle of evidence having to do with my activities, so did I know that once —— said "yes," what my unwavering course must be.

Now, assuming that I went to the FBI, what would happen, I thought. At first it seemed that the immediate consequence would be that I would simply disappear—vanish completely. And Pop and —— and Gus would go crazy. I am not being very logical here, but consider my state of confusion and mental agitation, what with the strong emotional forces at work. And even leaving out my loved ones, what about Dr. McMillan and Dr. Bellet at PGH? Dr. Thomas McMillan was editor of the American Heart Journal and is now in charge of its successor, Circulation; Dr. Samuel Bellet is assistant editor. Both men are world-famous in their field. And I would imagine how the squarely-built yet infinitely gentle, face of the white-haired chief of the Heart Station would recoil in horror if the news should come out. This man, with the barest trace of the soft accents of Mobile still picturesquely present in his voice, who would himself wheel patients back to their wards after the technicians and porters had left, who had such a wonderfully reassuring manner to all patients, regardless of their background or status, and of whom a medical school student in a hospital (an extern) had once remarked, "He can't possibly be the chief of a service—he's too kind and gentlemanly," this man was Dr. McMillan. And Dr. Bellet, so absorbed in pursuing cardiac research that he eagerly gave up the sure opportunity of doubling his annual income, in order to do so. This man who so trusted me and who had given me a completely free hand in building up the lab, who would glow with such evident pride as he introduced me to many noted men in the field of medicine, who had given me my opportunity to work where I had found a lasting source of happiness, and who had initially accepted me solely because I said that I liked chemistry.

And Dr. Bill Steiger, the resident in cardiology, Bill who had been my stoutest proponent, particularly in answering the early doubts of Dr. B. (when the work was progressing slowly while the lab was being organized), and who, through almost 2 years, had been the recipient of my hopes and aspirations, what would the almost unbearable pain of the sickening realization of my crime be to him—Bill, the capable, the clear-thinking, and my friend.

And Dr. John Urbach, last year's resident at the Heart Station, John who, as a boy, had come as a refugee from Hitler's Austria, John who was so anti-Communist, what would he think?

Yes, and the other residents and the interns and the chemists and the technicians: "M. D. Phelps, M. D.," just married to Irene; Dr. Dan Lewis, who was so kind, Dr. Harold Rowland, due to return from Kentucky; Dr. Buzz Harvey; Dr. Seymour Kety; Bill Polis, Dr. Jefferson Clark, and Dr. Henry Schwarz, in charge of the hospital's laboratories; and Dotty Bell, Isabella Van der Nort, Kathleen Boyer.

I confess, I just could not bring my courage up to the point where a voluntary admission of my crime would ensue. It was cowardly, true, but until forced to by circumstance, there could be no disclosure to the authorities; such was my mental environment.

This brings up the second section, that of the entry of the FBI into the scene. The day is Monday, May 15 of this year. Curiously enough, when Special Agents Miller and Brennan first walked into the Heart Station lab at 3 that afternoon, even before they showed me their identification, I knew who they were. And when Miller said they would like to speak to me "about Abe Brothman—

and some other matters," that last phrase sent a disturbing tremor through me. What "other matters"? So, that night in the Bureau's offices in the Widener Building, for 5 hours I stubbornly repeated the story Abe and I had concocted in 1947; about how we had met; how I had got to know Jacob Golos (a man I actually never met, and of whose existence I had been unaware until told by Brothman); and, as I had 3 years previous, I tried desperately to create the illusion that I was genuinely doing all in my power to cooperate. At first it seemed to be going well; but it was an ordeal,⁸ and those questions, concerning how I had spent my vacations and about my trips to New York (with Dougherty on legitimate Penn Sugar business) and to Peoria (to confer at the Hiram Walker Distillery), were ominous; and questions such as "were you ever west of the Mississippi?" were, to put it mildly, very upsetting. And, with me still trying to appear affable and helpful, we agreed to meet again on Friday, when Miller and Brennan would come down from New York. Even then, I did not think too seriously about Agent Robert Jensen's offer to take me home—he said that he also lived in the Northeast—but, after we had dropped the New Yorkers at the 30th Street Station, I made a stop at the Heart Station lab to carry out a brief, but necessary, manipulation on our ultrafiltration apparatus. I can still recall Bill Steiger helping me. But it took a few minutes more than I had estimated and, as I was crossing the hospital's grounds toward the gate, there was Jensen walking to meet me, to see what the delay had been. Significant, but not as portentous as what followed.

Tuesday I worked till 7 p. m., and then attended the monthly meeting of the Philadelphia Physiological Society, "across the wall," at the medical school; I knew all of the people there, but the two young men who diffidently entered just as the session started, and who left after 5 minutes, could only have been (and were) FBI men. Then at 11 a. m. on Wednesday, I was startled to see Bob Jensen poke his head in the door of the lab. "I just happened to be in the neighborhood," he said, "and so I thought I'd stop in and see what your place was like." Then for an hour I showed him around, trying to be as cordial as possible, with all the while the cold reality gripping me that I was under surveillance. Why? What did they know? And on Friday came further blows that jolted and badly shook me up—Thursday I worked only 'til 6:30 p. m., so that I could spend at least this one last night peacefully with Pop and Gus. The special agents and I were together for 9 hours on Friday night, until 2 a. m., during which I submitted page after page of my handwriting and printing, calmly agreed to have those motion pictures taken—"Sure, go ahead"—and went over and over the Brothman story.⁹ Then, about a half an hour before we broke up, came the sharp stab of this question by Dick Brennan, "Did you ever tell Abe Brothman or Miriam Moskowitz that you were married and had two children?" And when I stoutly answered in the negative, "But Miss Moskowitz just yesterday said you had. Why do you deny it? Why lie about something like that?"

I knew why, all right, because this was the story I had also told Mrs. Heineman. So I kept desperately trying to veer the conversation away from this deadly reef, saying that I had never been married and had no children. Then followed the pictures: "Do you know him? Him? Her? Ever see this person before?" and among a group there appeared Mrs. Heineman and Robert Heineman, but with both pictures taken years ago (Heineman as a student with abundant dark hair—he is now practically bald), and I knew that these people were not as yet under arrest; the photographs of Elizabeth Bentley (I never knew her, but first was shown these pictures by agents Shannon and O'Brien in 1947) were the obvious full-face-and-profile taken for police files. And then the shocker: "Do you know who he is?" The white, staring and somehow dully expressionless face, with those huge glasses—Klaus Fuchs.

"I do not know him. I recognize the picture as that of Dr. Emil Fuchs, the Briton who got in trouble over there, but I don't know him. I've never been in England."

And then the hammerings: "Oh yes, you know him. You met him in Cambridge, Mass."

And again the denials, "Never been there in my life."

⁸ To anyone who has never undergone the experience, I can assert that this parrying of questions is no pleasant situation—especially while one agent sits turning the pages of a bulky sheaf of testimony and the other is placed to a side, the better to observe every change in facial expression.

⁹ Particularly ominous and foreboding was Miller's frequent leaving of the room—obviously to check on my statements by making phone calls to New York.

Then Miller and Brennan appeared to give up. We were to meet again early Saturday afternoon.¹⁰ Yes, I was very much under surveillance. Jensen insisted on driving me home; and the next morning the thirtyish young fellow in the powder-blue suit and the snap-brim straw hat, who followed me to the back gate of the hospital and then paused in bewilderment, was not merely out for the pleasant spring air.

I worked feverishly all that morning in an effort to keep this appointment, but I never did get away till 6 p. m.; and thus, several times I had to call Brennan and delay our meeting. Eventually, I even asked Jensen and Miller (who by this time were waiting outside) into the lab while John Urbach and I finished the necessary work—it concerned Arnold Hoffman,¹¹ a severely ill patient, whom the heart station had been treating. We only spent a half-hour or so at the Widener Building (Miller and Brennan were both as exhausted as was I after Friday's session), during which I agreed to help "settle the matter" by permitting a voluntary search of my home on Monday morning (Pop and Gus would both be at work then, and so would not be alarmed). But talk Sunday, "certainly." And again, Jensen drove me home and again, grateful as I was for the ride, I was aware that the motive was not entirely humanitarian.

So, I worked Sunday morning and early afternoon at the hospital and, in between time went over to the medical school to see Dr. Diz Cohen and our experimental dog, on whom a gastrectomy (tying off of the intestine) had been performed. Diz had been sleeping in the lab with the animal for the past 2 days and would stay with it 'till the expiration. When would this be? Possibly about 8 tonight, or even much later. I would return at 8. So I collected my specimens and set up containers for the new ones. Back at PGH, I helped "Smitty," the surgeon, locate some data in our lab records. Then out again to the fifth floor of the Widener Building where, from 3 till 7 p. m., I cautiously and desperately parried each of the probing questions. One more hazard: I could not afford to let the name of Tom Black come into the picture; he was too vulnerable. Nor a mention of my many loans from friends and from the Corn Exchange Bank. I was literally walking on eggs. But somehow, as it seemed that Miller and Brennan began to droop with defeat, I strangely enough began to feel sorry for them; they had given it such a good try. Yes, I was almost in the clear. However, instead of going directly home and frenziedly cleaning out all of those terribly damaging bits of evidence which I knew were there (though even I had no conception as to the prodigious extent of this bonanza), I went to see Diz Cohen and the dog at the med school. But Dr. Isadore Cohen had left and I had a terrible time getting in; finally a Dr. Coe and I succeeded in seeking out a guard.

¹⁰ Of all the affairs that Miller and Brennan were investigating, the one where I was totally innocent and yet the one which made them all the more certain that I was involved in espionage on atomic energy, was that of "thermal diffusion." This is a physical phenomenon which was discovered in the years from 1907 to 1911 by two men: Sydney Chapman, a British mathematical physicist, and David Enskog, a Swede; Chapman, in analyzing the classical kinetic theory of gasses, proved that one factor had been omitted, thermal diffusion. By this process, when a mixture of two gases is subjected to a temperature difference, a separation will take place (regardless of the molecular weights involved); thus, if a mixture of helium and bromine are placed in a glass tube with a heated wire, as shown: in a matter of seconds two layers will appear: one, the dark red bromine (at the bottom), and the other, the colorless helium (at the top). Chapman derived his theory from purely mathematical considerations and then proved it in the lab; Enskog did the reverse. Actually this process was demonstrated back about 1860, but in liquids, by the Frenchman Soret. The above is not intended as an accurate description of thermal diffusion, but it is trusted that the idea has been put across. I became interested in thermal diffusion in 1937, while working with Dr. Reich on the separation of carbon dioxide from flue gases (so as to make dry ice), and did a considerable amount of work on this and other applications. After I was laid off at Penn Sugar in 1946, I wrote a brochure on the subject in the hope of interesting someone in backing further work. Nothing ever came of it. But in about 1945 the gigantic Hanford, Wash., development of the Manhattan project was constructed to separate the isotopes of uranium—and the process tried there was thermal diffusion (so little known among chemist and physicists that Glasstone's monumental tome on physical chemistry gives it merely a paragraph).

Care should be taken to distinguish this phenomenon from gaseous diffusion, the process used at Oak Ridge, where there merely is involved the diffusion of molecules of slightly different molecular weights through a barrier. This whole business very erroneously led the FBI to believe that I had illegally obtained data on thermal diffusion. Nothing could have been more mistaken—Fuchs never worked on, nor had any knowledge of, thermal diffusion; and Greenglass, the only other person from whom I ever obtained information on atomic energy, was merely a machinist. But yet this absurd fluke did as much as anything to convince the investigating agents that they were on the right trail. Prior to my arrest, I even went to the extent of bringing in a copy of my prospectus on thermal diffusion for Miller and Brennan's inspection (even now, I have ideas concerning the practical utilization of this fascinating physical manifestation), and even after I had admitted working with Fuchs, the FBI was still certain that my interest in this subject was somehow connected with the espionage work. Then, as I had predicted to Miller and Brennan, amongst the mountainous pile of material found in my home, there turned up yellowed notes taken (at the Franklin Institute) on thermal diffusion, notes taken from 1940 to 1942—before even the Manhattan project was started, or thought of. Hooray.

¹¹ I still do not know his fate; it was touch-and-go on May 21, 1950.

The lab was locked but I could see that the dog was still alive and after some further difficulty, I contrived to get a message to Dr. Cohen at the graduate hospital. I got home about 9:30 and Diz called at 10:30. "Relax," he said, "you won't have to come back now; the animal will last 'til tomorrow," and I knew that Dan Lewis and Dotty Bell could take care of matters on Monday morning.

And I did not actually begin the search for the accusatory items of evidence until 5 a. m. on Monday, because I felt that any undue activity on my part would only alarm Pop and Gus. On top of that, I had a dully fatalistic and apathetic approach toward the impending search; what would be would happen, and that was all. Possibly it was the sheer and utter exhaustion of that past week which had produced this reaction in me. But when I started to look, in the depressing gray of the early morning, I was horrified: Good Lord, here was a letter from Slack dated February 1945; a stub of a plane ticket from Albuquerque to Kansas City; a rough draft of a report on a visit to Cambridge; a street map of Dayton, Ohio; a card containing instructions from Sam relating to a procedure for approaching Ben Smilg; all this was here and more—I tore it all up and flushed it down the toilet (some I shoved down near the bottom of our rubbish can in the cellar). Yes; I had taken care of everything. Then Pop and Gus left for work and I stayed behind, saying that I had a report to complete before I went into the hospital. Now came the doorbell and I, still in the pajamas I always wore when around the house, restrainedly but decently welcomed Scott (Miller) and Dick.

We started in my room, and the two special agents indicated that this was all they were interested in—they could hardly wait to get upstairs. At first all went well, very smoothly indeed. There was a lot of stuff, but it was all school notes and lab notes and chemical literature references, and my books were all volumes on mathematics and physics and chemistry—plus some two or three hundred pocket book reprints, some poetry and other anthologies, but mostly mystery stories. Then it began. First, a copy of Paul de Kruif's *Microbe Hunters* in a pocket book edition, turned up—and in the lower right-hand corner of the inside cover was a tiny tag: "Sibley, Lindsay, and Curr."

"What's this," said Dick?

"Oh, I don't know," I replied, "must have picked it up on a used book counter somewhere. Lord knows where they get them." But I did know; it was the name of the Rochester department store where I had purchased the book on one of the visits to Slack.

Then Scott found a Pennsylvania Railroad train schedule: "Washington—Philadelphia—New York—Boston—Montreal," and dated 1945. "How about this?"

"Goodness knows, I probably picked it up when I went to New York with Dougherty"—again, the truth was that I had used the schedule on my trip to see Mrs. Heineman in late 1945.

Bad, I thought about these, but not too bad. Not conclusive. I was in.

Then came the stunning blow. From in back of my bulky, worn copy of Walker, Lewis, and McAdams *Principles of Chemical Engineering*, Dick pulled a sickeningly familiar tan-colored street map of Santa Fe. Oh God. This I had overlooked. I knew that it existed but, in my hasty scrutiny that morning, could not find it, and so had assumed that at some previous time it must have been destroyed.

"So you were never west of the Mississippi. How about this, Harry?" Dick stood there and Scott excitedly rose from his immersion in the contents of my desk.

"Give me a minute," I said, as I sank down in the chair which Miller had just vacated. I accepted a cigarette and then, after a few moments, during which a torrent of thoughts poured through my mind, said the fatal words: "Yes; I am the man to whom Klaus Fuchs gave the information on atomic energy."

Now, to go back a little. Why, for this whole week, had I fought as I did, fully aware that inescapably—in a month, or 6 months, or a year; once these men were on trail—I would be run to earth? Why did I not spare myself this ordeal? The reasons were two, very good and very simple ones, both based on the fact that I was fighting for time: First, I was trying to salvage a few more precious hours with my Pop and Gus, hours in which they would still remain in ignorance of what I had done. And, on the first preceding nights of Sunday and Saturday and Thursday, I had savored these few moments to the full. I can still recall Saturday and the good hot supper that Gus had ready when I came wearily in; and then his going out later to get the *Sunday Bulletin*, as was our custom. Then Sunday after 10 p. m., with Pop sitting in his usual place near the TV set and I stretched exhausted on the sofa—and Gus hovering over the set so as to bring Dave Garraway in sharp and clear. The battle was not in vain here, for in this I gained a

victory. Second, I wanted time to complete as much of the work as possible at the Heart Station. This accounted for my working every possible minute on Tuesday and Wednesday and Saturday, plus the extra hours put in on Sunday (and all week I came in even earlier than usual). Even while Miller and Brennan were searching, I excused myself and called Dotty Bell at the lab; and later that morning, just before we left for downtown, I again called and said I would "definitely not be in today." And again on Tuesday morning (the second day of voluntary custody) I spoke to Miss Bell at PGH. My first request on Wednesday at Holmesburg (and even before that at Moyamensing) was to be allowed to communicate with the Heart Station re our unfinished work.¹²

To return to Monday morning, May 22, in my room. In that minute following the discovery of the map, I thought of many things, the "torrent of thoughts" I have mentioned above. Yes, even this, as circumstantial as it was, was not in itself too damning. I could say that, because of my interest in the Southwest and in the well-known books of J. Frank Dobie (as a matter of fact there was one on that very shelf of the sectional bookcase where the map had turned up), I could say I had written to the famous museum in Santa Fe and had obtained the map along with other literature—actually, I had picked the map up in the museum (in person) on the occasion of my first trip to see Fuchs, in June of 1945; at that time I had required the map so that I would not have to ask directions regarding the locations of the Castillo Street bridge over the Rio Santa Fe. Certainly, a museum of this nature receives countless requests and, doubtless, no record was kept of such a routine matter as a letter asking for a map—which I had seen piled on a desk by hundreds. Good, but what if this should still be sufficient to cause my arrest? What then: Denials of guilt. And Pop and Gus would rush to my defense. Automatically suspicion would fasten on my brother, as totally innocent as he was, and he would lose his job, merely for the espousal of me. Then the friends who would rally around, Dr. McMillan and Dr. B. and Al Sklar and the boys from South Philadelphia—how horrible would be the letdown and disillusionment when, little-by-little, the terribly irrefutable and damaging pieces of evidence would be dug up and presented in court, showing once and for all that I was unmistakably guilty. My decision to admit knowing Fuchs was actually instantaneous—I did not need the full minute I had requested; I spent about half of it in the bitter thought of how I could best break the news to Gus and Pop.

Thus I went into voluntary custody; As we rode downtown, I mulled over what seemed to be the one logical course. I would confess fully to having been a Soviet agent for 11 years, but would only disclose the activities where they involved Klaus Fuchs and myself—the others I would cover up. I could not turn rat and squealer. This sounds confused, and it is—as confused as my mind actually was at this time. It should be explained that one of my strongest boyhood beliefs, and one that held the fullest sway throughout the 2600 South block of Phillip Street (and in all that area of South Philadelphia) was the concept that one never told anything to the police. We, who had regularly watched them accept bribe-money from bootleggers, who thought of "cops" only as brutally corrupt hoodlums and sadists, who knew of the manner in which prisoners were beaten in the precinct "gyms," who personally knew many of the cops to be neighborhood no-goods with no ability and who had only become members of the force upon the payment of \$1,500 (the then prevalent fee) to the local politician—we thought that any difficulties were far better settled among ourselves. The squealer who went to them was looked upon with the bitterest possible venom and hatred; one really had to grow up where I did to fully appreciate this. And so this idea fastened itself upon me; and distorted as this notion was, I could never read, even in later years, of a man turning State's evidence to save his own hide without experiencing a shudder of revulsion. Therefore, not I, Harry Gold was guilty and he was willing to accept his punishment—but he would not rat. Not he. So I was taken to the Widener Building, and the now-familiar fifth floor, and there I told the full story of my relationship with Klaus Fuchs in every detail (even this took 4 or 5 hours), but I covered up Slack

¹² I am resentful about one matter: I have tried to obtain consent from all of the authorities involved for a single session, three-quarters of an hour or an hour would have sufficed, with one of the personnel at the Heart Station (say, Dr. Steiger or Dr. Urbach) so as to be able to clear up as much of the unfinished work as possible; and I would have insisted that the FBI and a competent biochemist be present, to insure that the conversation would be restricted to the details of our research. Further, I would guarantee that no publicity would ever be sought; the only desire was to help the work on heart disease continue. Permission has never been granted. I have stated the above, being fully aware that as a Federal prisoner, I no longer possess the rights I once had. However, the people at Holmesburg did permit me to write a letter to Mr. Hamilton, relating as much as could be put on paper; and Mr. Hamilton has forwarded this to PGH. For this I am grateful.

and Black and Brothman and the story of Smilg—the David Greenglass incident I had actually completely forgotten about.

Then that evening Gus came to visit me. I was permitted to call him after 5 p. m. and he asked "Nu, when are you leaving work?" (He was that unsuspecting).

"Gus," I said, "I'm down at the FBI headquarters, and I'm in serious trouble. Don't tell Pop, but a car will pick you up at 7 p. m. and bring you here. We'll talk then." Then at 7:45 I told my brother, "Gus, it was I who worked with Klaus Fuchs, the English spy, when he was in America" and Joe Gold's face went blank white, even through his normally dark complexion; both Dick Brennan and Bob Jensen moved toward him because they thought he was going to collapse.

Then Gus burst out, "How could you have been such a jerk?"; and a bit later, still hopeful, "Look, Harry, maybe it's all a mistake and you're taking the blame for someone else—you couldn't possibly have done this, not you, you're my brother." But I had to assure him that I had done it, beyond all shadow of doubt. And as I looked at that awfully stunned, and still not fully comprehending, face of my brother, a good half of that mountainous mental barrier, that I had erected against squealing, went crashing down. So later that evening I identified Semenov and, tentatively, Yakovlev (the photo was so poor, having been taken in the shadow of a newsstand, that I was not fully certain).

On the following night, Wednesday 23, Pop was brought to see me; Gus had called earlier and had said that Pop sensed that something was wrong about my absence—and had refused to listen to any further excuses. As we heard Pop coming down the hall, Dick gave me a small encouraging slap on the back. I needed it. And after I had haltingly told him, Pop cried, "My son, what have you done!" Then he added, both fearfully and hopefully, "This won't affect your job at the heart station, will it?" Down went another section of the mountain.¹³ That night, as I was getting ready to disclose my recent contacts with the unknown Soviet agent whom I saw in September and October of 1949 there came the order for my arrest. And in the ensuing turmoil and then the hearing before Judge McGranery at 11 p. m. all of this good intent was swept away; I could think of only two things: My family first and then that searing and horribly wrong statement in the complaint "with intent to harm and injure the United States"—no; not this. It was not so—not true. Thus in the seething maelstrom of my mind not only was there obliterated all thought of my rendezvous with the Russian and all memory of his appearance but also there was submerged all feeling of guilt about the earlier lies I had told and the evasions I had performed during the past 2 days; yet possibly I am being too harsh for it should be noted that what I had disclosed far outweighed in importance, what I had hidden and even while endeavoring to cover up I amazingly found myself irresistably revealing more and more of the true facts. Yes, as I was committed to Moyamensing Prison that night I thought as the desk sergeant struggled to spell "espionage"—it is a word strange to him but also an act he would never do. Why had I? Then I was transferred to Holmesburg the next day; later on Thursday, Gus told me they would mortgage the home and would use all of their savings to obtain legal aid for me and my course became clear. (It was on that day too that I voluntarily resumed my talks with the FBI; as a matter of fact I had sent word to them on Wednesday.) I had done enough harm to my family; I could not complete the job by taking away the precious home which Mom had so enjoyed and which was still so dear to Pop and Gus. So I asked to see Judge McGranery.

And I told the judge that because of my family's earnest desire that I have legal representation, I now wished to request counsel, but my own resources were few—\$165 in PSFS plus a few hundred dollars in war bonds; and a dubious \$4,000 owed me by Brothman, which there was not much chance of collecting—and I most fervidly did not wish to use my family's savings. But I added that I must stipulate three conditions regarding an attorney:

1. The man appointed must permit me to tell the whole story to the FBI.
2. He must be a man of irreproachable patriotism and without the slightest taint of pink or left-wing sympathies. And there must be no circus or show made at the trial.
3. He must agree to let me plead guilty, because I was. Whatever basis there was to mitigate the severity of my punishment, should be handled on strictly legal grounds—there must be no effort at trickery or evasion.

¹³ Here and now I wish to aver that there is no intention whatever of seeking sympathy for myself because of the terrible impact of all this upon Pop and Gus—the time to consider such consequences was 1935.

And as I spoke, and leaned forward to look into Judge McGranery's face, I knew then and there (and as I had known all along) that in a very short time I would tell all. That was indisputable.

In this manner, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Ballard accepted the judge's offer to become attorneys for Harry Gold. Again, as I spoke to them for the first time on the following day (in the judge's chambers), down went more of what remained of my mental mountain; and in that very room I told Scott Miller of Slack and Greenglass and Black. I had even prepared the ground regarding Al: I had given a most accurate physical description of him and had placed him in the Rochester-Buffalo area; all that was needed was to supply his name. Greenglass I had met only twice, both times in Albuquerque, on the first Sunday in June of 1945: once for 15 minutes in the morning, and then for 5 minutes in the afternoon. As has been said before, until some time after my arrest, all memory of this incident had fled from me (probably this was because Yakovlev had subsequently—and with intent to mislead—told me that the information received was of no value). And I had forgotten the man's name completely. But I had remembered many things: the fact of my shock at discovering that he was a GI and a noncom; that his bride had just a few months ago, in April, joined him; the location of his apartment in Albuquerque; the fact that he was either a mechanic, an electrician, or a physicist's helper at Los Alamos—in order of probability; that he had a small salami and a pumpernickel loaf sent to him from New York every week; the \$500 I had given him (it was discovered later that the very day after my visit, he had deposited \$400 of this sum in an Albuquerque bank); the appearance of the house, in which was his tiny apartment, plus a description of the street; plus an accurate physical delineation of Dave and his wife; plus a fragment of conversation concerning a "Julius"; plus a great deal more.¹⁴ And so, in less than 2 short weeks, a positive identification was made. I shall openly brag here, for I am proud to have contributed to an outstanding bit of police work. On the night that I made the final identification at Holmesburg, shortly thereafter 12 FBI men entered Greenglass's apartment in New York to arrest him; and one of these men later told me: "Even though Dave had gained 65 pounds and was 5 years older and far more mature in appearance, as we entered the apartment, 4 lines of the verbal description furnished by you leaped to my mind—and I know that we had the right man."

And before the first meeting at Holmesburg with Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Ballard, I exposed the rest: Ben Smilg, Abe Brothman, Miriam Moskowitz, Vera Kane, Fred Heller, Joe Brotsky, and the coming of the Soviet agent to my home just the past fall. To repeat, all of the major disclosures were made before any conference with my counsel.

But a few rocky crags of the original mountain were left standing—a few shreds of evidence. Most of these concerned me; and the principal part had to do with the fact that, contrary to the statement that I had not accepted a penny of expenses, I had in actuality received some half, or 60 percent, of the money needed for my trips. The rest concerned the fact that, in my efforts to protect Slack, I had placed a Soviet agent (whom I once fleetingly met for 20 minutes) in the wrong chronological spot, even though I had described him with the greatest accuracy, so completely that a later identification of him (as one Joseph Katz) has been verified, and verified by others than myself. The final item concerns the concealment of the fact that there had been two subsequent meetings with the Soviet agent in New York in the fall of 1949 (this in addition to the one at my home); plus the fact that I had kept two of the meetings we had regularly scheduled for Jackson Heights in New York (even though both were fruitless—no one came). I went to the first when I became worried over what the Russian knew, which had made him hint that I might have to leave this country; the second occurred because it was unfortunately scheduled for the very Sunday following the arrest of Fuchs (on a Friday)—I went there in utter panic, to ascertain what had occurred. It was at this second rendezvous that I was scrutinized by a man¹⁵ whom I was later to recognize, from his newspaper photograph, as Julius Rosenberg.

This, the belated revelation of these facts, was all so incredibly stupid. These were all relatively minor points and I had made far more wounding disclosures

¹⁴ But for the life of me, I could not recall David Greenglass's name. So this was done: A list of some 20 last names was selected; first we eliminated the least likely 10; then we cut the list further; finally a group of the 3 most likely was chosen, and lo, Greenglass's was at the top. For his wife's name we did likewise, and again "Ruth" headed the list.

¹⁵ He was wearing glasses, had a mustache, and was smoking a cigar—this last, the agreed-upon recognition signal (I was smoking a curved-stem pipe, also a previously arranged item). However, these were only a part of the details employed as a means of mutual identification.

without a single moment of hesitation, disclosures which had insured that my punishment would be most severe. Why, therefore, had I acted so? And it was such a terribly shameful and depraved thing, particularly in view of the fact that I had tried to behave with a measure of dignity through all this, as a man should. But to say that I am ashamed is not enough; there were reasons, cogent ones:

1. Everything that I had done for the past 15 years (all of my life as a grown man) was based on falsehood and deception. As I have said before, every time that I went on a mission, or even on a simple trip to New York, I must have lied to at least 5 or 6 people—so possibly to expect an instantaneous change to complete truthfulness literally overnight was too much.

2. As a result, I have had to rigidly condition and train myself to tell the truth—a total reversal of all that went before my arrest.

3. Above all, there is a horrible sense of shame and disgust (which I can never ever lose) concerning my deeds and this, in turn, made me cling desperately to those few bits of evidence, so that I might not appear so completely the despicable character which I really am.

4. I am not a confirmed liar, far from it—it was just that sufficient time had to be allowed for me to fight this battle out in my cell at Holmesburg Prison, the battle to tell every last particle of truth. And it should be emphasized here that all of these admissions except one (when I was shown my account at the Real Estate Trust Co. and revealed that these sums were given to me as partial expenses in connection with my trips to see Fuchs) were disclosed voluntarily.

5. All of the major facts and revelations were made within 2 or 3 weeks of my arrest (this has been noted before) and, in the overall picture, it matters little whether I received part of my expenses from the very beginning, in 1935, or only from 1944.

6. It should be remembered too, that all this time I was under a severe mental tension, a constant worry¹⁶ about the effect of all this on my family and my friends—a fine time, I will admit, to become concerned about such a matter.

7. It is most peculiar that I, always so scrupulously accurate and correct in my scientific work, could be able to lie so devilishly and so capably throughout an entire 15 years.

8. Finally, it must be borne in mind that after the period of the first 2 or 3 weeks of talking to agents Miller and Brennan, during which all of the principal facts were detailed, the next 5, or so, weeks were taken up exclusively with going through, and in the most painstaking manner, the terrific quantity of material found in the "Fibber McGee's closet." And this arduous task kept me from thinking too much about the few items I had withheld.

But now the mountain has been leveled, leveled flat, and no single bump or crag of deception remains. All, every last bit of evidence, has been given. And I am calm and my mind is at peace for the first time in more than a decade and a half. These are not just idle words, for my blood pressure, which had steadily stayed at an average of 190/110, sometimes going as high as 205/125, is now an amazingly normal 140/80. And this is not due to a loss of weight because, several times in the past, I had dropped as much as 60 or 65 pounds with no perceptible change whatever in the diastolic or systolic readings. Nor is it the result of regular hours for, at least twice before, I had spent 3-month periods in which I had not worked and had just laid around the house. And my startling decrease from hypertension to normalcy is a fact of medical record.

Now, only one matter remains—the future. I do have hopes for it, and do not believe that this is just an ever-present sense of optimism asserting itself. I cannot think of myself as a ruined man. This should be marked well: As surely as I know there is a God who rules over our destinies, so am I certain that sometime in the future I shall be able to make far greater amends than I have done to date. And this restitution shall not consist in informing and giving evidence to the FBI—all that has been done and is now a part of the past—but in obtaining an opportunity to work again in the field of medical research; to work and accomplish advances (significant ones) so that the sick and ailing of this world may again have hope and be enabled to lead normal, healthy lives. I am not indulging in an emotional jag. I have said that prison is a great place in which to order one's thoughts and to think clearly and logically; therefore, from now on, all of my mind and efforts shall be directed toward the goal just described. And when I am released, I shall work as I have never done before. It is not public recognition that I desire, but only the chance to put my head and hands and ability to the service of the desperately ill. Surely the Lord will grant me this boon.

¹⁶ So intense was this worry, that at first it actually drove much pertinent detail completely out of my mind—but all of these, and more, have since returned.

I fully realize that, by my great crime, I have forfeited, for the time being, all of the rights normally given to free men. I know this all too well. And even more than this, there is the awareness of the hard fact that, before anything else can transpire, I must be punished, and punished well, for the terribly frightening things that have been done. I am ready to accept this penalty. There shall be no quivering, trembling, appeals to sympathy or fervid pleas for mercy. What was, was, and I am now prepared to pay the price. This history has been an attempt to explain why I acted as I did.

The document above has been a personal one and every effort has been exerted to make it a completely frank one. In the course of the narration some statements may have been made which have affected the sensibilities of the reader; I wish to assure any such that this was not my intent.

As voluminous as this report is, it is by no means as inclusive as has been wished; a variety of matters have not been touched upon, due to the lack of time and for the sake of a degree of brevity. Also, as might be surmised, in order to set down the complete story, two additional sections should be treated: the first is a corollary phase, the antiding one concerning my early life, and covers the years from 1904 (the date of pop's arrival in Switzerland) to 1928 (when I graduated from high school—this has already been submitted to the officers of the United States Probation Board); the second has to do with the complete details of the evidence and is essential, not only because of the need for the entire story, but because it serves to indisputably establish the authenticity and the enormity of my crime—it has, of course, been told with the most meticulous thoroughness to the FBI¹⁷ and, in somewhat less exhaustive detail, to my counsel. Whether it should be recounted again, in a more cohesive and chronological form than circumstances originally permitted, is a moot question and one that I have not the right to decide. Should it be desired, however, one or both of these histories will be put on paper.

Senator WELKER. And I am going to ask that the spectators remain seated until the officers escort the witness from the room.

Mr. Gold, I want to thank you very profusely on behalf of Chairman Eastland and the entire committee and the staff for your coming before us today.

Mr. Gold. Thank you, Senator.

Mr. Morris. Before you go, just a second. We have to make arrangements about a meeting this afternoon.

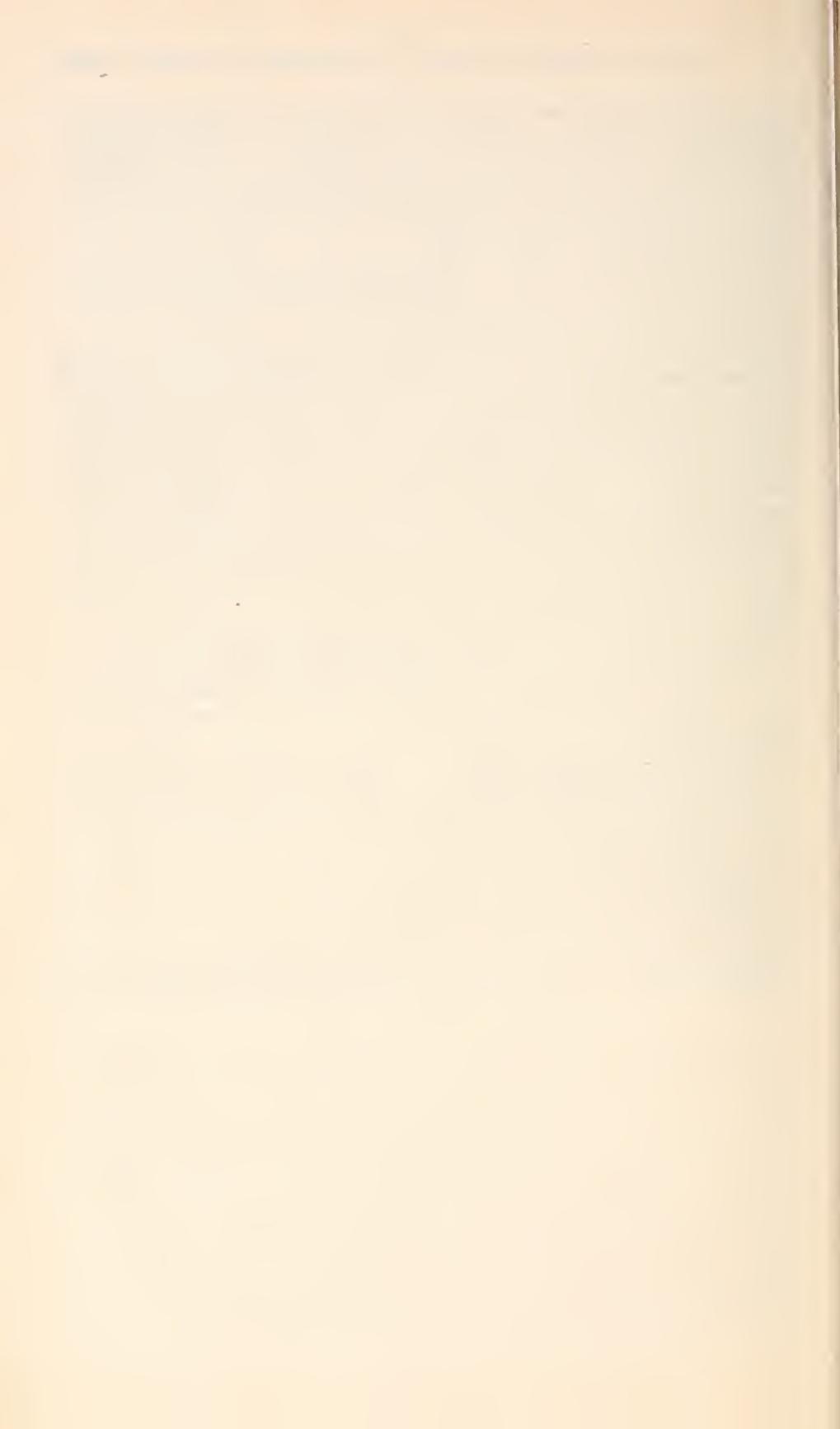
Senator WELKER. Will the officers and counsel meet on the outside?

Mr. Gold. May I leave, Senator?

Senator WELKER. Yes, you may leave.

(Whereupon, at 1:45 p. m., the subcommittee recessed to reconvene at 10:30 a. m., Friday, April 27, 1956.)

¹⁷ The manner in which all of the pieces of the giant jig-saw puzzle, of which I was a part, are falling ever so gloriously into place—to reveal the whole picture—has added a tremendous zest and sense of achievement to my life.



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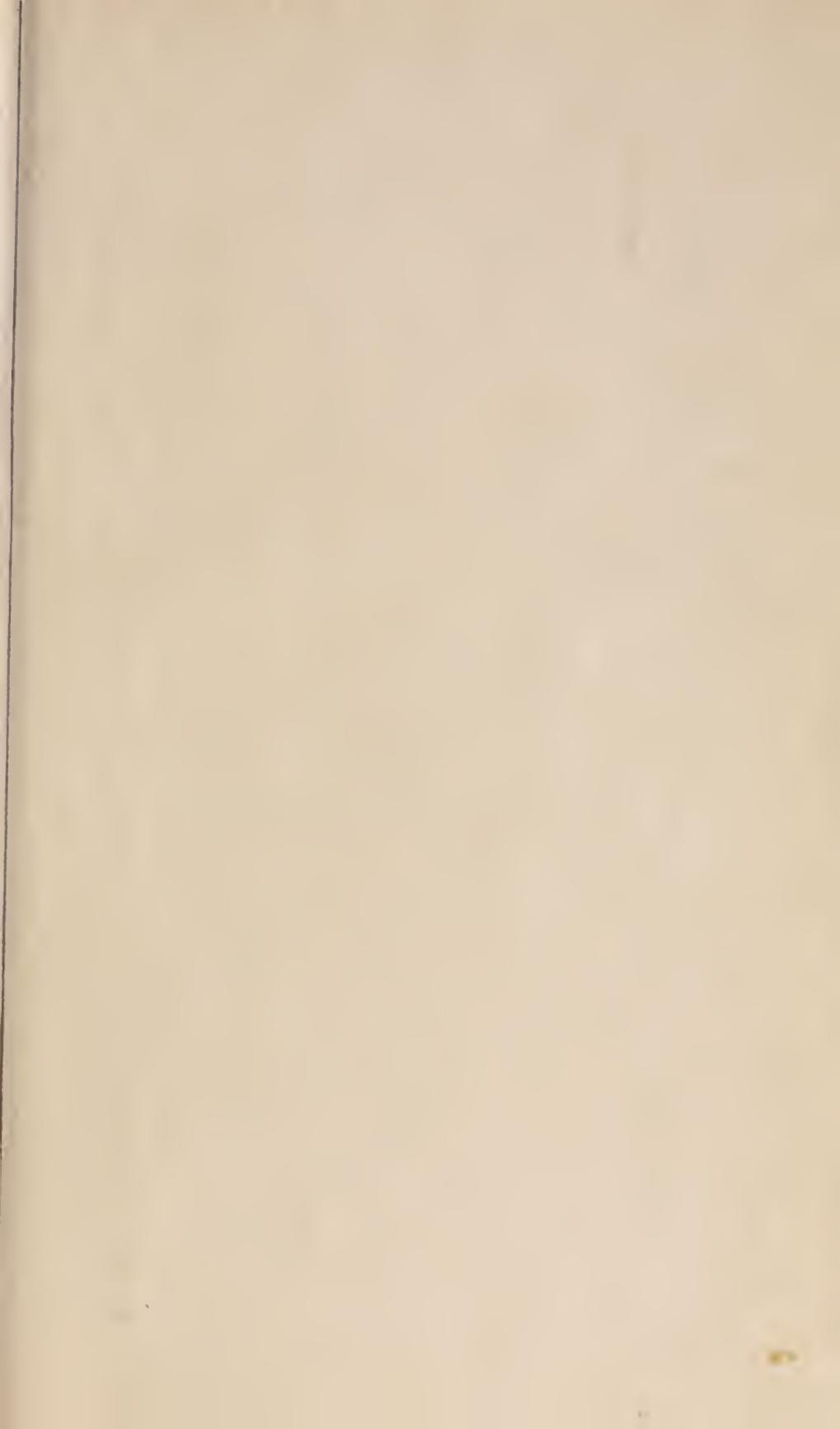
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